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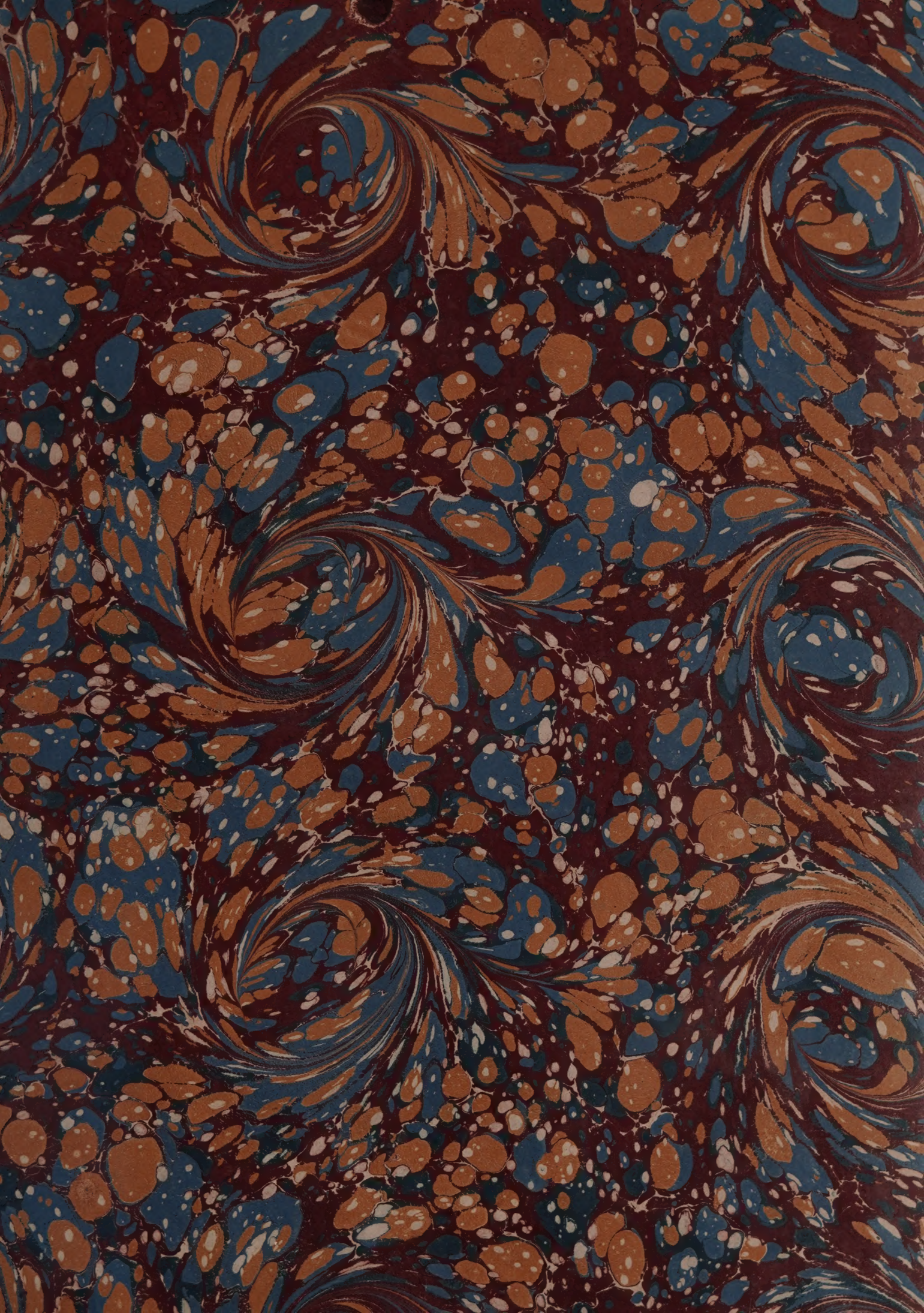
THE
PORTFOLIO

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THE PORTFOLIO

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EDITED BY

PHILIP GILBERT HAMERTON

WITH MANY ILLUSTRATIONS



LONDON

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CONTENTS

	PAGE
LADY COCKBURN AND HER CHILDREN	I
THE RIVERS OF DEVON. <i>By J. Ll. W. Page.</i>	
DARTMOOR AND THE SOUTHERN RIVERS (p. 4).—DARTMOUTH AND THE DART (p. 30).—	
THE PLYM AND THE TAMAR (p. 47).—THE TORRIDGE, THE TAW, THE LYN, THE OTTER,	
THE AXE, AND THE EXE (p. 73).	
THE REPOSE IN EGYPT: AN ENGRAVING BY LEOPOLD FLAMENG AFTER FRANÇOIS	
FLAMENG. <i>By the Editor</i>	9
JULES DALOU. <i>By Claude Phillips</i>	10
THE BREAKFAST. A PICTURE BY H. M. SORGH. <i>By Walter Armstrong</i>	18
M. CORROYER ON GOTHIC ARCHITECTURE. <i>By P. G. Hamerton</i>	19
THE LAST DEFENDER. AN ETCHING BY HERBERT DICKSEE	23
ENGLISH WORK IN IMPRESSED HORN. <i>By C. H. Read</i>	23
MR. HAMERTON'S 'MAN IN ART.' <i>By R. S.</i>	36
PIETRO PERUGINO. <i>By Claude Phillips</i>	38, 59
THE YOUNG WOMAN AT THE HARPSICHORD. A PICTURE BY JOHANNES VERMEER.	
<i>By Walter Armstrong</i>	45
ENGLISH BOOKBINDINGS. <i>By W. Y. Fletcher, F.S.A.</i>	
THE MIDDLE AGES (p. 53).—ELIZABETH TO CHARLES I. (p. 79).—CHARLES I. TO THE	
PRESENT TIME (p. 97).	
FORD MADDOX BROWN. <i>By F. G. Stephens</i>	62, 69
ABRAHAM DE PAPE. <i>By W. A.</i>	67
THE NEW LIFE OF MICHELANGELO. <i>By Walter Armstrong</i>	84
ALBERT DÜRER IN THE BERLIN MUSEUM. <i>By D. N. G. I.</i>	87
OTTER HOUNDS. <i>By H. F. Church</i>	89
MEISSONIER. <i>By P. G. Hamerton</i>	90
ASPECTS OF MODERN OXFORD. <i>By A. D. Godley</i>	103, 116, 136, 166, 186, 197, 219
THE LETTERS OF JAMES SMETHAM	107

	PAGE
PORTRAIT OF POPE INNOCENT X. A PICTURE BY VELASQUEZ. <i>By W. A.</i>	111
TWO BOOKS ON THE EVOLUTION OF ORNAMENT. <i>By C. H. Read</i>	112
OLD ENGLISH POTTERY. <i>By A. H. Church.</i>	
SLIP-WARE (p. 120).—DWIGHT'S STONEWARE (p. 143).—WHITE SALT-GLAZED WARE (p. 160).	
A NOTE ON MANNERISM. <i>By Garnet Smith</i>	127
VITTORIA. A STUDY IN OILS. <i>By Sir Frederick Leighton, P.R.A.</i>	131
BELLINZONA. AN ETCHING BY FRANK SHORT AFTER TURNER	142
THE MEDAILLE D'HONNEUR. <i>By P. G. Hamerton</i>	149
COUNTESS WEIR	151
CORPUS CHRISTI COLLEGE, OXFORD. <i>By J. H. Lorimer</i>	153
LEONARDO DA VINCI AND THE STUDY OF THE ANTIQUE. <i>By Eugène Müntz</i>	153
STENDHAL AS AN ART CRITIC. <i>By Garnet Smith</i>	172, 183
RUSTIC CHILDREN. AN ETCHING BY P. A. MASSÉ AFTER GAINSEOROUGH	175
ENGLISH EFFIGIES IN WOOD. <i>By A. Hartshorne</i>	177, 202
THE SHEPHERD SITTING ON THE WELL. AN ETCHING BY NICHOLAS BERGHEM	183
COVERED PORTAL TO A CHURCH. A PICTURE BY J. S. COTMAN	186
THE PICTURESQUE IN HOMER. <i>By W. Watkiss Lloyd</i>	193, 208
THE RETURN FROM WORK. AN ETCHING BY GEORGE GASCOIGNE. <i>By the Editor</i>	197
PARISIAN ARCHITECTURE SINCE THE EMPIRE. <i>By P. G. Hamerton.</i>	211, 238, 241
MENTONE. A DRAWING BY A. ANSTED	218
A STUDY OF A MAN IN ARMOUR. A PICTURE BY REMBRANDT. <i>By W. A.</i>	219
SIR J. D. LINTON, P.R.I. <i>By F. G. Stephens</i>	224
ENGLISH ENAMELS. <i>By J. Starkie Gardner</i>	231, 249
A SPANISH SMUGGLER. <i>By the Editor</i>	241
HAGAR AND ISHMAEL. <i>By the Editor</i>	248
OLD ENGLISH FRUIT TRENCHERS. <i>By A. H. Church</i>	256
MODERN PAINTING. <i>By the Editor</i>	257
AN ILLUSTRATED EDITION OF HERBERT'S POEMS	259
ART CHRONICLE	I to xxvi

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

	Page		Page
LADY COCKBURN AND HER CHILDREN. After <i>Sir Joshua Reynolds</i>	I	THE YOUNG WOMAN AT THE HARPSICHOORD. By <i>J. Vermeer</i>	45
THE RIVERS OF DEVON:		ENGLISH BOOKBINDINGS:	
THE DART NEAR BUCKFASTLEIGH. Drawn by <i>J. Ll. W. Page</i> , and etched by <i>A.</i> <i>Ansted</i>	34	SIR THOMAS ELYOT'S IMAGE OF GOVER- NANCE, 1541	52
DARTMOUTH. An Etching by <i>A. Ansted</i>	34	PETRI BEMBI CARDINALIS HISTORIA VENETA, 1551	52
BIDEFORD AND THE TORRIDGE } Two Etchings ON THE EAST LYNN } by <i>A. Ansted</i>	74	FLORES HISTORIARUM PER MATTHAEUM WESTMONASTERIENSEM COLLECTI, 1570	56
THE TAW AT DARTMOOR. <i>Ansted</i> (p. 5).—THE TAVY AT LOPHILL. <i>Ansted</i> (p. 6).—CHUDLEIGH GLEN. <i>Ansted</i> (p. 8).—THE MOUTH OF THE TEIGN. <i>Ansted</i> (p. 9).— THE DART AT SHARPHAM. <i>Ansted</i> (p. 31).—LODDISWELL BRIDGE. <i>Ansted</i> (p. 34).—BEEHIVE HUT NEAR ERME HEAD. Drawn by <i>A. Ansted</i> , from a Sketch by <i>J. Ll.</i> <i>W. Page</i> (p. 35).—YEALM POOL. Drawn by <i>A. Ansted</i> , from a Sketch by <i>J. Ll. W. Page</i> (p. 36).—PLYMOUTH SOUND FROM DARTMOOR. Drawn by <i>A. Ansted</i> , from a Sketch by <i>J. Ll. W. Page</i> (p. 48).—LEATHER TOR AND THE MEAVY. Drawn by <i>A. Ansted</i> , from a Sketch by <i>J.</i> <i>Ll. W. Page</i> (p. 49).—THE ROYAL ALBERT BRIDGE AT SALTASH. Drawn by <i>A. Ansted</i> , from a Sketch by <i>J. Ll.</i> <i>W. Page</i> (p. 51).—LAKE ON THE TAMAR. Drawn by <i>A.</i> <i>Ansted</i> , from a Sketch by <i>J. Ll. W. Page</i> (p. 52).—THE EXE AT BICKLEIGH BRIDGE. Drawn by <i>A. Ansted</i> , from a Sketch by <i>J. Ll. W. Page</i> (p. 76).—THE AXE NEAR AXMOUTH. Drawn by <i>A. Ansted</i> , from a Sketch by <i>K.</i> <i>St. B. Leigh</i> (p. 78).		PLINIUS SECUNDUS, HISTORIA MUNDI, 1548	78
THE REPOSE IN EGYPT. Etched by <i>Leopold</i> <i>Flameng</i> after <i>François Flameng</i>	8	FERRETTI, DE RE ET DISCIPLINA MILITARI, 1575	78
JULES DALOU:		CORPUS STATUTORUM UNIVERSITATIS OXON., 1634	82
TRIOMPHE DE LA REPUBLIQUE (p. 14).—ÉTATS-GÉNÉ- RAUX: SÉANCE DU 23 JUIN. BRONZE RELIEF (p. 15).— SERMENT DU JEU DE PAUME. BRONZE RELIEF (p. 16).— MONUMENT TO DELACROIX (p. 17).		BOOK OF COMMON PRAYER, 1669	96
THE BREAKFAST. A Picture by <i>H. M. Sorgh</i>	16	ANTIQUITATES BRITANNO-BELGICAE PRE- CIPUAE ROMANAE, 1719	100
CORROYER'S GOTHIC ARCHITECTURE:		A PARAPHRASE AND ANNOTATIONS UPON ALL ST. PAUL'S EPISTLES, 1702	100
FLYING BUTTRESSES, RHEIMS CATHEDRAL (p. 20).— SCULPTURE, CHARTRES CATHEDRAL (p. 21).—CATHEDRAL AT ALBI. LINCOLN CATHEDRAL (p. 22).		LIBER SAPIENTIAE, TWELFTH—THIRTEENTH CENTURIES (p. 54).—ALPHONSUS DE VILLA SANCTA, 1523 (p. 56).— BONNER: A PROFITABLE AND NECESSARY DOCTRYNE, 1555 (p. 58).—PLATO SYMPOZION, 1543 (p. 80).—CAESAR. Translated by Arthur Golding, 1590 (p. 81).—NEW TESTAMENT AND BOOK OF COMMON PRAYER, 1643 (p. 83). —BOOK OF PSALMES, 1635 (p. 98).—BOOK OF COMMON PRAYER, 1727 (p. 100).—VIRGILIUS, 1505 (p. 101).	
THE LAST DEFENDER. An Etching by <i>Herbert</i> <i>Dicksee</i>	23	FORD MADOX BROWN:	
ENGLISH WORK IN IMPRESSED HORN:		THE FIRST OBSERVATION OF THE TRANSIT OF VENUS	64
MEDALLIONS OF THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF ORANGE. By <i>John Osborn</i>	26	THE DANES DRIVEN OUT OF MANCHESTER (p. 64).— PORTRAIT OF THE ARTIST'S SECOND WIFE (p. 65).—THE LAST OF ENGLAND (p. 70).—YOUNG MILTON: DESIGN FOR STAINED GLASS (p. 71).	
INSCRIPTION ON BACK OF MEDALLION (p. 25).—SNUFF- BOX WITH THE ARMS OF SIR FRANCIS DRAKE (p. 26).— KING CHARLES I. (p. 27).—PRINCE GEORGE OF DENMARK AND QUEEN ANNE (p. 28).—PHILIP V. OF SPAIN. GEORGE II. (p. 29).		ABRAHAM DE PAPE:	
PIETRO PERUGINO:		THE REPAST	67
THE VIRGIN APPEARING TO ST. BERNARD (p. 41).— THE CRUCIFIXION (p. 42).—THE DESCENT FROM THE CROSS (p. 60).		DARBY AND JOAN (p. 67).—OLD WOMAN PLUCKING A COCK (p. 68).	
		MADONNA AND CHILD. By <i>Albert Dürer</i> . In the Berlin Museum	88
		OTTER HOUNDS. Etched by <i>C. O. Murray</i> , after <i>Fred. Taylor</i>	89
		MEISSONIER:	
		MARSHAL BESSIÈRES (p. 91).—MADAME SABATIER (p. 92).—STUDY OF A CUIRASSIER (p. 93).—GALLEY SLAVES (p. 96).	

Page

Page

ASPECTS OF MODERN OXFORD :

THE DEER PARK, MAGDALEN COLLEGE. By
J. H. Lorimer 104

COACHING THE EIGHTS. By *J. H. Lorimer* 118

IN THE CATHEDRAL. By *J. H. Lorimer* . 200

THE LIBRARY, MERTON COLLEGE. *E. Stamp* (p. 104).
THE RADCLIFFE. *E. Stamp* (p. 106).—EVENING ON THE
RIVER. *E. Stamp* (p. 117).—NEW COLLEGE. *E. Stamp*
(p. 119).—IN THE BODLEIAN. *E. Stamp* (p. 120).—
PARSONS' PLEASURE. *L. Speed* (p. 137).—CRICKET IN
THE PARKS. *L. Speed* (p. 138).—SAILING ON THE UPPER
RIVER. *L. Speed* (p. 139).—RINGOAL IN NEW COLLEGE.
L. Speed (p. 140).—GOLF AT OXFORD. *L. Speed* (p. 167).
LAWN TENNIS. *L. Speed* (p. 168).—WAITING FOR THE
COX. *L. Speed* (p. 169).—BOWLS IN A COLLEGE GAR-
DEN. *L. Speed* (p. 170).—THE DIVINITY SCHOOLS :
CONFERRING A DEGREE. *E. Stamp* (p. 187).—A LECTURE
ROOM IN MAGDALEN COLLEGE. *E. Stamp* (p. 188).—
READING THE NEWDIGATE. *T. H. Crawford* (p. 190).—
A DANCE AT ST. JOHN'S. *T. H. Crawford* (p. 191).—
SMOKING ROOM AT THE UNION. *T. H. Crawford* (p. 198).
—CORNMARKET STREET. *T. H. Crawford* (p. 199).—
IN COLLEGE ROOMS. *T. H. Crawford* (p. 200).—A
BALL AT CHRIST CHURCH. *T. H. Crawford* (201).—
IN EXETER COLLEGE CHAPEL. *E. Stamp* (p. 221).—
COMMEMORATION : OUTSIDE THE SHELDONIAN THEATRE.
T. H. Crawford (p. 222).

POPE INNOCENT X. After *Velasquez* . . . 111

THE EVOLUTION OF ORNAMENT :

CARVED DESIGNS ON SOLOMON ISLAND SPEARS. POR-
TION OF A BASKET WITH SNAKE DESIGN. PORTION OF A
BASKET WITH MONKEY DESIGN (p. 114).—PORTION OF A
WAMPUM BELT : NORTH AMERICA (p. 115).

OLD ENGLISH POTTERY :

OLD ENGLISH SLIP-WARE 122, 126

DWIGHT'S FULHAM STONWARE 146, 161

WHITE SALT-GLAZED STONWARE 164, 165

FOUR-HANDLED TYGS (pp. 124, 125).—A TRIPLET OF
CUPS (p. 126).—STONWARE JUG (p. 144).—EFFIGY OF
LYDIA DWIGHT (p. 145).—FEMALE BUST (p. 146).—
EQUESTRIAN FIGURE OF THE DUKE OF CUMBERLAND (p. 147).
—STONWARE JUG (p. 148).—PIGGIN AND LADLE (p. 162).
—COVERED MILK JUG. TEAPOT (p. 163).—PICKLE
TRAY (p. 165).—CUP (p. 166).

VITTORIA. A Study in Oils by *Sir Frederick
Leighton* 131

SEBASTIAN DEL PIOMBO :

THE SO-CALLED FORNARINA (p. 133).—PORTRAIT OF A
YOUNG NOBLEMAN, ATTRIBUTED TO RAPHAEL (p. 134).—
CHRIST BEARING THE CROSS (p. 135).

BELLINZONA. Etched by *Frank Short* after
Turner 142

COUNTESS WEIR. A Drawing by *A. Ansted* . 152

CORPUS CHRISTI COLLEGE, OXFORD. By *J.
H. Lorimer* 153

LEONARDO DA VINCI :

HEAD OF AN APOSTLE 156

BUST OF AN OLD MAN 156

NEPTUNE AND HIS HORSES (p. 157).—HORSEMEN FROM
THE BATTLE OF ANGIARI. FALL OF PHAËTON (p. 159).

RUSTIC CHILDREN. Etched by *P. A. Massé*
after *Gainsborough* 175

ENGLISH EFFIGIES IN WOOD :

EFFIGY OF JOHN DE SHEPPY IN ROCHESTER
CATHEDRAL 204

WILLIAM LONGESPÉE, EARL OF SALISBURY (p. 177).—
ROBERT, DUKE OF NORMANDY (p. 178).—WILLIAM DE
VALENCE, EARL OF PEMBROKE (p. 179).—SIR ROBERT DU
BOIS. SIR WALTER TREYLLI AND HIS WIFE (p. 180).—
HENRY III. RICHARD BEAUCHAMP, EARL OF WARWICK.
EDWARD II. (p. 182).—BLACK PRINCE. SIR GREY DE
BRYAN (p. 202).—RALPH GREENE AND HIS WIFE. SIR
EDWARD DESPENCER (p. 203).—SIR HUGH BARDOLPH.
SIR STEPHEN DE HACCOMBE (p. 204).—WILLIAM DE COM-
BERMARTYN. HAWISE DE KEYNES (p. 205).—SIR L. DE
PAVELEY AND HIS WIFE. SIR THOMAS LE LATYMER
(p. 206).—MICHAEL DE LA POLE AND HIS WIFE. RALPH
NEVILL (p. 207).

THE SHEPHERD SITTING ON THE WELL. An
Etching by *Nicholas Berghem* 182

COVERED PORTAL TO A CHURCH. From a
Drawing by *J. S. Cotman* 186

THE RETURN FROM WORK. An Etching by
G. Gascoigne 197

PARISIAN ARCHITECTURE SINCE THE EMPIRE :

WINDOWS IN THE RUE DE LA TOUR, PASSY (p. 212).—
HOUSE IN THE RUE DES BERNARDINS (p. 213).—WINDOWS
AND DOORWAY IN THE RUE DE LA POMPE (p. 214).—
ORIEL WINDOWS IN THE BOULEVARD DES ITALIENS (pp. 215,
216).—BASEMENT OF HOUSE IN THE RUE DE LA FAISAN-
DERIE (p. 239).—ORIEL WINDOW IN THE AVENUE
BUGEAUD (p. 240).—CORNER OF A HOUSE IN THE RUE
DE LA FAISANDERIE (p. 242).—HOUSE IN THE RUE VAU-
GIRARD (p. 243).—COURT IN THE LYCÉE BUFFON (p. 245).
—HOUSE IN THE RUE ST. DIDIER (p. 246).—HOUSE IN
THE AVENUE KLÉBER (p. 247).

MENTONE. A Drawing by *A. Ansted* 218

STUDY OF A MAN IN ARMOUR. After *Rem-
brandt* 219

SIR J. D. LINTON, P. R. I. :

THE DECLARATION OF WAR 226

THE HAWK (p. 225).—ELAINE (p. 227).—THE
BENEDICTION. From the 'Life of a Warrior of the Six-
teenth Century' (p. 228).—THE SURRENDER. From
the 'Life of a Warrior of the Sixteenth Century' (p. 229).

ENGLISH ENAMELS :

ENAMELLED BROOCHES, ENAMELLED GOLD
CASE, BACK OF A MINIATURE CASE 234

BRITISH ENAMELLED BOWL. THE RUDGE BOWL (p. 231).
—ROMANO-BRITISH ALTAR. CELTIC SHIELD (p. 232).—
THE ARDAGH CHALICE. THE KREMSMUNSTER CHALICE
(p. 233).—THE RING OF AHLSTAN. THE ALFRED JEWEL
(p. 234).—THE MEYRICK CROZIER (p. 235).—THE
WARWICK BOWL (p. 236).—THE WILTON CHALICE
(p. 237).—THE BUCKLE TO THE BELT OF THE BRUCE
HORN (p. 249).—THE LYNN CUP (p. 250).—BISHOP
FOX'S CROZIER. RING OF FAIR ROSAMUND. THE LIMERICK
CROZIER (p. 251).—GEORGE JEWEL OF THE ORDER OF
THE GARTER. A SMALL COFFIN OF GOLD (p. 252).—
BLUE AND WHITE CANDLESTICK ON BRASS. GREEN AND
WHITE CANDLESTICK (p. 253).—CUPS AT NEW COLLEGE,
OXFORD, AND AT CHRIST'S COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE (p. 254).
—CUPS AT EMMANUEL COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE, AT MERCERS'
HALL, AND AT CHRIST'S COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE (p. 255).

A SPANISH SMUGGLER. Etched by *H. Toussaint*,
after a Picture by *W. T. Dannat* 241

HAGAR AND ISHMAEL. By *Jean Charles Cazin* 248

OLD ENGLISH FRUIT TRENCHERS 256

CUTS FROM AN ILLUSTRATED EDITION OF
GEORGE HERBERT'S POEMS 259, 260



Painted by John G. Brown

Done 1840

John G. Brown is the artist.



THE PORTFOLIO

LADY COCKBURN AND HER CHILDREN

BY SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS



THIS splendid picture—one of Sir Joshua's acknowledged masterpieces, and one of the best preserved of these—is among the most recent additions to the British section of the National Gallery. It was bequeathed to the nation by Marianna Augusta Lady Hamilton, widow of Sir James J. Hamilton, of Woodbrook, and grand-daughter of the lady portrayed, together with no less than nineteen family and other portraits of the British school with which we are not now concerned. We may, nevertheless, remark, *en passant*, that while some few of these last are of genuine interest

historically and artistically, others are very conspicuously below the high level to which we are accustomed in paintings admitted to form part of the national collection. However this may be, the splendour of the central donation must have rendered any hesitation on the part of the National Gallery authorities to accept the bequest impossible, and would, indeed, have justified them in closing their eyes to yet more glaring inferiorities than those exhibited by the series of attendant canvases. A little later on, unless some stringent condition of the bequest should forbid, we may hope to see a few of the anonymous portraits labelled 'English School' take up more modest places in the galleries, or, it may be, vanish altogether into the cellars.

The lady presented with her lovely group of children on Reynolds's glowing canvas is Augusta Anne, daughter of the Rev. Francis Ayscough, dean of Bristol, and niece of Lord Lyttleton—married in 1769 to Sir James Cockburn, Bart., of Langton, a great-uncle of that ablest and most fiery of Lord Chief Justices, Sir Alexander Cockburn. Sir Joshua painted the portrait in 1773-74, when, at the age of fifty, he had reached the zenith of his artistic power, and had attained to a splendid maturity which had not in it anything of over-ripeness. The following entry with respect to it is found in his Folio Cash Book* :—

' March, 1774—Lady Cockburn and children (frame paid) 183*l.* 15*s.* 0*d.*'

The picture made its first appearance in public at the Royal Academy Exhibition of 1774, in the company of no less than thirteen canvases from the same brush, and we learn that the *Lady Cockburn* on being carried into the galleries to be hung excited such enthusiasm among Sir Joshua's brother Academicians, that they broke out into a universal clapping of hands.† Among its companions from the same studio were a whole-length of the Duchess

* W. Cotton's 'Sir Joshua Reynolds and his Works.'

† 'Life and Times of Sir Joshua Reynolds.' By C. R. Leslie, R.A., and Tom Taylor.

of Gloucester (Maria Countess Waldgrave), another of her daughter, the Princess Sophia of Gloucester, the powerfully characterised *Barretti*, now at Holland House (one of the most virile productions of the master), and the large canvas, *Three Ladies Adorning a Term of Hymen*. This last-named work, containing the portraits of the three daughters of Sir William Montgomery—the Marchioness Townsend, the Hon. Mrs. Gardener (mother of Lord Blessington), and the Hon. Mrs. Beresford—was bequeathed to the National Gallery as far back as 1837 by the then Earl of Blessington, and now, curiously enough, the *Lady Cockburn* has been hung next to it, the two pictures being thus reunited after a lapse of more than a century. What might not these fashionable ladies find to say to each other in an ‘Imaginary Conversation,’ brought together as they now are so unexpectedly after an interval of years more eventful on the whole, both politically and socially, than any preceding period of like duration! The one beauty has all this time, until the quite recent date of her introduction to the British public generally, remained in an atmosphere of so-called ‘good society;’ the other three have woven their garlands, have smiled their smiles for more than half a century already in the face of that admiring public. What will these faded but still lovely Graces tell the new-comer as to the number and quality of their admirers during that long period? what may not their surprise have been at the gradual lowering of the level to which these admirers belonged, and the almost total abandonment of the field by persons of their own quality to the art-loving *bourgeoisie* and the people?

Our canvas is one of the two to which alone Sir Joshua—charier far in this respect than Titian himself—is supposed to have appended his signature. It stands as follows in large white characters of decorative aspect on the hem of the lady’s rich outer robe, ‘1775—*J. Reynolds Pinxt.*’ It is not a little strange that while the picture was mainly painted in 1773, and exhibited in 1774, its date should be 1775. We can only account for this fact by the suggestion that some final touches may have been added when it was removed from the exhibition, and that the splendid and unusual signature may then have been placed on it; but this is, of course, merely surmise. The other work which Sir Joshua is known to have adorned with his name is the famous *Mrs. Siddons as the Tragic Muse*, painted in 1784, and now in the collection of the Duke of Westminster at Grosvenor House. Here the name of the master is inscribed on the hem of Melpomene’s tawny-hued mantle, much as it is in the portrait which we are now describing. According to the current anecdote, Sir Joshua, bowing low to the divinity of the stage, when he had added to her noble presentment this crown and finish of a signature, said: ‘I could not lose the honour this opportunity afforded me of going down to posterity on the hem of your garment.’ A magnificent compliment to a magnificent person, and a tribute which should have moved even that most composed and decorous, as well as greatest, of tragedy queens! Gossip says not what she replied; and, indeed, we know that Melpomene was neither very ready nor very apt in the give-and-take of ordinary dialogue. The accepted statement that Sir Joshua signed these two celebrated canvases alone is, however, not strictly accurate. A perfectly genuine signature (quite recently seen and examined by the writer) is to be found on the portrait of Rebecca Viscountess Folkestone, painted in 1760, and now at the Earl of Radnor’s seat, Longford Castle near Salisbury; it runs as follows: ‘1760—*J. Reynolds pinxt.*’ It is more than probable that a careful examination would reveal others equally genuine, lurking like this last in shadowy corners of the master’s canvases, under triple coats of varnish.

But now back to our picture, which hangs open to the admiration of all the world in the Reynolds and Gainsborough Room of the National Gallery.

Lady Cockburn appears seated—in attitude not unlike the ‘Charity’ of some sixteenth-century Italian painter—with her three fair boys, in front of an open classic colonnade, partly screened from indiscreet airs by a crimson curtain. A naked babe, as robust in

the roundness of its limbs as the *Bambino* in a *Holy Family* of Raphael, lies on her lap; while another bigger and not less round—scantily clad in a drapery of shot silk—clings to one shoulder, and over the other peeps the head of a third child—evidently the *espiègle* of the party. The lady's dark hair is dressed without powder, and she wears an outside robe of rich amber satin bordered with white fur, partly covering an inner dress of white: a harmony completed by the crimson of the drapery above and by the variegated hues of Sir Joshua's favourite macaw, this cherished bird having been introduced, as we learn, by way of giving balance to the masses of the composition, the general aspect of which it enlivens by the brilliancy of its chromatic notes, yet not to the point of garishness. The execution is broad and solid to an unusual degree, although it avoids, as usual, all detail either in the modelling of the features or the accessories. The flesh tints, the half-tones and shadows, are so little impaired—by comparison, that is, with many of the master's most popular works—that the canvas may be said to retain in a great measure its pristine harmony and charm. We still see and are fascinated by those brilliant effects, to attain and further to enhance which Reynolds sacrificed a great part of his immortality. The rich, deep shadows keep their transparency and do not trench over-hardly in the parts in half or in full light, as in too many of Sir Joshua's ghosts of departed loveliness. From a technical point of view, nothing in the painting is more remarkable than the superb yellow satin drapery of Lady Cockburn's skirt, with its fine broad modelling and its unsurpassed richness, its happily tempered splendour of colour, skilfully graded from light into deepest shadow. The weakest part of the performance is the introduced macaw, which though true in tint and tone, is sadly flat and characterless in form, lacking almost entirely that definiteness and vigour of draughtsmanship which a Rubens or a Snyder—the painters of whom Reynolds has here been thinking—would have expended upon it. The beauty of the lovely sitter is of the calm, reposeful, and a shade impersonal character which distinguishes many of the painter's finest performances of this particular class. He gives us glowing splendour of colour, well-ponderated composition, graciousness and dignity of aspect, and a delicious *naïveté* in the rendering of child-life, where his great rival, Gainsborough, would have revelled in silver radiance of hue and tone, in the suggestion of life and movement, and in a certain irrepressible and almost febrile vivacity, which peeps out even in his staidest and most official performances. Sir Joshua here, as elsewhere, shows himself a genuine eclectic, taking his scheme of lighting—though, perhaps, less markedly than usual—from Rembrandt, and from the same source the peculiar crimson of the drapery, the splendid yellow of the robe; in the flesh-painting he hovers midway between Rubens and the Venetians, the ruddy shadows being very characteristic of the former, while the technique, especially in the impasto of the lights, differs both from the one and the other mode. All these borrowings are, however, more than justified, seeing that Sir Joshua digests and transmutes his material, bringing it forth again as a homogeneous and entirely personal whole.

The master is not to be made responsible for the ridiculous designation, *Cornelia and her Children*, under which his sumptuous performance was incomparably well engraved in stipple by C. Wilkin, the print having been published as late as January 2nd, 1792, that is, a few weeks only before his death. The engraving may be seen in fine impressions of two successive states in the Print Room of the British Museum; in brilliancy, relief, and gradation of flesh-hues it is hardly behind the best mezzotints of that great period. There is something deliciously naïve in the quotation from Hook's 'Roman History,' appended by way of description to the reproduction, and commencing as follows: 'Cornelia, after the death of her husband, applied herself to the care of her family with a wisdom and prudence that acquired her great esteem. . . . ' Wisdom and prudence being in this case exemplified by a fair matron idly toying with a lovely triad of nearly naked children in a portico open to the winds of heaven, the only educational instrument in view being

the bright-hued parrot aforesaid! Sir Joshua certainly loved a good sounding title occasionally in portraiture—*vide Mrs. Siddons as the Tragic Muse, Mrs. Abington as the Comic Muse, and Mrs. Sheridan as St. Cecilia*; but where he himself chose, he chose, as these instances go to prove, with more method. He even chose on occasion with a certain sly appropriateness, as when he painted the lively and liberal Kitty Fisher as Danaë the money-loving, and again as Cleopatra the money-devouring; thus emulating—whether consciously or unconsciously—Holbein, who in the *Lais Corinthiaca* now at Bâle, celebrated at once the charms and the acquisitiveness of Dorothea Offenburg, an eccentric beauty very troublesome to the constituted authorities of the painter's adopted city. In the National Gallery the new acquisition is, of course, exhibited with the original description, *Lady Cockburn and her Children*, appended to it when it first appeared in 1774 at the Royal Academy.

THE RIVERS OF DEVON

I

A Fertile Land—Dartmoor—Contrast between Upper and Lower Waters of the Rivers—The Southern Rivers—The Teign below Kestor—Rude Stone Remains—Holy Street Mill—Chagford—Fingle Bridge—Cannonteign—Chudleigh Rock and the Pixies—Newton—Bradley and Ford—Shaldon—Teignmouth—The Den and the Ness—Legend of the Parson and Clerk—The Coast about Torbay—Napoleon in Torbay.

FEW English counties are more beautiful than Devonshire; few present scenery of greater variety; few are more fertile. And none have a larger number of rivers—indeed, it may be questioned whether any have a number so large, for Devonshire is one of the broadest as well as one of the fairest of our provinces. And to what does it owe its beauty and fertility? In great measure to the countless streams that cover it like a network—‘those veins of the earth that in their circulation give life, health, and vigour to its whole frame.’ Of course, it is not for one moment pretended that its rivers are the most important constituents in the fertility of this pleasant land. Other influences, both geological and climatic, are at work. But where the soil is favourable to cultivation, there irrigation must ever play an important part, and irrigation this western country most certainly has, and that in a marked degree. Were the scores of rivers and brooks that water the rich pastures of Devon to dry at their founts, I fancy that neither ‘the old red sandstone’ nor even the conditions induced by that mysterious factor in Nature’s economy, the Gulf Stream—about which we all talk so much, but know so little—would save the country from barrenness.

And strange it seems that all or nearly all this fructifying power comes from a region of desolation, that the rivers whose lower waters flow past verdant meadows and fields of golden grain, beneath hanging woodland and slopes that may be cultivated to the sky line, are born amid surroundings of utter and hopeless famine. In the middle of the county rises the great granite boss of Dartmoor, occupying an area of some 130,000 acres, a wilderness of heather, fern, and peat morass, of hill after hill, of ridge after ridge, rolling away into the distance, capped here and there by fantastic tors.

‘Towers up a tract of granite; the huge hills
Bear on their broad flanks right into the mists
Vast sweeps of purple heath and yellow furze.
It is the home of rivers, and the haunt
Of great cloud armies, borne on ocean blasts
Out of the wide Atlantic wilderness—
Far-stretching squadrons with colossal stride
Marching from peak to peak, or lying down
Upon the granite beds that crown the heights.’*

* Lord Coleridge.

And it is to this Dartmoor that Devon owes its fertility; for with the exception of the Cornish moors, which are of far less elevation, Dartmoor is the first high land on which rests the fog and cloud wrack driving up from the Atlantic. It is indeed a natural condenser, and its peat morasses are, as it were, so many gigantic sponges ever ready to absorb the humidity produced by the mists and clouds gathering about the tors. And rain there is in plenty; if the local rhyme be true, it comes from every point of the compass.

‘The west wind always brings wet weather,
The east wind wet and cold together,
The south wind surely brings us rain,
The north wind blows it back again.
If the sun in red should set,
The next day surely will be wet;
If the sun should set in grey,
The next will be a rainy day.’

And about Dartmoor the rivers of Devon flow through some of their finest scenery. For the wild rocky moor acts as a splendid foil to the green meads of the North and South



THE TAW AT DARTMOOR.

Hams, and there can be no stronger scenic contrast than that between such spots as the Taw below Steeperton Tor, the gorge of Tavy Cleave, and the last mile or two of the former river before it enters the sea, or the wooded and pastoral character of the latter by Lophill and the pleasant domain of Maristowe. This is why these western rivers are so beautiful; at one end pouring down some deep glen over and around great boulders of granite, at the other—ere expanding into an estuary—rippling through a cultivated country that is famous throughout England for its rich soil and beautiful woodlands.

But not all the Devonshire rivers have their birthplace on Dartmoor. Two, the Exe and Lyn, first see the day on Exmoor. Two more, the Tamar and the Torridge, rise in the bleak country in the north-western corner of the county, so near as almost to be in sight of that grim barrier—

‘Where the long water of the west
Breaks on the broken Cornish shore.’

And in the extreme east the little Otter sparkles down from the Blackdown Hills, while the ‘Silver Axe,’ as Merivale calls her, comes to life among the chalk downs of Dorset.

Let us begin with the southern rivers, those which coming off Dartmoor 'disburden themselves into the British ocean,' before we explore the eastern streams, or those which 'by long wandering seek the Severn sea.' These are the Teign, the Dart, the Avon, the Erme, the Yealm, the Plym, and the Tavy, seven rivers whose courses lie amid some of the finest scenery in Great Britain, and rivers in spite of the ever-increasing flood of tourists marvellously little known, with, perhaps, one exception. The Dart has been so opened up of late years by the railway and by steamers plying between Dartmouth and Totnes, has been so written up in guide-books and so illustrated in magazines, that it is no longer *flumen incognitum*. Yet, even along the English Rhine are spots of loveliness unknown but to the artist and angler; spots which the 'blameless tourist' never approaches nearer than Totnes town or the shaggy woods of Buckland. The Teign, too, is known about Chagford, but few who are not enthusiastic pedestrians will push their way upwards through Gidleigh



THE TAVY AT LOPHILL.

Gorge, and past those mysterious relics of an unknown race that stud the slopes beneath the great rock of Kestor. Here let us begin our ramble.

Around us stretches the moor, rising northwards in Cosdon Beacon, that great sullen-looking hill, to an elevation of nearly eighteen hundred feet; westward, the long ridge of Watern Tor, with its curious rocks—one of which is called the Thirlstone, because to all appearance it is pierced or drilled with a large opening—and the dull line of Whitehorse Hill guides the eye pretty nearly to the springs of the river, which comes down that long, shallow valley at the back of Shuffle Down. On Shuffle Down itself, to the southward, we shall, if we cross by the rough clapper bridge, come upon those strange avenues of little upright stones which so puzzle the antiquaries. On some parts of the Moor these *lapides stantes*—as the old writers call them—are said by the natives to dance; and, perhaps, this accounts for the queer name of the down.

I cannot say I have ever seen them *shuffle* myself except when the sun is very hot indeed, when the gases rising from the peat certainly do make both avenues and tors quiver unmistakably. At the end of these avenues is the tall menhir called the Longstone, and about the base of Kestor clusters an aboriginal village whose massive foundations of moor-stone blocks show that they were built as a defence against something more formidable than the wolf. At our back, on the slope of Scorhill, the rude unhewn pillars of a great 'sacred' circle stand out grey against the heath—the Stonehenge of Dartmoor, and

at our feet rolls the Teign, foaming through a great *clatter* of rocks, and then plunging—for there has been rain lately—down into the glen below, where the oak and ash and hazel of Gidleigh mark the confines of the wilderness opposite the enclosures of Batworthy Farm. A great boulder, larger than his fellows, lies in the bed of the stream, pierced with a large smooth hole, doubtless worn by countless pebbles, but till these unpromising days of science set down as Druidical! Such is the country about the headwaters of the Teign.

We leave the moor behind us, and pass downwards to where the river, swelled by the flood of the South Teign, reaches Holy Street Mill. What a scene for Creswick; indeed has not Creswick painted it? The clear brown water, brown because of the peat brew from the moor, rushes down the glen under a dense wood, swirling round rocks that are stained with lichens of pearly grey, orange, and velvety black, varied here and there by patches of dark green moss. All along thickets of fern dip their fronds in the hurrying waters, which, unmindful of the caress, may in half an hour or less engulf them in a flood. Close at hand is the ancient mill, a building of picturesque dilapidation, with such rich warm thatch and mellowed stone, that one cannot wonder that artists of high degree, low degree, and no degree at all, have endeavoured times without number to transfer its beauties to canvas. And a little further down, having passed the grey stone bridge and calmed its impetuosity for a while among verdant meadows, the river flows below that most delightful of country towns, Chagford, with its ancient church and deep porched inn, set in the amphitheatre below the steeps of Natterdon and Milldown. Here lives that venerable Dartmoor guide, James Perrot, who knows more about this part of the country than any man living, and can remember not only when there were no carts upon Dartmoor, but even in Chagford itself.

Below Chagford the Teign again betakes itself to a gorge sweeping below a precipitous down and the oaks of Whyddon Park to the wooded defile of Fingle. At the narrowest part of the valley, with the mountainous form of Prestonbury rising on the one hand, and the steep hills clad with oak coppice stretching up to the earthwork of Cranbrook Castle, on the other is the rough bridge, fortified as all these bridges are with sharp buttresses to fling aside the flood-water, and so narrow that if by any chance vehicles should meet, one must back to enable the other to cross. Even a pedestrian finds little enough room, and will be fain to retire into a recess and wait till the conveyance has gone on its way. Not for three or four miles does the river emerge from the shadowy bottom and the embrace of those lofty wooded hills. But cultivation is reached at last, and it flows more placidly, though still a moorland stream, past the hamlets of Dunsford and Christow, past Ashton and Cannonteign—an interesting old manor-house that fell, as did many a house ‘in the war time’ (as the Devon folks still call the conflict between Charles and his Parliament) before the energy of Fairfax. And so we get on to Chudleigh, on the hill, a mile or more from the river, a sleepy town that has seen its best days, and mount to that great limestone bluff that looks down upon the Teign valley, Chudleigh Rock.

The rock rises from a sea of woodland, at its base is a narrow gorge, nearly choked by a great staircase of rock masses, over which tumbles the brook that comes down from Lord Clifford’s park of Ugbrooke. The sides of this gorge are literally smothered in fern and such plants as love a damp dwelling-place. And surely there is moisture enough for anything, for in the driest weather there is the drip, drip of tiny runnels that have their springs in the cliff above. One feels no surprise at hearing that this place was once the haunt of the fairies, and that a pixy cavern still exists in the rock side. Whether the pixies still live there I cannot tell, but if you are a true believer you will leave a pin as a peace-offering lest you come to harm.

Soon the wooden spire of Teign Grace is seen over the trees across the widening

valley, and the bold forms of Rippon and Hey Tors rise against the sky. The river loses some of its energy, the boulders cease, and we cross the meadows to where, set among its green knolls, the busy town of Newton, with its railway works and general air of prosperity, reminds us that we are once more in the world. In Newton itself there is nothing artistic. But the surroundings are delightful, and Bradley Woods, with their glades and murmuring trout stream, are, without Bradley House—an old fourteenth or fifteenth century mansion—quite sufficient temptation for a long afternoon's ramble. Then there is Wolborough Church



CHUDLEIGH GLEN, RIVER TEIGN, DEVONSHIRE.
DRAWN BY A. ANSTED.

on the hill above the town, with its gorgeous screen, and presently, as we get down towards the estuary, there is Ford House, an old Tudor mansion where Charles I. slept on his progress westward, and where William of Orange lay sixty-three years later when he came to fill the vacant throne of his bigot son.

From the road that follows the southern shore of the broad estuary there are lovely views of rich champaign country and purple moor in one direction, and of the houses of Teignmouth against a background of deep blue sea on the other. To reach it we must pass through old-fashioned Shaldon, the last moorings of many an ancient mariner, as may be seen by the flagstaffs at the top of the gardens, with here and there the ghastly figure-head of some *Corinna* or *Medusa* peering from a rockwork, and cross the estuary by an interminable bridge of something between thirty and forty openings. Looking up the landlocked river, smooth as glass, and in places nearly a mile across, one's thoughts cannot but revert to the brawling torrent only a few miles away, so different from the loch before us. There is little shipping. Now and again a heavy

barge, with red sail set to catch any 'catspaw' that may be going, lumbers heavily up towards Newton, and a few pleasure-boats tack from side to side of the channel. But seawards, within the horn, where stands Teignmouth town, lie a goodly number of coasters, from barquentine and brig to humble smack, and outside the narrow entrance one or two more are at anchor waiting till the flowing tide shall carry them over the bar.

The prettiest part of Teignmouth is the Den, a long lawn between terraces and sea gay with flower-beds, not to speak of the almost gayer plumage of the lady promenaders. At the southern end, by the river's mouth, stands a sturdy granite lighthouse, the grey moorstone contrasting well with the dark red cliffs of the Ness, the peaked headland with wooded summit that rises against the southern sky. Outside upon the sands fall long, low wavelets, against which happy children armed with spade and bucket contend in vain, while their elders, seated on the benches above, are, perhaps, busy in the construction of castles even more ephemeral than those which are even now threatened with demolition.



... ..

From the upper part of the town there are fine views of the coast. To the northward stretches that barrier of ruddy cliff so familiar to travellers on the line of railway made at such enormous expense by Brunel. Right away to the lively little watering-place of Dawlish, with its pleasant gardens and clear stream sparkling down to the beach, runs the massive sea-wall built to protect the railway from the waves, which, nevertheless, have made a breach therein more than once or twice.

Further eastward, a low sandy spit, called the Warren, marks the mouth of the



THE MOUTH OF THE TEIGN.

Exe. And beyond that again the red cliffs trend eastward from the terraces or Exmouth towards the great West Bay, until, low down on the horizon you may—if the day be clear—discern a pale headland, the Bill of Portland. In the opposite direction the eye takes in the estuary, set between its verdant slopes, with here and there a village clustering about its church tower, and, travelling towards the south, rests on that beautiful piece of coast that ends at the islets off the mouth of historic Torbay. Beyond the jagged points of the Mewstone is Dartmouth, loveliest of all English harbours, where the Dart ‘comes at last slowly, and, as it were, tired’ to meet the sea.

JOHN LL. WARDEN PAGE.

THE REPOSE IN EGYPT

ENGRAVED BY LÉOPOLD FLAMENG, FROM THE PICTURE BY FRANÇOIS FLAMENG

FEW artists, in France or elsewhere, have given such decided proofs of versatility as M. François Flameng, and in his case it is not exhibited for the display of a variety of gifts, but simply exercised for the relaxation of a singularly fertile and productive genius. An indefatigable worker, he finds relief in tasks that would of themselves be a sufficient occupation for a less rapid hand. All that we can safely foretell of his next efforts (if such a word as effort can be applied to his performance) is that they will not

resemble what he has done already. When I learned that the painter of the French revolutionary epoch was attempting a subject like the *Repose of the Holy Family in Egypt*, I knew that he had sought refreshment for his mind in going back to the dawn of Christianity, and there is a certain grace or simplicity in his interpretation of the subject which communicated the artist's own feeling of refreshment even to those most *blasés* of human beings, the habitual visitors to the Salon.

The picture is painted with a wax medium, to prevent gloss, as it was intended to have the effect of fresco, and possibly to serve for the decoration of a church. It is of large size and in three compartments, of which the middle one only is given in our engraving. The two side compartments, which are narrow, are occupied by angels designed somewhat in the taste of the early Italian masters; the principal subject is more completely original. The architecture of the background has been freely criticised as not Egyptian, and the painter's explanation is that he supposed the Holy Family to be somewhere on the way back, and near a little town where the simple local architecture had undergone some Roman influence. In reality, the best defence of the background is that it enhances the impression of repose by giving the idea that the travellers are no longer in wild and desolate places, but are safe in the neighbourhood of some tranquil and strong little town, by the margin of protected waters. The time is evening, and the buildings in the original picture are tenderly lighted by the last flush of the afterglow.

EDITOR.

JULES DALOU

THERE is no more curious and instructive instance in the history of modern art of the rapid and triumphant rise of an artist than that afforded by the career of M. Jules Dalou during the last ten years. Overwhelmed at a crisis in the earlier part of his life with self-created difficulties, with barriers more than sufficient to crush a meaner artistic personality out of existence, torn up as it were by the volcanic eruption of the French Commune, and cast unknown on a foreign, though not an inhospitable, shore, this remarkable sculptor has, by sheer force of commanding merit in a style sufficiently unfamiliar at first, imposed himself on his countrymen, a large section of whom were, for obvious reasons, reluctant to take back the prodigal.

The art of M. Dalou, who may be said to share with M. Auguste Rodin the undisputed sovereignty of the more advanced section of French sculpture—that which is least trammelled by the traditions and conventionalities of preceding schools—springs unquestionably from that of his teacher, Carpeaux. To the latter master rightfully belongs the chief honour of having given to sculpture in France a renewed vitality, by the bold assumption and exercise of the right to disregard the unwritten laws, so much more uniformly obeyed in the practice of this branch than in that of the other arts. Carpeaux boldly, at times even menacingly, burst his way through barriers which stood in the way of the infusion into sculpture of that *modernité* which was already giving new blood and a fresh life to the sister art. Still, he never absolutely confused the limits which must always keep apart the two great divisions of plastic art, or expended his splendid breadth and power on subjects the exclusively pictorial character of which rendered them impossible of adequate realisation without the total sacrifice of sculptural dignity. It may be that M. Dalou has never really equalled his master and prototype in that rare power of conveying the true vibration of life and movement, in that exuberant *joie de vivre* shown so supremely in *La Danse* and in the *Nymphe qui Rit* of the Pavillon de Flore. These qualities of the deceased sculptor are especially and unreservedly to be admired in that original plaster cast from the model of the former work which has now, with such commendable

boldness and excellent judgment, been placed in the Louvre, making manifest for the first time to those who were only acquainted with the marble group which adorns the façade of the Grand Opera, the artist's full meaning. While, on the one hand, M. Dalou has advanced much further in the direction of purely pictorial and decorative sculpture than Carpeaux—while his work is often less truly sculptural, less inherently vigorous than that of his master—he has far less absolutely cut himself adrift from the traditions of bygone ages than did his predecessor. It has not seldom, indeed, by his critics, and even by his admirers, been brought as a reproach against him—though we ourselves hold it to be one of his chief merits—that he has by no means repudiated these same traditions as entirely as a casual examination of his work would lead us to believe, but has, on the contrary, taken many a lesson from the technically admirable and decorous, if generally cold and conventional, achievements of the *Grand Siècle*, and even from the once puissant Bernini, whose very name now is anathema, but whose extraordinary technical skill should secure for him at any rate an exemption from that contempt which is so freely poured upon him by the merest tyro of to-day. M. Dalou, like M. Injalbert and many brilliant French artists of the new school, is quite aware that, compelled as the sculptor of to-day is to take into account the exaggerations and eccentricities of modern architecture and modern surroundings generally, the imposing, if seldom from the highest point of view defensible, effects obtained by the skilled executants of the seventeenth century are by no means to be despised or ignored. On the one hand our artist leads a main column of the *modernes*, boldly thrusting aside many of the frigid conventionalities which have accumulated since the commencement of the present century. On the other, however, he maintains a tolerably intimate connexion with such great masters of the Louis-Quatorzian period as Pierre Puget—too passionate and original an artist, be it observed in passing, to fit well into the period overshadowed by Le Brun—with the graceful, various, and yet often incisive Coysevox, with the stately and decorative Girardon; nay, he even—as in the great Delacroix monument to be presently described—undisguisedly shows the fascination exercised over him by the Cavaliere Bernini himself.

It is curious to note the relative positions now taken up in the hierarchy of French art by M. Dalou and his less universally popular, but not less famous, compeer and rival, M. Auguste Rodin. Without any disparagement of the brilliant, and in its very nature self-assertive, talent of M. Dalou, it may be permitted to offer the opinion that his power is of a lower order than that of his rival in the leadership of the modern group. He does not to the same extent command that wave of life, seeming to extend beyond the marble epidermis into the inner structure, which characterises, for instance, M. Rodin's singularly original *Portrait of a Woman* at the Luxembourg, and the bust-portrait of M. Dalou himself, executed some years since by his brother artist. No head modelled by M. Dalou can be said to equal in Donatellesque grandeur those of the *Bourgeois de Calais* in M. Rodin's yet unfinished monument, ordered by the city of Calais, or that of the *St. Jean* at the Luxembourg; while in tragic intensity he has never risen as high as has the sculptor with whom we are comparing him in certain episodes of the great Doors for the Musée des Arts Décoratifs, illustrating episodes from Dante's 'Inferno'—another work this which the too fastidious master has not yet been able to terminate to his own satisfaction. And then, again, no bust by M. Dalou, not even the turbulent *Henri Rochefort*, which has been so much admired, or the *Auguste Vacquerie*, equals the just-mentioned *Dalou*, the *Victor Hugo*, or the *Puvis de Chavannes* of M. Rodin. On the other hand, M. Dalou has been far more uniformly successful, has achieved many more complete and important triumphs in the new style than his rival.

His conceptions—pictorial rather than truly sculptural—while they, perhaps, show less true vitality, are more impressive in their ensemble, more easily comprehensible to the average observer. And M. Dalou, with all the daring and the seeming daring of his compositions—and especially of his later and more elaborate ones—takes more accurate note of architectural and general surroundings than does the author of the *Bourgeois de*

Galais; thus rendering his work, with all its predominance of the pictorial element, more monumental, more serviceable for general purposes, more natural and popular, in fact. It is for these reasons that the well-calculated and decorative audacities of his public monuments have imposed themselves—as our neighbours say—and have met with very general acceptance, while so original a work as, for instance, M. Rodin's sketch-model for the monument to be erected to Victor Hugo in the Panthéon, proved impossible of execution in its first and most impressive shape—so much was it at variance with the character and the contents of the building which was to enshrine it. After all, however, the comparison which we have attempted to establish between two of the most remarkable of modern artists is not quite a fair one, seeing that so far as monumental and, as it were, quasi-official productions are concerned, M. Dalou has already given his very best to be judged by that larger public which must perforce remain the tribunal of ultimate appeal, while M. Rodin has never been able so completely to satisfy his severe criticism of self as to present to the world in finished state the two or three great *monuments d'ensemble* which he has had for a number of years in slow but constant progress.

It is necessary to make some slight allusion to the events of M. Dalou's earlier life, since these have had an important bearing on his artistic career, especially in its earlier developments; but this shall be done as little intrusively as possible. As far back as 1877 there appeared in the pages of THE PORTFOLIO a short biographical sketch of our master, accompanying a fine etched portrait by his friend, M. Alphonse Legros, and to this we may refer the reader as affording such information as is available with regard to the sculptor's early years and artistic education. He was born in Paris on the last day of the year 1838, the child of humble parents—his father being a glove-maker—and at the early age of eleven entered the then drawing school in the Rue de l'Ecole de Médecine, consumed already by the passion for art which, rather as the rule than the exception, marks the earliest years of artists of genuine power. Here, luckily for the young Dalou, the drawing master was Carpeaux, whom we have already designated as the guiding genius of his art. Carpeaux, struck with the natural power shown in the essays of his youthful pupil, took him under his personal superintendence and admitted him into his own studio, with such satisfactory results that he assumed the responsibility of persuading the Dalous to consent that their child should devote himself to sculpture as a profession. At the age of fourteen he was admitted to the Ecole des Beaux-Arts, the teaching of which was then far more exclusively academic and orthodox than it now is, and very naturally he chafed against the rigid artistic discipline of the place, coming as it did after the wider views of art inculcated by Carpeaux. A terrible loss to the student was the departure of the master for Rome, leaving the pupil without guide in the midst of difficulties created by the conflict of teachings working upon an impressionable artistic temperament. The youthful Dalou then exchanged the classes of the Ecole des Beaux-Arts for the Atelier Duret, where, however, the same rigid orthodoxy in matters artistic appears to have been enforced, the result being pretty much what might have been expected under the circumstances—a negative one. Like many other great French sculptors in their beginnings—like Barye and M. Frémiet especially—M. Dalou worked at this stage of his career for the Parisian artistic industries, such as *bronzes d'art*, decorative modelling, and goldsmith's and silversmith's work. The first decorative sculpture which he executed under his own name in Paris would appear to have been that done in the wonderfully elaborate residence of the Comtesse de Païva in the Champs Elysées—celebrated for its ceilings painted by Paul Baudry, and for the banquets offered to the intellectual élite of Paris by that famous Aspasia, of whom M. Edmond de Goncourt speaks so ruthlessly in his Memoirs.

Between 1866 and 1870 M. Dalou exhibited several times at the Salon, sending thither in 1870 the plaster mould of the statue *La Brodeuse*, which won a medal, and was to have been executed by him in marble, when the Franco-Prussian War broke out. Like many of

his brother artists, he remained in Paris during the duration of the siege, serving in the ranks of the National Guard. It is not our intention to discuss here the part played by him in the insurrection of the Commune, otherwise than to refer in the briefest fashion to what is of common notoriety in connexion with this unfortunate phase of the artist's career. By way of excuse, it should, however, be pointed out that the fiery progressist appears to have been driven into the movement rather by the desire to free modern French art from the, to him, intolerable yoke of rigidly conservative governing bodies controlled by and acting under the State, than with any well-defined political designs. He was by the self-created government of the Commune appointed, jointly with a certain Héreau, Commissioner of the Louvre; yet there is no evidence to connect either him or, indeed, his companion in office with the crowning act of vengeance and despair, which will for ever render the name of the Commune infamous in history—we refer to the fortunately abortive attempt to burn down the Louvre, and reduce its priceless treasures to ashes. M. Dalou escaped to England, and there received comfort and assistance from his eminent fellow-countryman, M. Alphonse Legros, whose generous action on this occasion should by no means be taken as signifying an assent to the doctrine and the acts for which his guest was then suffering. The excommunicated sculptor, thus nobly brought forward by his brother in art, met with much indulgence and encouragement in England, both in the great world and in artistic circles, his facile and masterly performances, finding, notwithstanding their modernity of standpoint and aspect, an unusual speedy recognition. M. Dalou subsequently obtained the post of Professor of Sculpture in the Art Schools attached to the South Kensington Museum, and retained this appointment until the proclamation of a general amnesty enabled him to return to France, there to resume his interrupted career. The Royal Academy extended to the new-comer a generous hospitality in curious contrast to the grudging spirit which has been only too apparent during these last years in its dealings with the works of foreign artists of acknowledged fame and assured position elsewhere. Thus, we find him exhibiting there, in 1872, a terra-cotta statuette, *Le Jour des Rameaux* (Earl of Carlisle); in 1873, a terra-cotta statue, *Paysanne française* (Sir Coutts Lindsay, Bart.); and on various occasions, portrait-statuettes of *Lady Elizabeth Grosvenor* (now Marchioness of Ormonde), *The Countess Grosvenor*, *Lady Clementina Mitford*, *The Hon. Mrs. Howard*, and *Miss Margaret de Rothschild*. In 1875 appeared a group, *French Peasant Woman nursing her Child*; in 1876 were seen the marble statue *La Berceuse* (now in the Duke of Westminster's collection), and the terra-cotta *Boulonnaises à l'Eglise*; in 1877 the large terra-cotta group, *Boulonnaise allaitant son Enfant*, and a bust in the same material, *George Howard, Esq.*; in 1879 *A Bacchanal*—a fine decorative relief in the vigorous and unbridled style of Carpeaux, which is now temporarily placed at the foot of one of the main staircases in the South Kensington Museum—and two busts, *E. J. Poynter, Esq., R.A.*, and *Mrs. Poynter*.

To some time in the English period belongs the beautiful terra-cotta figure, *La Liseuse*, in the notable collection of Mr. Constantine Ionides (engraved in the *Magazine of Art* of 1884). Here our admiration must be accorded equally to the unconstrained naturalness and simplicity of the conception, and to the ease and sculptural breadth with which it is carried out. The treatment of the drapery formed by the lady's loose gown recalls by its simplified truth that of Voltaire's *robe de chambre* in Houdon's famous statue at the Théâtre Français. The drinking fountain behind the Royal Exchange, with its crowning stone group of *Charity succouring Infancy*—a marble replica of which is at Messrs. McLean's in the Haymarket—comes within the same English period of the artist's practice, seeing that it was erected in 1879.

In 1879 came another turning-point in the career of our artist. The Municipal Council of Paris having opened a competition for a monument to commemorate the 'Triumph of the Republic,' destined to be erected on the Place de la Nation (or du

Trône), M. Dalou prepared and sent in anonymously (for reasons which will be easily understood) a design on *maquette*—as it is called on the other side of the Channel—which only failed to carry off the first prize because the artist had, *coûte que coûte*, aimed at, and conspicuously attained, semi-pictorial splendour of general effect, and exuberance of life and movement, untrammelled by the usual conditions and conventionalities of official sculpture.



'TRIOMPHE DE LA RÉPUBLIQUE:' MONUMENT TO COMMEMORATE THE CENTENARY OF THE FRENCH REPUBLIC. BY JULES DALOU.

République renders detailed description unnecessary; its unrestrained energy of conception, its intensity of life, its disregard of conventional solemnity, will be appreciated at a glance. There is, nevertheless, interesting evidence here that M. Dalou, with all his exuberant modernity, is wise enough to take a hint where such a hint may best be obtained: his noble and truly monumental figure of *La République*, standing erect on a globe, upon which she appears to have newly alighted, recalls, in more than one respect, the great *Nikè* of Paenios, discovered by the Germans during their first excavations at Olympia, in 1875.

It was, however, the Salon of 1883 which set the seal to the already brilliant reputation achieved at a bound by the returned prodigal. There appeared first the now famous relief, *Etats-Généraux—Séance du 23 juin 1789*, then in its preparatory plaster stage—since translated into bronze—and another relief of mighty proportions and brilliant decorative effect, *La*

Although the first prize was accorded to another and more normal design, this was rightly deemed too remarkable, too well suited to the spirit of the time and of the thing to be commemorated, to be altogether put aside. It was therefore finally decided that it should be carried out by the artist, and erected on the Place de la Nation, as a pendant to the composition to which the first prize had somewhat grudgingly been accorded. The execution of the monument was accordingly confided to M. Dalou, and it was in the Exhibition year of 1889—although even then only in the initial plaster stage which has not even yet been superseded by the definitive bronze—inaugurated with great *éclat*. No doubt this remarkable initial success, under exceptional disadvantages, smoothed the way for the return of the victorious competitor to his native land, and when under the terms of the amnesty he was enabled to make his reappearance and resume work, he was already famous, or at any rate on the high road to fame. The accompanying illustration of the *Triomphe de la*

République. In this last-mentioned performance the artist has frankly adopted, without loss of his modern individuality, the feverish, sweeping style in high relief of Bernini, and of his brilliant French imitator, Pierre Puget. It is in virtue of the former great panel that M. Dalou at once passed into the first rank among contemporary French sculptors, obtaining the *Médaille d'honneur* at the Salon, and, a few years afterwards, at the Exposition Universelle of 1889, the *Grand prix*. The subject is that stirring scene which took place at Versailles on the 23rd of June, 1789, when the Marquis de Dreux-Brézé appearing before the Tiers-Etat—then already organizing themselves into an *Assemblée nationale*—to signify the king's pleasure that the meeting should



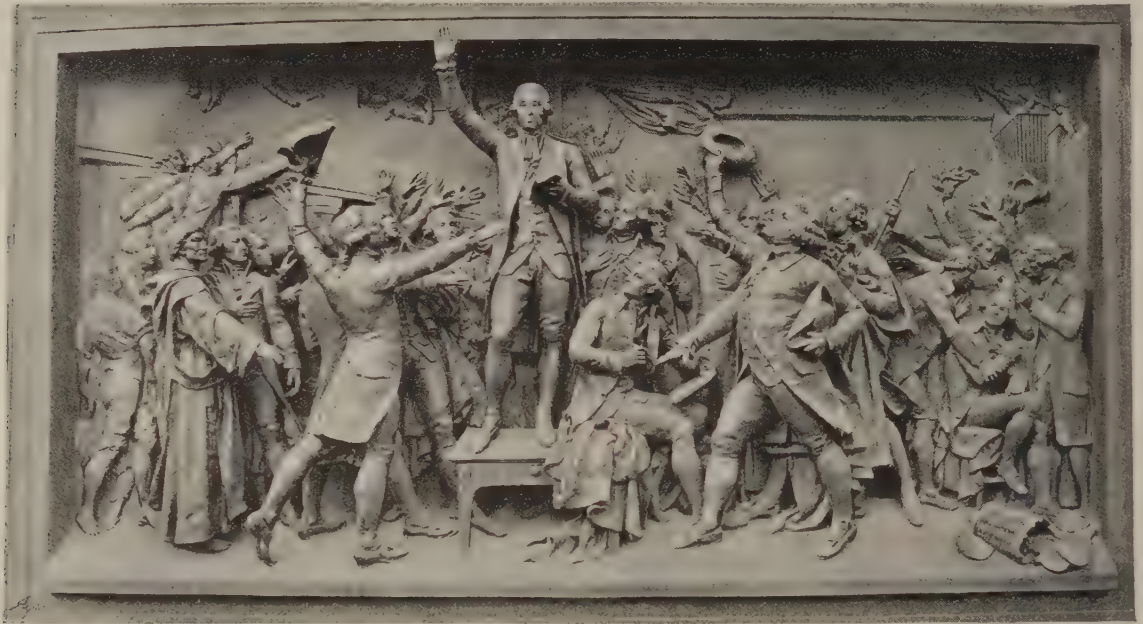
'ETATS-GÉNÉRAUX—SÉANCE DU 23 JUIN.' BRONZE RELIEF BY JULES DALOU.

dissolve, the undaunted Mirabeau met him with those menacing and never-to-be-forgotten words: 'Allez, dire à votre maître que nous sommes ici par la puissance (volonté?) du peuple, et qu'on ne nous en arrachera que par la puissance des baïonnettes' (words which, notwithstanding their fame, have been variously reported from various sources). Throwing aside the accepted, but not invariably observed, canons of classical art as applied to relief, M. Dalou has here presented one of the most dramatic and significant incidents in modern history with unsurpassed fervour, concentration of purpose, and decorative effect, and at the same time with a subtle appreciation of character in its finest shades. What he has produced is rather a picture in relief than a monumental relief in the strictest sense—much as Donatello's *Herodias with the Head of St. John the Baptist*, in the Siena baptistery, and his bronze reliefs in the Santo of Padua were pictures, and, indeed, by far the most dramatic pictures of their century. Still, the result is so admirable, and in many ways so suited to the modern aspect of men and things, so much in consonance with the effervescence of modern feeling in matters artistic, that only the purist, deducing his judgments from the hard-and-fast principles of a narrow aesthetic code, will complain. Much less successful is our master in dealing, in a companion relief, with another not less celebrated meeting of the Tiers-Etat, the *Séance du 20 juin 1789*, better known as the *Serment du Feu de Paume*. Here the moment chosen is that when President Bailly—luckless astronomer Bailly of Carlyle's History—is administering the oath to the six hundred deputies locked out of their chamber by royal order, and reunited for definitive action in the Versailles Tennis Court. Here the composition, with its converging lines and its over-accentuated pyramidal arrangement, is far less happy, the concentration, both of dramatic feeling and effect, less complete, the dominant sentiment at once more theatrical and colder.

We now come to the most daring and original among the monumental works which M. Dalou has up to the present given to the world: we refer to the memorial raised to Eugène Delacroix in the Luxembourg Gardens. The erection of this monument is in itself a curious disregard of the wishes formally expressed by the great leader of the *Romantistes*. Did he

not negative all reproduction of the portrait of himself by himself (now in the Louvre), during his lifetime, and by his will provide that neither emblem, statue, nor bust should adorn his tomb—an injunction obeyed to the letter in the modest gravestone which marks his place of burial in a retired part of the Père Lachaise Cemetery?

'They libelled me so much,' said Delacroix, according to the recently published *Diary of an Englishman in Paris*, 'during my life, that I do not want them to libel me after death, on canvas or in marble.' The painter would, we think, have pardoned the sculptor for his transgression of these injunctions, could he have seen with what fidelity, with how rare an intuitive apprehension of the haughty, the almost contemptuous reserve of his model, M.



'SERMENT DU JEU DE PAUME.' BRONZE RELIEF BY JULES DALOU.

Dalou has translated into sculpture Delacroix's own version of his features. About the main conception, the structural principles of the monument itself, there may, there must be, a wide divergence of opinion. The conception is, for an artist of M. Dalou's school and temperament, an unusually subtle and literary one; it is inspired, perhaps, by those *admirateurs* to whose initiative the monument, as it itself informs us, is due. The colossal bust of the Romantic master stands on a pedestal of noble profile, stern in its simplicity almost to nakedness: stepping on to the base of the pedestal, but not architecturally connected with it, a winged figure of Time with wind-blown beard and drapery, lifts to the level of the bust a nearly nude figure of Fame, who places there as offerings a laurel-wreath and a palm-branch—an allusion, no doubt, to the tardy recognition accorded to the leader and the pitiless warfare waged against him by Ingres and his following. Seated on the base of the plinth, a naked genius with a lyre and a quiver at his feet—no doubt the Genius of Art—applauds with a curiously modern clapping of hands the definitive victory of the painter-poet. It is in this fluttering group of figures quite unconnected with the main structure of the memorial, and yet constituting in size and importance its principal feature, that our master has most daringly cast aside the more usual and defensible methods of composition, and has most uncompromisingly adopted the Berninesque method, with even an added disregard of conventional balance and proportion. It would be indeed deplorable were modern monumental art to take this form in the hands of sculptors of inferior or even mediocre talent: Paris, and afterwards the world, would soon be covered with monstrosities, in which

incompetence would hide its deficiencies under the veil of independence. But here the modelling of the figures is so superb, such vitality and passion inform the whole, that we are compelled to accord our admiration, though grudgingly and with all sorts of reservations.

Among M. Dalou's contributions to the exhibitions of the secessionist Société Nationale des Beaux-Arts—of which he is one of the chief founders and members—we may note



MONUMENT TO EUGENE DELACROIX IN THE GARDENS OF THE LUXEMBOURG. BY JULES DALOU.

was nothing more than an adaptation, with variations and improvements, of the already described *Bacchanal* which appeared in 1879 at our Royal Academy, and is now at South Kensington. The balance and architectural propriety of this work, though it by no means lacked personal character, caused the more extreme among the end-of-the-century critics to accuse him of a return to the *Grand Siècle*, and even of the most heinous of sins in sculpture, '*Bandinellisme*'—or the imitation of that inflated Florentine, Baccio Bandinelli. At the last exhibition of the *Champ de Mars* our master was only represented by a number of busts, and by a graceful group on a small scale, *Bacchus consolant Ariane*.

Among the commissions on which he is at present occupied for the French Government is (if we are rightly informed) a statue of Berryer, destined, together with a whole series of similar works confided to other French sculptors of renown, to adorn the *Salle des Orateurs* at the Palais Bourbon, which already contains the two great reliefs described by us—the *Serment du Feu de Paume* and the *Etats-Généraux—Séance du 23 juin 1789*.

CLAUDE PHILLIPS.

the *Modèle de la Statue de Victor Noir pour son Tombeau*. While we have nothing to criticise in the technical execution of this piece, we cannot but think that the skilful master committed a lamentable error of taste in thus presenting on his tomb the unfortunate journalist shot down by Prince Pierre Bonaparte, just as he lay after death in his formal modern attire, with that monstrous object, a modern top-hat, by his side. This is a kind of photography in sculpture which is not worthy of a great artist: and, surely, an embodiment of the ephemeral agonies of death, with its incitement, in this particular case, to rancour and vengeance, is not a fitting adornment of the grave, wherever else it may be in its place.

In 1891 appeared at the same exhibition a fine, decorative *Scène bachique* (*projet de fontaine*), which

THE BREAKFAST

BY HENDRIK MAERTENSZ SORGH, OR ROKES. FROM THE PICTURE IN THE
NATIONAL GALLERY OF IRELAND

SORGH is one of those rather numerous Dutchmen whose technical characteristics are difficult to reconcile with the asserted facts of their lives. According to Houbraken, he was born at Rotterdam in 1611, and died there between October 1669 and August 1670. He is said to have been the pupil of Willem Buytenweg. There were two artists of that name, and Sorgh's master must have been the younger, for the elder worked in the manner of Esaias van de Velde. The younger Buytenweg died at Rotterdam in 1670, where he had been at work at least twenty years before (Bredius). His pictures may exist either under the names of other men or among those which are not named at all, and we probably have an echo of them in the earliest works of Sorgh. These are generally interiors, often kitchens, with a great deal of still life, which is painted with extreme and almost timid care. Their impasto is thin, their handling meticulous, their chiaroscuro monotonous, and their colour pallid though various. A fair example of Sorgh at this time was sold last year at Christies'.

A considerable advance is marked by the picture in the Irish National Gallery, here reproduced. A youthful want of assurance is still visible in the stiff arrangement of the napkin hanging from the table, in the awkward drawing of the wine-bibber's left hand, with its finger-tips falling into a straight line, and in the mistaken perspective which turns the tripod of the table into a most precarious support. The chiaroscuro is much deeper and more truthful than before, the impasto richer, the colour more forcible. Pictures of this class by Sorgh are not common. The date upon *The Breakfast* is 1636, so that, accepting the dates given above, it was painted when he was twenty-five years old. Soon afterwards he seems to have had his colour-sense stimulated, perhaps by meeting with the work of De Hooch, or some man of similar gifts—for his tones become more luminous, a bolder use of glazing is ventured upon, and pictures like the two *Markets* in the Amsterdam Museum, and one of perhaps even finer quality in the possession of Mrs. Herz, in London, may be referred to the years between 1640 and 1650.

Later still he adopted the manner of Adriaen Brouwer, whom, indeed, he imitated at times with such success that his pictures have been sold under the name of the Flemish master. The luminous colour, the fused handling, and the splendid breadth of Brouwer, seem to have taken possession of his fancy. The pictures painted during, perhaps, the last twenty years of his life, are all, so far as their subjects will allow, humble tributes to Brouwer's genius. In arrangement, in choice of types, in system of colour, in handling, the imitation is as thorough as Sorgh could make it. Good examples of this period in his career are a *Player on the Lute*, in the Rijks Museum at Amsterdam, dated 1661; a *Smoker*, in the collection of Mr. S. Joseph; the two oval subject pictures left to the National Gallery by Mr. Henderson, one of which was etched in *THE PORTFOLIO* for May 1888; and a *Fight of Peasants* in the Berlin Gallery.

Sorgh painted in many *genres* besides that by which he is commonly known. Historical subjects, Bible subjects, marines, portraits, and fairs, were treated by him, as well as markets and humble interiors. His *Stormy Sea* in the Rijks Museum is an excellent work. In everything he did it was by the quality pointed to in his surname that he succeeded, rather than by any great natural gift. 'Sorgh,' in Dutch, means care. It is said that the painter's father, whose real name was Rokes, earned the nickname of Sorgh by the success with which he navigated a passenger-boat on the Maes, between Rotterdam and Dordrecht. The



The Breakfast.

explanation is interesting but unnecessary. In the work of Hendrik Maertensz himself we find abundant justification for the *sobriquet* by which his countrymen know him.

The Breakfast is on panel. It is signed 'H. M. Sorgh,' the two first initials combined into a monogram, and dated 1636. It is eleven and a half inches high by nine and a half wide.

WALTER ARMSTRONG.

M. CORROYER ON GOTHIC ARCHITECTURE

THIS book* has been translated from the French by Miss Florence Simmonds, under the supervision of Mr. Walter Armstrong, and the text is accompanied by two hundred and thirty-six linear and explanatory illustrations. The work is printed in the convenient form of a handbook, but the type is large enough for easy reading. The illustrations are exactly what they ought to be in a work of this character. With very few exceptions, they are overlaid with no useless shading, and the lines are not only very clear but drawn with great fidelity. The amount of well-applied labour necessary to such a scheme of illustration as this can only be appreciated by critics who, like the present writer, have humbly attempted to do a little architectural illustration themselves. There are few severer tests of patience and accuracy. Even the human figure itself, like every other natural object, allows rather more liberty than the mouldings of Gothic arches in perspective. Besides accuracy, much judgment is required in architectural book illustrations to give what is explanatory and no more, so that there are negative qualities in such work that are quite as important as the positive, and we feel grateful to an illustrator who pays equal attention to both.

The work is divided into four parts. The first, which is also the longest, treats of religious architecture; the second, of monastic; the third, of military; and the fourth, of civil. It is almost superfluous to say that, as the author of the volume is a Frenchman, he writes from his own national point of view. This kind of patriotism has not been confined to France. There are books on Gothic architecture in our own language that take little or no account of the rich and abundant French sources of Gothic architectural invention, and a well-known work on modern painting passed French and German painting with two or three slight and not altogether favourable allusions. In the present case the editor of the book steps in from time to time to correct the chauvinism of the author, and in one foot-note he does this with the most telling effect. In speaking of Lincoln Cathedral, M. Corroyer wrote as follows:—

'In the façade and the west towers English characteristics predominate, but the choir and the apse are French in composition, and most probably in execution, as is also the presbytery, in which both the arrangement and the details of the bays recall those of the lateral façades of Bourges. All three are veritable masterpieces, worthy of the most brilliant period of French mediæval architecture.'

Now for Mr. Armstrong's answer, which is crushing:—

'Here M. Corroyer directly traverses the opinion of Viollet-le-duc, who could see no ground whatever for ascribing a French origin to the choir of Lincoln. Indeed, the conception of that choir, and nearly all its details, are not only unlike, they are opposed to those of French contemporary examples. Here are the words of the great French architect: "After the most careful examination I cannot find in any part of the Cathedral of Lincoln, neither in the general design, nor in any part of the system of architecture adopted, nor in the details of ornament, any trace of the French school of the twelfth century (the lay school, from

* 'Gothic Architecture.' By Édouard Corroyer, Architect to the French Government and Inspector of Diocesan Edifices. Edited by Walter Armstrong, Director of the National Gallery of Ireland. With two hundred and thirty-six illustrations. (London: Seeley & Co., Limited, Essex Street.)

1170 to 1220), so plainly characteristic of the cathedrals of Paris, Noyon, Senlis, Chartres, Sens, and even Rouen The construction is English, the profiles of the mouldings are English, the ornaments are English, the execution of the work belongs to the English school of workmen of the beginning of the thirteenth century."—"Gentleman's Magazine" for May 1861 (Letter to "Sylvanus Urban.") The date of Lincoln choir is known. It belongs to the last years of the twelfth century, and so anticipates such French work as can show analogies with it—Le Mans, for instance, where the work in question dates from 1210—1220.

There! M. Corroyer has got his answer, and got it, too, from the prince of all modern French Gothic architects. His way of dealing with the subject is explained very lucidly



FLYING BUTTRESSES, RHEIMS CATHEDRAL.

by Mr. Armstrong in an editorial preface. 'Vexed questions of priority, such as that attaching to the choir of Lincoln, he dismisses with a phrase, while the larger question of French influence generally in these islands of ours, he solves by the simple process of referring every creation that takes his fancy either to a French master or a French example.' To this we may add that when M. Corroyer believes work to be French (whether it is so or not) he compares it to gold, and when he recognises it as English, to iron. All this is merely one of the many ways in which patriotism manifests itself. It ought never to intrude into the domain of art. The truth about Gothic architecture we believe to be that it originated in what is now called France, and was developed simultaneously in the two halves of that composite kingdom, at once insular and continental, which existed on both sides of the Channel.

Englishmen may easily forgive M. Corroyer's patriotism and enjoy his book, which is really remarkable for its clearness of exposition on several important points.

It begins by an admirable account of the way in which Gothic developed itself out of Romanesque after the invention of the cupola and the intersecting arch, and shows with rare lucidity how the mediaeval builders were led from Romanesque to Gothic by a purely technical development or transition. 'Before the appearance of the cupola,' says M. Corroyer, 'mediaeval architects were perfectly acquainted both with the barrel vault and the ribbed vault, the latter formed, on traditional principles, by the interpenetration of two ribbed cylinders. They had even attempted to improve upon the construction by strengthening the line of penetration with a salient rib, giving an elliptic arch. But this rib was purely decorative, for in the Roman vault the stones at the end of the line of intersection, whether ribbed or not, were in complete solidarity with the filling on either side in which they were buried.'

M. Corroyer finds the origin of the intersecting arch in the eleventh century in the stone cupola of the Abbey Church of St. Front at Périgueux, but the demonstration is too complex and too rich in detail for quotation in a review. He says, in conclusion, that, as the vaulting of religious buildings had long been the crux of mediaeval architects, the construction

of the St. Front cupolas must have been an event much noised abroad, for towards the close of the eleventh century a large number of churches with cupolas were built in imitation of the mother church at Périgueux. Then at Saumur another step is taken in the direction of Gothic vault-building, and 'finally the architects of Maine and Anjou achieved the long-desired consummation,' that is, in a system of arches forming a stone skeleton equal in strength to the cupola pendentives and much superior in lightness, and these arches 'sustain the vault by distributing its thrusts over four points of support.' In a word, 'the Aquitanian cupola begat the intersecting vault.'

After this demonstration M. Corroyer leads us to the first groined vaults and to buildings vaulted on intersecting arches, which he explains with the utmost clearness. Then comes a capital chapter on the origin of the flying buttress, including an analysis of lateral supports below or above the visible roofs of aisles that will be new to most readers. One very interesting point is the criticism of an illogical use of flying buttresses of equal strength (for the sake of external appearance) to resist very unequal thrusts. These introductory chapters throw great light on the essential nature of Gothic architecture.

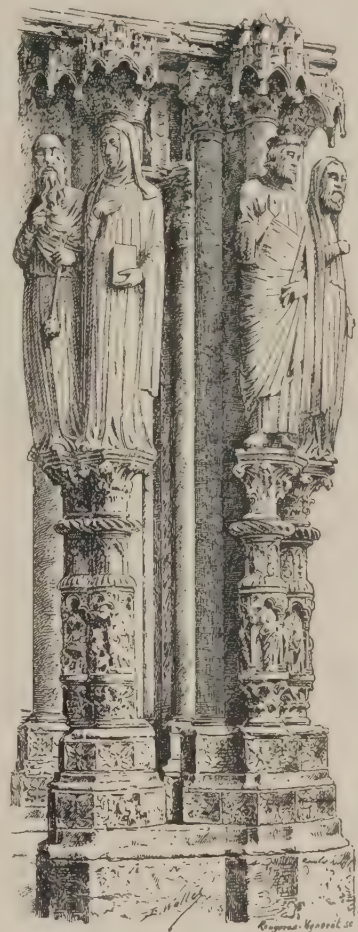
With regard to the date and authorship of great churches and cathedrals, M. Corroyer says:—

'Nothing is easier for interested theorists than to post or ante-date the structure of a building. They have nothing to fear from the testimony of writers, and with very few exceptions it is difficult to assign a precise date to the construction of great churches and cathedrals, or to point with certainty to their architects. The obscurity of these great artists is perhaps to be accounted for by the fact that they were ecclesiastics. As such the honour of their achievements belonged not to the individual, but to the corporate body, the *order* of which they were members, and members who had, in most cases, taken the vow of humility.'

However, we may at least 'find some sort of foothold in a careful architectural survey of buildings themselves,' helped by a study of historical records. He says that it is possible, if not easy, to trace the architectural development of the Middle Ages in a good many cathedrals and churches of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries; but it was not until the beginning of the thirteenth that great cathedral churches in any considerable numbers were conceived and continuously executed. Those selected for special study and illustration in the present volume are the cathedrals of Laon, Paris, Sens, Bourges, Rheims, Amiens, Beauvais, Chartres, Mans, Coutances, Bordeaux, Lichfield, Lincoln, Cologne, Burgos, Albi, and a few Italian churches. We give an illustration of St. Cecilia at Albi, which is one of the most curious in the volume. M. Corroyer says of it:—

'The Cathedral of Ste. Cécile at Albi is a monumental type of the single-aisled system. It is one of the largest and most important of southern buildings constructed on the traditional principles of the ancient Romans. The vast single aisle, some sixty feet wide, is built entirely of brick, with the exception of the window tracery, the choir screen, and the south porch. Here we may study constructive principles no less simple than sagacious, combining all the necessary conditions of stability. The points of support and abutments of the vault on intersecting arches are all enclosed by the outer wall; they are thus protected from the accidents of climate, and their durability is almost indefinitely assured.'

In general it does not appear that what is called Gothic architecture is, in its most



SCULPTURES, CHARTRES CATHEDRAL.

complete development, of very certain durability. It depends on a delicate equilibrium which was successfully established at Rheims, but not at Beauvais. The choir at Beauvais was finished about 1270, and lasted fourteen years, when 'the vault fell, dragging down with it the flying buttresses, and carrying havoc through the rest of the building.' This destruction



CATHEDRAL OF ST. CECILIA, AT ALBI.



LINCOLN CATHEDRAL, TRANSEPT.

of Beauvais offers a curious subject of reflection. Notwithstanding the slow action of disintegrating forces, the building remained practically safe till the 28th of November, 1284, but on the 29th their work was accomplished, and a congregation, had there been one, would have been crushed to death.

I regret not to have space for further commentary on this most interesting volume. It would have been a pleasure to follow M. Corroyer through his comments on monastic and military architecture. I can only say that I have never met with a manual of Gothic architecture containing so much valuable information in the same space, or going so directly to the heart of the matter.

P. G. HAMERTON.

ART CHRONICLE

JANUARY 1.—The exhibition of the Royal Society of Painters in Water-Colours is decidedly more interesting than usual. It contains a special feature in a nest of some eleven drawings by Mr. Holman Hunt. Without going so far as a critic in the daily press, who asserts that Mr. Hunt's work is seen so little in exhibitions because other painters are afraid of the effect his conscientious carefulness will have on their perfunctory work, we may welcome the sign that the ideals of a generation ago still possess some vitality; as a design, *The Importunate Neighbour* has real force, and *The Lord appearing to Mary Magdalen* has much of the dramatic significance which marks the *Shadow of the Cross*, the picture now in the Manchester Gallery. The rest of the eleven drawings and designs are hard and sincere, even for Mr. Hunt. Turning to the other contributors, Mr. Napier Hemy's *Portsmouth* is a particularly good example of his fresh and truthful way of dealing with the sea; Mr. Herbert Marshall's *Knightsbridge* and *A Remnant of Chelsea*—the old Church—are equal to anything he has done as a student of London landscape; Mr. Robert W. Allan's *Summer Day in the Highlands* is a grand, ample design from the Scottish hills; and Mr. Albert Goodwin's *Canterbury* and his two drawings of Oxford are all things of the first class in their way. Mr. Thorne Waite, in his carrying on of the tradition of De Wint, has never painted better than in the large drawing, *Carting Corn*, with its capital horses. The tendency towards an over-feathery lightness which has lately appeared in Mr. Thorne Waite's technique has here given place to remarkable force and breadth. *La Coqueta* is a clever design, carried out with great cleverness in the management of various reds, by Mr. J. Henry Henshall; *The Poet Gringoire*, a rather good instance of the pathetic fallacy—to use that phrase in a non-philosophical sense—by Mr. E. R. Hughes; and *Stonehaven*, one of the best drawings we have seen, by Mr. E. A. Waterlow. The younger members don't do much to add to the strength of the show. Mr. R. Little's *Evangeline* is 'sweetly pretty,' but its artistic merit is slight enough, and the others send nothing that calls for remark. We must not forget to mention the two superb drawings of Persian ware, contributed by Mr. Henry Wallis. Anything more complete than these two reproductions it would be difficult to conceive.

THE New English Art Club is not so amusing as it used to be, and its falling off in that respect is not compensated by any improvement in art. Most of the items in the present show are either mediocre achievements in which the traditions of unregenerate days are not violently departed from, or they are mere efforts to be different. There are extant a certain number of memoranda by Constable in which the massing of trees, the forms of fields, and the approximate values are set down with the skill of a shorthand writer. They would make capital exhibits for the New English Art Club. Constable knocked off a dozen of these things in a day, and he would have stared if their exhibition had been seriously suggested to him; but it would be easy to pick out twenty or thirty things at the Dudley Gallery which are nothing but inferior attempts in exactly the same line. These, however, we need not bother about. Among them hang a few real creations. By far the best is Mr. John Sargent's *Portrait of Miss Dunham*. Here a conception of perfect unity is carried out with an unflinching brush. The result is an artistic whole in which it seems unreasonable to find a flaw. The flaw exists, nevertheless. It lies in the smallness of the young lady's arms, which are so thin and short, especially as they are stretched out before her, as to suggest deformity. A second Sargent, *Mons. et Mme. Helleu*, is not less dexterous and sudden in its truth than the first, but its colour is worse. Other things we liked are *The Review*, by G. H. Breitner; *Mr. G. J. Holyoake*, by Mr. Walter Sickert; *Mrs. Binswanger*, by Mr. Geo. Sauter; and Mr. J. J. Shannon's *H. T. Glazebrook, Esq.*, which is unaccountably skied near the door. A series of dry-points, *Types de Parisiennes*, by Mons. Helleu, should also be noticed.

By the time these notes are in print, the exhibition of drawings by 'Daniel Vierge,' now accessible in the old hall of Barnard's Inn, the home of the Art Workers' Guild, will have, unfortunately, been closed. But it cannot be passed over in silence. It consists of the original illustrations to 'Pablo de Segovia,' and of a number of detached drawings. By this time most of those who care much for art know something of Vierge. He has been written about more than once in these pages; but the pen draughtsman should be seen, as it were, at home. His work should be examined with the naked eye, as well as through the medium of the process. Seen thus, Vierge's work stands out as a marvel of the particular quality most essential to his form of art. His power of pure drawing is great, but his faculty for selection is astounding. It is by what he leaves out that Vierge becomes unapproachable. His conceptions are of the embracing kind. His designs are not bits. And yet he avoids the irrelevant with unerring skill. His work is so good that not even Mr. Pennell's way of praising it can drive us into calling it overpraised.

THE collection of miniatures now on view at the Gallery of the Fine Art Society is the result of years of industry on the part of a well-known amateur. It consists of nearly five hundred miniatures, a large number being first-rate examples of first-rate men. John Smart, Andrew Plimer, and Samuel Shelley are particularly well represented, while among the miniatures whose authors cannot be identified, there are many which scarcely fall below the best in quality. The catalogue has an excellent preface by Mrs. Norman Grosvenor, herself a miniaturist of no mean skill.

At the Goupil Gallery you may see a collection of sixty-six drawings by Mr. H. B. Brabazon, who, though an amateur, succeeds as a colourist better than all but the best 'real' painters. His subjects are various; scenes from the South of England, from Italy, from Cairo, companion each other on the walls, and find an introduction to the English public from the pen of Mr. John Sargent.

At a general meeting of the Royal Academy, held on the 7th of December, Mr. Albert Gilbert was elected a Royal Academician with unusual rapidity and unanimity. The seat was that vacated by the death of Mr. Woolner, and so it was fitting that it should be filled by a sculptor. Apart from that, however, Mr. Gilbert had claims—if genius gives a claim—which had been so universally recognised that his election was certain. Meanwhile, with pleasant *à propos*, his monument to Lord Shaftesbury is rising in Piccadilly Circus. This is very elaborate, and will take a long time to build up, but before the summer is upon us it will have set fairly out on its task of relieving the stupidity of a Metropolitan improvement.

At present Mr. Gilbert is at work on a memorial to the late Duke of Clarence, to be set up in the Albert Chapel at Windsor. It is to consist of an altar-tomb, with a recumbent figure of the Duke overshadowed by an angel holding a crown. Round the tomb there will be an elaborate grille, decorated with figures, and with figures on the angle-posts. The first sketches for this monument, which we have seen, promise a work of the highest beauty.

On the 10th of December the annual distribution of prizes to the Academy students took place. As 1892 was an intermediate year only, there was no address from the President, and the prizes did not include the gold medals and studentships awarded in 'grand' years. Sir Frederick Leighton, before giving the prizes, expressed his own and his colleagues' gratification at the high standard reached by the prize works. The following list of the prize-winners, with their prizes, is complete:—Creswick Prize (30*l.*): Landscape Painting—*A Trout Stream*, Siegfried M. Wiens. Painting of a figure from the life (male students only);

Silver medal, Lawrence Edward Koe. Painting of a head from the life: Silver medal—First, Isaac Snowman; second, Edward Spilsbury Swinson. Painting of a draped figure (open to female students only): First, Isabel C. Pyke-Nott; second, Florence Hannam. Cartoon of a draped figure—*Mary Magdalen at the Sepulchre*: Silver medal and prize of 25*l.*, Lawrence Edward Koe.—Armitage Prizes: Design in monochrome for a figure picture—*The Judgment of Solomon*: First prize (30*l.*) and bronze medal, John B. Liston Shaw; second (10*l.*), Harold Edward Speed. Design for the decoration of a portion of a public building—*Autumn*: Prize (40*l.*), Beatrice Edward Parsons. Set of six drawings of a figure from the life (open to male students only): First prize (50*l.*) and silver medal, Frederick Dudley Walenn; second (25*l.*), Herbert Edward Harley; third (15*l.*), Lawrence Edward Koe (disqualified through having before received a superior prize in the same competition); fourth (10*l.*), Leonard Watts. Drawing of a head from the life: Silver medal, first, Edith Lydia Clink; second, Shirley Charles L. Slocombe. Drawing of a statue or group: Silver medal, second, Hannah Myers. Model of a design—*Astyanax hurled down from the Ramparts of Troy in the presence of Andromache*: First prize (30*l.*), David M'Gill; second (10*l.*), Charles Beacon. Set of three models of a figure from the life (open to male students only): First (50*l.* and silver medal), David M'Gill; second (20*l.*), Sidney Herbert Physick. Model of a bust from the life (open to female students only): Silver medal, Edith Bateson. Model of a design containing figure and ornament—frieze for a chimney-piece: Silver medal, Charles John Allen. Design in architecture—a small church for a scattered moorland parish: Travelling studentship (60*l.*), James S. Stewart. Set of architectural drawings—the north porch of St. Paul's: Silver medal, first, Robert Alex. Reid; second, Henry Ernest Kirby. Set of drawings of an architectural design (Lower School): Prize (10*l.*), Henry Percy Adams. The Landseer scholarships, 40*l.* a year for two years each for the best work done in the examination for passing into the second term of studentship, were awarded, in painting to Reginald Arthur and George Spencer Watson, in sculpture to Sidney Herbert Physick and Lawrence Edward Koe.

By the resignation by Mr. Louis Fagan the British Museum loses an officer to whom visitors to the Print Room were much beholden. His knowledge of the treasures there stored was unique, and was always at the command of students. Lately he had been engaged in cataloguing the 'Cruikshanks' left by Mrs. Cruikshank, a task which he had carried out with great skill and patience. These are sketches of all degrees of completion, and they have been classified by Mr. Fagan according to the etchings for which they were made. It is understood that Mr. Fagan's health will in future require him to pass most of his time in a southern climate. We believe his new home is to be in the neighbourhood of Naples.

THE chair of Egyptology, founded at University College by the will of the late Miss Amelia B. Edwards, has been appropriately filled by the nomination of Mr. Flinders Petrie. Mr. Petrie proposes to lecture on (1) current discoveries and on the systematic study of Egyptian antiquities, (2) on the language and philology of Egypt, as well as to attend in the library on fixed days for the personal guidance of students and to give a practical training in excavations.

THE chief loss to the world of art since our last obituary appeared, is that due to the death of Mr. Paul

Peel, a gifted member of the Anglo-American colony in Paris. Mr. Peel was a native of Ontario, where he was born in 1861. He was a student successively of the Pennsylvania Academy, of our Royal Academy, and of the open school of Paris. His best-known pictures deal with nursery life, but they by no means depend entirely on baby sentimentalism for their charm.

Just as we are going to press we hear that Sir Frederick Burton has filled one of the few conspicuous gaps which still existed in the collection under his charge. He has succeeded in purchasing an important example of that rarest of the great Dutchmen, Jan Vermeer, of Delft. The picture, no doubt, will soon be hung in Trafalgar Square. The subject is a young woman at a spinet—*La Jeune Dame au Clavecin*, its traditional name. It once belonged to Thoré ('Henri Burger'), the French critic, to whom the credit of having not exactly discovered, but rehabilitated Vermeer, is due.

A NEW edition of the unabridged catalogue has been put on sale at the National Gallery, and we hear that before long those who like volumes more sightly than the ordinary productions of the Stationery Office will be enabled to buy copies on decent paper, with serious margins. How long will it be before our authorities allow Sir Frederick to follow the good example set by Berlin, and Munich, and Prague, and Cassel, and a host of private collectors, and to issue a catalogue with illustrations? In the four cases we have named this has been done so well, with the help of the collotype process, that the illustrations in question are a real help to connoisseurship. Seeing that no gallery in the world can show so large a proportion of first-rate pictures as ours, seeing, too, that everything written about our gallery finds a wide and immediate sale, no risk whatever would attend such an undertaking.

To return to the present catalogue, we note that Sir Frederick Burton has neither yielded to the temptation to offer yet another solution for the 'Ambassadors' puzzle, nor given any hint as to where his preference lies among the explanations already put forward. General opinion seems to be settling down into accepting Mr. Sidney Colvin's identification of Jean de Dinteville with the chief plenipotentiary. Perhaps, if we guess the other to have been the moribund and now forgotten brother of Dinteville, we shall not be far from the truth.

THE month has seen two additions to the fast-lengthening series of English artistic biographies, in the memoirs of William Bell Scott and the 'Life of John Linnell.' The first is an autobiography; the second is the work of Mr. Alfred Story. Mr. Bell Scott's 'Autobiographical Notes' deals more with things poetical than with the other art in which he earned some distinction; but his stories of Haydon, of Rossetti, of Holman Hunt, among others, will give it a permanent value for the historians of English painting. Otherwise its interest is rather for those who in some degree belong to the writer's coterie than for the public at large. By far the most fascinating pages are those occupied by the long and delightful letters of Mr. Holman Hunt. As for the Linnell, Mr. Story has done his work on the whole very well. He has been over-respectful, perhaps, to his hero's 'poetry'; he has allowed, too, a few things of more than doubtful taste to disfigure his pages: but nevertheless he has made a very readable book out of the life of one whom nature had by no means endowed with a fascinating personality.



THE LAST DEFENDER

ETCHED BY HERBERT DICKSEE

MR. DICKSEE'S etching tells its own story. The Jacobean house and the seventeenth-century pistol suggest the time of the Civil Wars. The assailants have forced their way from room to room, and are now beating down a door behind which stands a bloodhound, ready to make a last stand for the King. The dog was drawn from a very fine animal which belonged to the artist, and died last year.

ENGLISH WORK IN IMPRESSED HORN

TO obtain a proper understanding of a special branch of art in any one country or at any particular period, it is almost a necessity to look, in the former case, at what was taking place in neighbouring centres, or, in the latter, to glance back at what had been done by previous generations. No form of art has been independent of its predecessors, and no country has yet existed which has not been influenced for weal or woe by the example of its neighbours. This is equally true at the remotest periods of art known to us as in our own time, and without doubt the purist of Mycenae groaned at the introduction of Egyptian motives in his jewellery or in the decoration of his pottery, just as many hundreds of years later we lament the travesties of Eastern designs that beset us at every turn.

Thus, although this series of articles is devoted to English arts, it is none the less needful to pass in slight review the previous or contemporary development of the special art in other countries.

The particular form of art-industry which forms the subject of the present article is one of which the history has yet to be written. In the limits of this magazine it is only possible to bring forward the best available examples, and it may not be amiss to point out how far these can be adapted to the uses of the present day. It is sad to think, looking at the eminently successful works of art shown in the illustrations to this paper, that their only modern representatives are the pressed horn buttons of ladies' jackets.

The reason why it has not attracted any special attention is, I think, not far to seek. The preliminary stages of making the designs and engraving the die are so nearly allied to the kindred arts of the medallist and the maker of stamped leather work, that the virtues of horn and tortoiseshell as materials, and their adaptability to many uses, seem to have been almost entirely overlooked. The brilliancy and evenness of the surface, the wide range of colours that can be produced, its almost plastic nature, and, under ordinary conditions, its durability, point it out as an admirable vehicle for artistic expression, if not in the highest walks of art, surely in the humbler but not less important sphere of the decoration of our furniture and the infinite variety of small articles that go to furnish a modern house.

That fertile and ingenious nation of artists, the Japanese, have practised the art of pressing horn with considerable success, though, it is true, on a small scale. Hundreds of their fantastic *netsukés*, impressed in dark horn with the endless variety of quaint designs with which we are now so familiar, were thrown upon the market some ten or fifteen years ago. They were not received with any great enthusiasm by collectors, for it was soon recognised that they were moulded, not carved, and therefore existed in duplicate. Not unnaturally they commanded a lower price, and could not compete with their more desirable carved congeners, but they have nevertheless been absorbed into collections, and are now not to be found in any plenty. These were principally the round button-like *netsukés*, with subjects in relief; but occasionally there could be found also figures moulded in the round, with contorted limbs and grimacing features, examples of moulding as perfect as could be desired. The Japanese also are skilled beyond words in the making of large vessels of horn with absolutely invisible joints, but this is outside our present limits. The Chinese, though they doubtless are acquainted with the process, do not appear to have carried it very far, and in India, though horn is extensively used in the manufacture of what may be called works of art, they are always finished by tooling, which would destroy any interest they might have for our present subject. In the East generally the fashion was rather to take advantage of the beautiful form of the natural horn than to consider it merely as a medium for the production of works of art of any kind.

The exhibition of works in horn, held in 1882 at the Mansion House, under the auspices of the Company of Horners, may be taken as fairly representative of the possibilities of horn, both from the point of view of art and utility. It did not include, however, any earlier examples of pressed horn than will hereafter be noticed. The only specimen of a very early date with which I am acquainted is the small openwork plaque with interlaced pattern, probably of the twelfth century, exhibited by the Rev. W. Sneyd at the Loan Exhibition at Kensington in 1862. This may have been impressed in a mould, but of this I am not certain. During and after the Renaissance the art seems to have been spasmodic in its appearance, until the introduction of the 'snuffing' fashion brought into being throughout Europe charming boxes of all materials to minister to the habit.

A description of the method of moulding horn is given in Brewster's 'Edinburgh Encyclopaedia' (1830), and a special machine for the process is there mentioned; but it is interesting to find an earlier recipe 'Pour mouler des tabatières ou des boîtes d'écaïlle ou de corne,' given in Chapter XI., Vol. III., of 'Secrets concernant les Arts et Métiers,' Paris, 1790.

The process there described is simple but effectual, and was no doubt that generally employed; it consists in placing the press, with the piece of horn or shell ready fixed in position, into boiling water, which quickly softens the horn, and allows the press to be screwed home. Another method is given in the same chapter: in this the horn is softened first, and then put under the press; but unless this operation is performed quickly, the horn becomes hard and the impression is apt to lack sharpness. Beckmann's 'History of Inventions' makes no mention of impressing horn boxes or medallions, nor does 'The Handmaid to the Arts,' a book containing much curious information upon engraving and other artistic processes. This is the more remarkable, that the *modus operandi* is much the same as that of impressing wooden medallions, an art which was brought to great perfection in Germany late in the seventeenth century. Of this the best examples are probably the varied series of draughtsmen executed by Martin Brunner (b. 1659), and which are shown in the Mediaeval Room at the British Museum.

Of the artists who, before 1750, executed the dies for pressed horn, the names of two only have come under my notice, and even of these no particulars are known. The more skilful of the two, and the earlier in date, was a certain John Osborn, who describes himself as an Englishman, and who seems to have been at work in Amsterdam in 1626. The

inscriptions in the cartouche on the portraits of Frederick Henry Prince of Orange and his wife give thus much information, which is the sum of our knowledge concerning the artist. The other engraver, who, if less talented, seems to have been more fertile, was John O'Brisset or Obrisset. Of him we know even less. He seems to have been working in England in the first few years of the eighteenth century, as shown by the dates upon his work, ranging from 1705 to 1727. Whether he was a Frenchman by origin, or of Irish descent, is not by any means clear. The name Obrisset, if thus written, has a distinctly French look, and if French might have been anglicised from Aubrisset, and at that time there were, of course, many French artists and skilled mechanics working in England, but this name does not appear among the Huguenot and other lists of immigrants. I have succeeded in finding only the name Brisset, as that of a spinster, probably of French origin, who was married to an Englishman in 1691.* There would seem, however, to be a faint chance of Obrisset being Irish, as, when he signs by initials only, as in the portraits of Charles I., Philip V., and Prince George of Denmark, he uses the first two letters of his name, OB, or I. OB, much as a man of the name of O'Brien might do, while above the letters is a contraction resembling a heraldic label of three points. On the other hand, it was the fashion among silversmiths to use in this manner the first two letters of their surnames in stamping their wares. The balance of evidence thus seems to be nearly equal as to his nationality, with a leaning towards France; but that he worked in England and catered for English tastes, there can be no doubt, and his portrait of William III. is signed with his name and the addition *Londini*.

Besides Osborn and Obrisset, there were several others who prepared moulds for horn-pressing, though but few other signatures have come under my notice until the beginning of the present century, when a certain 'J. W.' made moulds for handles of knives, the subjects being huntsmen and hunting scenes or mythological figures. This was the last breath of the art, which, though it died hard, killed by the change of fashion in small things, did at length die.

A period of two hundred years, ending in the first quarter of the present century, would probably include the time during which the art flourished. The seventeenth century, however, has left us but few remains, and probably the impressing of horn was not very extensively practised. These few, fortunately, are of considerable merit, and far surpass anything done in the following century.

The busts of Frederick Henry Prince of Orange and his wife Amelia seem to have been executed by John Osborn expressly for impressing horn. They are also found in bronze and lead, but both materials show traces of being cast from originals in horn, and not struck directly from the die. They are evidently the work of a practised hand, both as portraits and as examples of medallic art, and they can fairly take rank with the many grand portraits by Dutch artists of the same period.

The artist has signed them in a frame upon the back of each medallion, IOH. OSBORN, ANGL: AMSTEROD: FECIT 1626, while above the signature is given the name and titles of the person represented, in a frame of similar design (Fig. 1). It was to be expected that an artist capable of such skilful work would have been known as a medallist, and that other signed examples would occur, seeing how ample a signature he has bestowed upon these



FIG. 1.—INSCRIPTION ON THE BACK OF THE MEDALLION OF PRINCE FREDERICK HENRY.

* 'Nov. 6, 1691.—Henry Massy of St. Anne's Westm^r Watchmaker Bach^r ab^t 27 & Mrs. Anne Brissett of St. James Westm^r Sp^r ab^t 24 at own disp. her parents dead: at any French Church or Chapel in London or the Suburbs.' Armytage: 'Allega^{ns} for Marriage Licences issued by the Vicar-General of the Archbp. of Canterbury 1687—1694.' (1890.)

portraits. But no medals from his hand are known, nor, so far as I am aware, does his name occur elsewhere than on these two medallions.

A great impulse seems to have been given to the making of horn boxes by the introduction of snuff-taking early in the eighteenth century, and both in England and abroad they, as well as patch-boxes, counter-boxes, and bonbonnières, were admirably made both in tortoise-shell and the humbler horn, and decorated with impressed or raised patterns. The handles of walking-canes and tobacco-stoppers, the latter mounted with silver ends, were also extensively manufactured, but, as their decoration rarely extended beyond engine-turning or rudely modelled heads of Indians, they scarcely deserve more than passing mention here. The most interesting class is certainly that of the snuff-boxes, from the variety of their subjects, their frequent historical interest, and the artistic skill bestowed upon the designs. The principal personages of the time form the subjects of a large proportion, from Queen Anne to George III. as a young man; and, as these were scarcely to the taste of the adherents of the Stuarts, boxes bearing the images of Charles I. and James II. were also made in large numbers. The designers and makers of these articles apparently were wise enough to dispense with politics, for they catered with equal skill for both parties. Obrisset notably executed in an impartial manner portraits of Charles I., James II., William III., Queen Anne and her husband, as well as others. His skill, in fact, would seem to have been chiefly devoted to portraiture,

though the Drake snuff-box is a signal exception, and merits more particular mention. His contemporaries, and more especially his successors, produced a great variety of designs—hunting and sporting scenes, floral and diaper patterns, and about the middle of the century the fashion arose for engine-turned designs impressed from dies turned on the lathe. In the year 1749 John Jackson was making his most ingenious imitations of medals in wood, executed entirely on the lathe, a feat which even now seems marvellous, and a hundred and fifty years ago would surely be more wonderful. In this manner he produced a number of heads of personages of note, among them the Duke of Cumberland, Sir Isaac Newton, and Pope Alexander VIII. These were frequently bordered with an eccentric geometrical design, which belongs, I believe, to the class of engine-turning. Whether these clever productions of Jackson's set the fashion or followed it, the resemblance between them and some of



FIG. 2.—SNUFF-BOX WITH THE ARMS OF SIR FRANCIS DRAKE.

the impressed horn boxes is too intimate to be merely an accident. Jackson's process would scarcely have been applicable to the sinking of dies, as the details of the portraits in his medallions are not cut with precision or depth enough to produce a clear impression, but it may well be that he engraved the dies for the geometrical borders and engine-turned reverses.

Probably the best known, if not the best understood, of all the horn tobacco or snuff-boxes are those bearing the arms of the great circumnavigator, Sir Francis Drake (Fig. 2). A considerable number of these are still in existence, made usually in common horn, sometimes with the name of the artist, Obrisset, and the date, but more often this is wanting or worn



Frederick Henry Prince of Orange and Amalia his wife.

— gissen, 1810.

— gissen, 1810.

away. These boxes are constantly offered to collectors of historical relics as 'Sir Francis Drake's snuff-box,' and they have figured in almost every exhibition under this title, in spite of the obvious anachronism in the style of the work. The design is composed of the coat-of-arms and crest granted to Drake by Queen Elizabeth on his return from the famous voyage in 1581. Into the vexed question of whether Sir Francis Drake belonged to the family of Drake of Ashe, it is not necessary to enter here, but it seems at any rate scarcely probable, if he had been a member of a gentle family and entitled to bear their arms, that the Queen would have bestowed a new coat-of-arms upon him. This new coat was designed in allusion to his great achievement, and it is thus described by Guillim in the quaint language of the heralds of the time:—

'The field is Diamond (= Sable) a Fesse wavy between the two Pole stars—Arctick and Antarctic, Pearle (= argent). Such was the worth of this most generous and renowned Knight Sir Francis Drake sometime of Plimmouth, as that his merits do require that his coat armour should be expressed in that selected manner of Blazoning that is fitting to noble personages, in respect of his noble courage and high attempts atchieved, whereby he merited to be reckoned the honour of our nation and of Navall profession, in as much as he cutting through the Magellanike Straits, An. Dom. 1577 within the compasse of three years he encompassed the whole World, whereof his Ship, laid up in Dock near Detford will long time remain as a most worthy monument.' ('Display of Heraldry,' 1660, p. 107.)

The crest is fully as appropriate, being Drake's ship, upon a terrestrial globe, round which it is drawn by a cable held by a hand issuing from the clouds, with the motto *Auxilio Divino*, represented by the letters A.D. On the sail of the ship is the date of his departure, 1577. This is given in detail on the box upon a background of sea with ships in the distance, the names of the four continents, the whole surmounted by the name 'Sir Francis Drake.' At the bottom is the motto under the arms, *Sic Parvis Magna*, and the artist's signature, JOHN OBRISSET FECIT, 1712. This date agrees exactly with the apparent date of the heraldry, which differs greatly from the style in use at the time of Drake's voyage. There is one point about the shield that should not pass without remark, *i.e.*, that the colours, or 'tinctures,' of the shield are indicated both by the conventional lines and by the initial letters of their names, S. and A. for *Sable* and *Argent*, a practice as unusual as it seems unnecessary. At the bottom of the left-hand, or dexter, side of the shield is inserted a tiny shield with a swan, the presence of which I cannot explain, unless by taking it to be the arms of Obrisset. There was, without doubt, some special reason for the production of those boxes at the time, but I have failed to discover it. The times were fully as stirring in the reign of Queen Anne as they were when Drake lived, and the popular regard for a hero who so harried the Continental navies may have created a renewed interest in him. Possibly, also, the introduction of snuff-taking into England may have suggested an allusion to Drake's connexion with tobacco as an appropriate decoration for a snuff-box, just as on one of Obrisset's boxes a negro's head forms the design. But in this case, the purely personal emblems placed on the box would seem somewhat bald without some special reference to the purpose for which it was made.

Though of less interest than the Drake box, the bust of Charles I. (Fig 3) is a fine example of Obrisset's work. It shows admirably the capabilities of tortoiseshell for fine, sharp relief, and the beautiful pale amber tint of the shell adds greatly to the charm of the work. This piece



FIG. 3.—KING CHARLES I.

is copied from the 'Memorial' medal by Roettier, and is signed by Obrisset with 'OB' under an heraldic label. The boxes and medallions of Queen Anne are naturally more plentiful than any others, and are found both in silver and tortoiseshell, from Obrisset's moulds. They are generally of one type, that shown in Fig. 4, copied from a medal by C. Wermuth, though as portraits they are by no means of equal merit, some of the busts having been subjected to tooling by inexpert hands. The two medallions in Fig. 4 form the top and bottom of a silver box in the British Museum collection. The bust of Prince George of Denmark is equal, if not superior, in execution to that of the Queen, from which it is separated in date by three years, the bust of the Prince being signed 'I*OB*F, 1708,' while the Queen's bears the signature 'OB 1705.' It is not easy to understand why Obrisset made a portrait of Philip V. of Spain (Fig. 5).^{*} He can scarcely have been a popular personage in England, unless his reception of the Pretender with royal honours at Madrid may have endeared him to the Jacobites, but if this medallion was made to gratify the adherents of the Stuarts at the time of this visit, in



FIG. 4.—PRINCE GEORGE OF DENMARK AND QUEEN ANNE.

1719, Philip's change of front, in joining the Quadruple Alliance in the following year, must have somewhat cooled their admiration for this fickle personage. From the medallic point of view the bust has the merit of producing a satisfactory effect with a very slight relief, and in this quality it differs from all the other portraits. It bears no date, and is signed, like the Charles I., with 'OB' under a label.

Although the royal portraits are the best and most frequent specimens of Obrisset's work, he did not confine himself to this class of design. In the British Museum are two oval boxes with compositions of many figures executed with equal freedom and spirit, though they are now so worn on the surface as to render it impossible to reproduce them satisfactorily. One is the familiar subject of Silenus with his train of nymphs and satyrs, well composed and drawn with some freedom; the other is the Conversion of Saul, an excellent composition, carried out with considerable vigour. Both of these are signed 'OB,' the latter having the heraldic label in addition.

The bust of George II. (Fig. 6) is unsigned, and is conceived in a bolder manner than any of Obrisset's work, and would scarcely seem to be from his hand, even supposing him to be still living at the time it was done. Its massive style recalls the ivory portraits of Le Marchant, who flourished in the second half of the seventeenth century, though it cannot

^{*} This illustration is taken direct from the original medallion, and gives a good idea of its appearance. Our other illustrations are from plaster casts, the dark colour and glossy surface of the horn rendering it extremely difficult to photograph.

very well be his work. It is in very high relief, far removed from the medallionic style, and great force must have been used to bring out the detail so clearly in such a deeply cut mould. The King had small claims to beauty, but the artist here has managed to produce a highly agreeable result.

Of the productions of the late eighteenth century and the beginning of the present, there is little to be said. One *F. Baker* executed a design of the fanciful arms of some society of toppers, consisting of a punch-bowl between the moon and a star 'in chief' and a lantern 'in base,' while the crest is an owl sitting on a barrel, and the motto *In nocte laetamur*. This box possesses no great merit, and if it were unsigned would scarcely deserve mention; and in the same category comes another with a Bacchic procession, of the same style as that by *Obrisset*, mentioned above, but by no means of equal merit. This bears the initials 'S. L.'

The capabilities of pressed horn are only shown to a very limited extent in the examples illustrated in this paper. These have been chosen because they are the best at hand, and, so far



FIG. 5.—PHILIP V. OF SPAIN.



FIG. 6.—KING GEORGE II

as they go, are excellent, though I would not venture to assert that portraits of the popular characters of our day produced in moulded horn would be a commercial success. But I do feel sure that a great field is open for the employment of this material in the ornamentation of artistic furniture, in the form of friezes, arabesques, figures, or geometrical borders. A combination of satin-wood surfaces with embossed tortoiseshell details, managed with judgment and taste, could scarcely be a failure.

Boule taught the art-workmen of his time the way to use plain tortoiseshell. Cannot some enterprising artist of to-day show that embossed designs of the same material have also their charm? The outlay would not be great; horn is not costly, if tortoiseshell is more so, the process is simple, and success would, I think, rest with the artist.

C. H. READ.

THE RIVERS OF DEVON

II

Dartmouth—Its Historical Associations—View from Gallants' Bower—The Voyage to Totnes—Dittisham—Sharpham—Totnes—The Brutus Stone—Berry Pomeroy Castle—Dartington Hall—Staverton—Buckfastleigh—Buckland Woods—The Webburn—Dartmeet—Clapper Bridges—Dart Head—The Avon—The Abbots' Way—Brent—Diptford—Loddiswell Mill—The Erme—Fleet Woods—Ermington—Ivybridge—Harford and its Worthies—An Ancient Dwelling—The Yealm—Awns and Dendles—Yealm Pool—Newton Ferrers.



HERE is something hardly English-looking about the entrance to Dartmouth harbour. The narrow opening, flanked on either hand by steep hills, with the castles of Dartmouth and Kingswear on the rocks beneath, is more like the mouth of some Scotch sea-loch, while the steep cultivated slopes within and above the town remind one of the Rhine. And the old town itself is quite *sui generis*. Says Prince, 'The houses as you pass on the water seem pensil and to hang along in rows like galley-pots in an apothecary's shop, for so high and steep is it—*i.e.*, the hillside—that you go from the lower to the upper part thereof by stairs.' The description is quaint rather than romantic, but for all that true enough to this day. Indeed, it is quite possible to look from the ground-floor windows of one house into the bedrooms of another; and in spite of much modernising there are many old buildings yet. Who has not heard of Butter Row, for instance, that line of tenements—half stone, half elaborately carved wood, with a piazza or covered way beneath—of the dwellings in Fosse Street and the Shambles?

And how close about it cluster associations historical. Hence sailed part of Coeur de Lion's Crusade, and in 1374 the ships of Clifton-Dartmouth-Hardness (as it was then called) mustered strong for the siege of Calais. Later on the French retaliated, and some of the town was burnt; and then, for thirty years, it was war to the knife. John Hawley, a Dartmouth merchant, equipped a fleet at his own expense, and in one fight took a number of the enemy's ships laden with wine—doubtless much appreciated by these Devon 'sea-dogs.' And so the struggle went on, till in 1404 the French, trying to effect a landing, were driven off with a loss of four hundred men killed and half that number prisoners in the hands of the victors. From Dartmouth, too, King-maker Warwick and 'false, fleeting, perjur'd Clarence' fled over sea from the wrath of Edward, and, in the Civil War of the Stuarts, Prince Maurice took the town, and held it till Fairfax carried the forts, and it fell to the Parliament. And many are the worthies connected with the town or the immediate neighbourhood. John Davis, the navigator, the good Sir Humphrey Gilbert—both born close at hand—and Sir Walter Raleigh, all knew it well; while, coming to days more recent, Newcomen, the engineer, and I think Brockedon, who painted the altar-piece in the church of St. Saviour, both first drew breath in the ancient seaport.

Climb to Gallants' Bower, the lofty wooded height above the Jawbones, the very suggestive name for the harbour mouth. Through the trees what lovely peeps you get both of Dartmouth and the opposite town of Kingswear, where the railway stops and whence you are ferried across in about as ugly a vessel as ever floated on the waters of Dart. Right beneath your feet is the castle, dating from the days of Henry VII., and cheek by jowl with it, in fact included within the encircling wall and trench, stands the little Perpendicular church of St. Petrox. Kingswear Castle is opposite, and in days of yore a heavy chain stretched

from one side to the other, with which the enemy's ships had to reckon ere they could enter the harbour. In the quiet pool below a great ocean liner swings at her moorings, soon to get under weigh for the Cape. Further up, abreast of Dartmouth town, lie the *Britannia* and *Hindostan*, whose wooden walls increase the old-world appearance of the surroundings; and of course there are many yachts, for the harbour is the chief rendezvous this side of the Solent, and perhaps one or two clumsy colliers with coal for the mail-boats. At the pier by the New Ground waits the Totnes steamer, which, as soon as the tide permits, will take us up the river to that venerable and slumberous town, the landing-place if we believe the ancient chronicler—which we do *not*—of Brutus the Trojan. Let us descend and take our place on board.

The vessel glides up the harbour, and presently, as we turn beneath the woods of Greenway, Sir Humphrey Gilbert's birthplace, Dartmouth is lost to view. Here, where the



THE DART AT SHARPHAM. DRAWN BY A. ANSTED

river narrows suddenly, the Anchor Stone rears its head above the water—the rock where, according to tradition, Sir Humphrey's half-brother, Raleigh, was wont to resort to enjoy his Indian weed in peace. And when we hear that Greenway was the scene of the douche that he received at the hands of his terrified servant, who emptied a bucket of water over the smoker under the impression that he was on fire, we can hardly feel surprise at poor Raleigh retiring to a spot at a safe distance from such well-meant but embarrassing attentions. Just above is Dittisham, straggling up a slope in the midst of plum orchards, and the oft-sketched ferry bell standing out against the deep woods opposite.

The Dart broadens, and at Galmpton Bay is a mile across. Then, with a backward glance at Dittisham Church, for the first time appearing over the hill to the left, we pass the village of Stoke Gabriel, with its red church tower and pretty creek, and enter the windings that presently lead us beneath the towering woods of Sharpham. It is a lovely spot. The stream, now narrowing rapidly, is green with the reflections of the woodland, which tremble and break as the steamer slowly rounds the curve, to form again ere the Swiss boat-house is reached, snug in a corner beneath the white walls of Sharpham House. Rooks circle overhead, and herons stand solemnly in the shallows or flap heavily away as we approach. Nor do they come here for picturesque reasons. This part of the river is full of fish, particularly of bass, while the salmon-fishing is quite an industry of itself.

Leaving Sharpham astern, the little vessel threads some low grassy islets, and enters a

long reach, bounded by green meadows and park-like slopes. At the head, seated on a hill, Totnes looks down upon the scene, clustering round its tall church tower, with the blue tors of Dartmouth rising against the sky-line far away. We pass a wharf where are one or two barges and a schooner, which, up here, where the river is scarcely fifty yards across, looks quite a large vessel, and come to a stop at the most primitive of quays.

As old and almost as picturesque as Dartmouth is Totnes. It has the keep of a Norman castle on the very top of the hill; it has an ancient gateway; it has quaint old houses; and last, but not least, it has the Brutus Stone, a granite boulder let into the pavement of the principal street, on which the Trojan hero is said to have first set foot, and from which for generations the Mayor has proclaimed the accession of a new Sovereign. And in the church, which is large and lofty, is the finest stone rood-screen in Devonshire.

From the castle is a truly magnificent view over as beautiful a vale as any in the west, from where Dart leaves the moor beyond Buckfastleigh to Sharpham Woods. And away on the western side of the valley among the woods is Berry Pomeroy, another Norman fortress fast mouldering to decay, enclosing within its walls all that fire has spared of the proud mansion, built in the sixteenth century by Lord Seymour of Sudeley, to whom Protector Somerset gave the estate when Sir Thomas Pomeroy became involved in the Western Rebellion of 1549. Higher up the valley, close to the river, is Dartington, with its ancient yews and Italian gardens and its roofless Hall of Knights, built by John Holland, duke of Exeter, half-brother of luckless Richard II. And beyond that again are the orchards of Staverton village and Staverton Bridge, mirrored in the dark pool washed out by the river between meadow and wood, and where, for a moment, it seems to pause ere sliding over gravelly shallows on its way seaward.

About three miles above Staverton, as the traveller follows the road to Ashburton, he comes suddenly upon the church of Buckfastleigh, the only one in this part of the world with a spire. It stands on the top of a wooded hill, half concealed by elms. Below the road a score of feet or more swirls the Dart, shallow and rocky, spanned in mid-distance by an ivy-hung bridge. The valley is green with pasture, and timbered with elm and sycamore—oak coppice comes higher up. The air is full of the rush of the river with which no sound interferes, save the rumble of the very occasional trains that link Buckfastleigh—an ugly town, fortunately on the other side of the hill—and Ashburton with the outer world.

Passing the scanty ruins of Buckfast Abbey and the brand-new monastic buildings of the French Benedictines, who are rebuilding the same, we get up past the hill fort of Hembury Castle to Holne Bridge over a narrow channel swept by boughs, and follow the Dart round the great horseshoe made by Holne Chase, and upwards through Buckland Woods to the moor. For three miles these glorious woods line the river, spreading over hills almost from base to sky-line—not quite, because far above, further than we can see, the granite screes of Buckland Beacon descend from the moorland to bar their progress. In shadowy depths below foams the river, overhung at one point by the rock called Lovers' Leap, the scene, I am told, of the suicide of a youthful couple who found the course of true love less smooth even than that of the torrent beneath. Round the corner, down a glen still deeper, the Webburn comes in, its waters, alas! sullied by mine refuse from workings far out on the moor beneath barrow-crested Hameldon. Yet so high above the stream does the pathway run that the hue of the water is hardly noticeable, little more than a white flash now and then, as some obstructive boulder rouses the stream to fury, being visible through the forest trees and oak coppice that cling to the precipitous slopes.

And now we are at the foot of Dartmoor, from which Dart escapes down a ravine, over which tower the beetling crags of Bench Tor, with the shapely cone of Sharp Tor filling the glen beyond. Behind it is Yar Tor, of which the rocks have been compared to a fortification, looking down upon Dartmeet, the spot where the two Darts become one. The

West Dart comes down a long, semi-cultivated valley from mysterious Wistman's Wood, a grove of dwarf oaks where, according to certain writers of a class now nearly as extinct as the Dodo, 'once the Druid wandered'; the East Dart sweeping down round the plantations of Brimpts, a moorland farm, from the 'clapper' bridges at Bellaford and Postbridge—bridges formed of great slabs of granite laid on rude piers of the same, and of an age 'whereof the memory of man runneth not to the contrary.' Yet they are scarcely suited to modern requirements, and surely it is a pity that the Dartmoor Preservation Society should have been at the pains of *rebuilding* the one that once spanned the Dart above the new bridge at Dartmeet. As the flood swept nearly every stone away, this modern antique can have little claim to be even a reproduction of its predecessor, and, as no path now passes over it, the necessity for its reconstruction is scarcely apparent.

It is a far cry from Dartmeet—a far cry, indeed, from the windswept hamlet of Postbridge, on the road crossing the uplands from Princetown to Moretonhampstead—to the head of the Dart. The river rises in a district of utter desolation, where morass covers the surface of the wilderness for miles, where one hill is so like another that, if snow come on, the stranger who wanders from the little runnel in its bed of rushes will stand a poor chance of salvation, and it is difficult to realise, so featureless are these moorlands, that we have climbed gradually to a height nearly two thousand feet above the sea. That great shapeless mass of riven bog and heather there, that rises so little above the surrounding waste and is yet so alarmingly near the ragged cloud-wrack, is nineteen hundred and eighty-one feet above Dartmouth harbour, and another, equally tame, over the ridge by the springs of the Taw, is higher still. Yet the scenery, though impressive, is unspeakably dreary, and, as we think of the bright country along the lower course of the river, we are glad to turn away from the tiny pool where the Dart oozes from its bed of peat, and set our faces southward towards the springs of the Avon.

The Avon rises on the downs above the hamlet of Hexworthy, not far from Dartmeet. In itself the spot is nearly as desolate as that where the longer river first sees daylight, though the knowledge that human habitations are at hand is substantial comfort. For the first mile or two it is, for a Dartmoor river, peaceable; but, as soon as the windy tableland is left behind and it plunges into the granite-strewn bottom of Huntingdon Warren, where the 'stony rocks' are a 'refuge for the conies,' its manners become more noisy. Here it passes Huntingdon Cross, a rude granite monument without either sculpture or inscription, standing close beside the Abbots' Way, a path that formerly wound over the moors from Buckfast Abbey to Tavistock, used by the monks of the former abbey, who were wool-staplers—and the trade thrives yet at Buckfastleigh—for the transport of their goods. There is a bit of it coming down the slope above, but it would puzzle the most enthusiastic antiquary to trace it far; heather and bog have between them pretty well obliterated most of it, and it only crops up here and there where the ground is hard.

Two miles below the Cross the Avon leaves the moor, and, passing between Black and Shipley Tors and beneath the grey arches of Shipley Bridge, betakes itself to 'hazel covers,' *en route* for the little market-town of South Brent. On the way it forms Zeal Cascades, a delightful spot where tree, rock, moorland, and water are harmoniously blended. But South Brent is quite uninteresting, and the Avon does well to hurry by to the pastures and timbered slopes of the valley below—to Diptford, with its spire crowning a hill, after the manner of Buckfastleigh—to Gara Bridge, set in a wooded vale, and to Loddiswell Mill, where the water is, for a wonder, smooth enough to reflect the old stone bridge, and where the salmon may be seen leaping when the winds are still. And so the little river passes onwards, down the strath below Churchstow tower to its estuary beyond the many-arched bridge and causeway that carries the road from Kingsbridge to Modbury across the marshy delta at Aveton Giffard. Narrow, indeed, is the estuary—so narrow and so shut in by hills

that, until you get to Bantham, a hamlet near its mouth, you see little enough of its beauties. Over a bar of yellow sand the Avon meets the sea. Opposite the mouth stands turf-covered Borough Island, at low tide joined to the mainland by a sandy isthmus. In virtue of a chapel that once stood on its summit it has been called the St. Michael's Mount of Devonshire; but the chapel to the archangel has long gone, and so has the 'tea-house' erected on, and probably out of, its ruins. Even the public-house below is deserted, and the sheep and rabbits have the island to themselves.

Parallel with the Avon two other little rivers descend from the moor—the Erme and the Yealm. Together they do not make up more than thirty miles; but small though they be, some of the loveliest scenery in South Devon will be found upon their banks. As we have approached the point where the former river enters the sea, we will now trace it upwards.

The estuary is bordered for miles by the woods of Fleet, and he who has obtained



LODDISWELL BRIDGE. DRAWN BY A. ANSTED.

permission to follow the drive cut along the western bank will look down upon the shimmering waters between the branches of nearly every tree that grows on English soil, from stately oak to glossy rhododendron. Beyond Fleet House, where the woods come to an end, is the village of Ermington, with its twisted spire and fine peal of bells, no longer deserving the reproach once levelled at them by the people of the neighbouring town of Modbury:—

‘Hark to Modbury bells,
How they do quiver,
Better than Ermington bells,
Down by the river.’

Presently Ivybridge is reached, where the stream nearly choked with boulders comes down a wooded glen to the picturesque bridge from which the village gets its name. High up against the sky, far above the tree-tops, the gorge is spanned by the viaduct of the railway—soon, alas! to be changed to more prosaic appearance, the airy-looking wooden superstructure even now being fast replaced by arches of stone. At the head of the glen Harford lies, a moorland village that is only known to fame as the birthplace of two men each notable in his day—Thomas Williams, Speaker of the House of Commons, who died in 1566; and John Prideaux, who a hundred years later became Bishop of Worcester,



A. Ansted. sc.

The Dart near Buckfastleigh.



Dartmouth.

owing this dignity, as he himself confesses, to his failure in securing the coveted post of Parish Clerk to the neighbouring parish of Ugborough. Up the valley, behind the little granite church, rises the great hill of Sharp Tor, and round its flank the Erme sweeps beneath the ancient oaks of Piles Wood. Beyond is wild moor, barren and treeless, where you may wander all day without meeting a soul, though it was populous enough once, as the hut-circles of the 'old men,' their pounds and stream works everywhere attest. Indeed, not far from the right bank of the river, at the mouth of a gully, stands a still perfect specimen of a 'beehive' hut, the only one in Devonshire. A queer little place it is, only to be entered *à genoux*, and so confined that the individual, whether ancient Briton or other, who inhabited it must have found it a matter of difficulty to lie down therein, and quite impossible to stand up. The view down the valley is wild and open; in the foreground masses of granite, half-concealed in heather, strew the slopes; below, the Erme rushes down the glen towards Sharp Tor, which closes the scene. Far in the heart of the moor,



BEEHIVE HUT NEAR ERME HEAD. DRAWN BY A. ANSTED, FROM A SKETCH BY J. LL. W. PAGE.

at the head of the long winding valley, the river is born, its cradle a wilderness of boulders, mantled thick in moss.

Close at hand, and amid scenery equally wild, the Yealm trickles into existence, soon to plunge headlong into a ravine, dark with oak and mountain ash. So sudden is the descent that the baby river loses all sense of dignity, and tumbles helter-skelter from ledge to ledge in a series of waterfalls, filling the gorge with sound, and making all things humid with fine spray. It is to be regretted that this romantic spot has not a prettier name than 'Awns and Dendles.'

Leaving the pleasant hamlet of Cornwood on the right, the Yealm now reaches cultivated country, and flows down the vale to the orchards of Yealmpton, a large village near the head of its estuary. Here, till the quarrymen destroyed them, there existed in the low limestone cliffs certain bone-caverns, veritable charnels, containing the remains of the rhinoceros, elephant, hyena, and wolf, as well as of other animals still indigenous to these islands. Salt water is reached between the woods of Kitley and Puslinch, though there is little suggestion of the sea, the estuary being so completely landlocked that the Channel does not open out till you are actually rocking on the swell that comes in between the headlands at the mouth. And as the upper part, though broad, is very shallow, there is no traffic to dispel the illusion that the sheet of water before us *is* a lake—an illusion fostered by the flocks of swans floating

off the wooded creek of Coffleet. Further down the hills become steeper, the waters narrower—all above Yealm Pool, a lovely spot just inside the outlet, the estuary is scarce a hundred yards across. Here a creek, part of which appears in our sketch of the pool, winds beneath a wooded hill to Newton Ferrers, a delightful old fishing village over against the Combe



YEALM POOL. DRAWN BY A. ANSTED, FROM A SKETCH BY J. LL. W. PAGE.

where lies the beautifully situated—but at low tide unfragrant—hamlet of Noss, hard by Lord Revelstoke's park of Membland. One would expect these waters to be haunted by artists, but such is not the case. Even the photographer stops at Newton Ferrers. It does seem strange that a spot within such easy reach of Plymouth should be so little known, and I can without hesitation commend the three miles of wood and water between Kitley and Yealm Pool to the attention of any brother of the brush in search of a 'subject' neither 'commonplace' nor 'done to death.'

JOHN LL. WARDEN PAGE.

MAN IN ART

WE have received from Messrs. Macmillan & Co. a copy of Mr. Hamerton's new book.* Any critical notice of it would be obviously out of place in these pages, but a brief summary of its contents and a few quotations may interest our readers.

The treatise is divided into six parts. The first is entitled 'Culture,' and discusses the education of the figure-painter, literary, scientific, and technical; the nude as a subject of study and as represented in the finished picture or statue; the study of the figure by amateurs (which is recommended on the ground 'that if we were to limit our minds to those subjects that we could absolutely master, there would be nothing left for us but the narrowest specialities'); and the culture which goes beyond Nature, and 'leads or impels the artist towards a certain perfection that is not exactly natural, although it is suggested by Nature.' The second part deals with 'Beauty,' and after considering it in its original idea and in its analogies, and in its relations to interest, custom, and sumptuousness, proceeds to the discussion of the human claim to supreme beauty and the rarity of beauty in mankind. This rarity is held to be by no means a disadvantage.

'The world gains greatly in variety of interest by the rarity of beauty in mankind. The highest types of beauty are not many. When we descend to prettiness we find already a much greater variety,

* 'Man in Art: Studies in Religious and Historical Art, Portrait, and Genre.' By Philip Gilbert Hamerton. With Forty-six Plates. (Macmillan & Co.)

and the interesting cases of imperfect prettiness are not only very numerous, but most curiously varied in their imperfection. As a subject of simple curiosity, the field of human ugliness is infinite; it admits of every variety of monstrous shape and irregular conformation. The liberty of Nature in creating ugliness is like the liberty of folly in the moral world. So long as men remain perfectly wise they have little liberty of choice—there are not many things that they can do; but once emancipated from the restrictions of wisdom, they may commit an endless variety of extravagances. It is the rather wearisome monotony of the highest beauty that gives such charm to the varieties of prettiness, and such a curious interest, and even attraction of a peculiar kind, to Nature's inventions in misshapen bodies and plain faces.'

The third part is concerned with 'Religious Art,' and treats of representations of the Deity, and of gods and monsters, of the earliest Christian art and mediaeval religious art, of the quality called 'Holiness' in art, of the archaic element in sacred art, and the incompatibility between realism and religion; of the influence of Roman Catholicism and Protestantism on religious art, and the effect of unbelief upon it, and, lastly, of modern pictures of religious sentiment and practice. On the question of truth to fact in the illustration of the Bible, it is pointed out that such truth is only attainable in things of minor importance.

'From the historical and religious point of view it might have been interesting to represent Biblical personages exactly as they lived, but it is probably an advantage for art that their real forms and features are unknown. The nobility of a man's character does not in real life manifest itself by physical dignity, and yet, as art can only deal with those qualities that can be made externally visible, the painter needs physical dignity as the symbol of that which is purely moral. It is fortunate for him, *as artist*, that he should be free to choose his own physical types. The real body does *not* represent the mind. It is difficult, if not impossible, to believe, on seeing a faithful portrait of Turner, that within that form and behind that countenance dwelt a mind as poetical as Shelley's and as refined—in art, at least—as that of Raphael. On the other hand, one who studied the refined features of the great Napoleon might, perhaps, guess that he was pitiless, but would never imagine that he was vulgar.'

The fourth part is called 'History and Revivals.' The first chapter is on the descent of Man, and the author holds that the Darwinian account of it, however generally accepted, is not likely to have 'much practical effect upon the fine arts, which will naturally try to embody some kind of ideal, whether it be suggested by a poetical interest in the legendary past, or by a scientific hope for the illimitable future.' The other chapters are on the alliance between art and archaeology; on historical art; on imagination and style in historical painting; on historical *genre*, and biography in painting. The fifth part deals with 'Portrait,' and the sixth with 'Life Observed,' the subjects of the chapters being the figure in landscape, rustic life, the technical conditions of bucolic art, war in reality and war idealised, soldiers, nobles, and citizens in peace.

The author disclaims in his preface any attempt to write with completeness on so large a subject:—

'Any attempt to write a full and accurately proportioned history of the representation of human beings in the graphic and plastic arts would be a work of simple literary industry that I might, perhaps, have got through as well as anybody else. The literature that affects to be completely inclusive, impersonal, and impartial, the literature that pretends to know everything, is a mechanical business requiring method and access to a great library. It would be fortunate for a critic if he were naturally catholic in his tastes, but the virtue would go out of his writing if he tried to say everything that might be said. Criticism is as personal as the art of painting itself, and as painting has its negative side in the art or practice of omission, so criticism passes over everything that is not, for the moment, the material exactly needed for its own work. It is a mistake to try to be impersonal in criticism—to write without consulting one's own tastes, and in reference to some abstract standard of taste which could never be anything more certain than some temporary phase of an ever-changing public opinion.'

And again in the introductory chapter:—

'It is my belief that whenever *art itself*, as distinguished from science, is in question, there can be little positive doctrine. It will be found, on examination, that all indisputable matters supposed to be in the domain of art are in reality scientific, and that art itself always refuses to be rigidly bound by scientific laws

when there is, or appears to be, some artistic reason for emancipating the artist from their yoke It is an effect of this subtlety and unseizableness in the spirit of art that the idiosyncrasy of the critic himself has always a certain importance. Whether it is a consequence of my northern blood, or of my literary and Christian education, the fact is that I have a strong bias in favour of the mind of man in comparison with his body, so that I have never been able to look upon the representation of naked muscles as essentially higher art than the expression of intelligence or feeling in the face. On comparing Man with other animals, what strikes me most forcibly as his point of superiority is his remarkable power of association, and of using both the inventions and the knowledge which have been bequeathed to him by former generations of his own species. In a naked statue we see nothing of this, and, consequently, however ably the muscles may be imitated and the bones indicated, it seems to me that Man himself is not generically represented here, but only the body of some well-made or idealised individual. The nude appears to me an excellent subject for study, but quite inadequate as a representation of Man, who is not truly himself, in his sovereignty over the earth, until he is clothed with the tissues that he has woven and armed with the tools or weapons that he has invented. I would even go so far as to say that Man in a desert, though clothed and armed as Arabs are when crossing some dreadful *nefhood*, is still not Man in his perfect strength. He is most himself—not as an individual but as a representative of his race—when his associated forces are occupied in industry or war, and seen together with the accumulated results of his previous labours, such as the city, the fortress, or the fleet.'

The volume contains forty-six illustrations, including line engravings by A. Didier and L. Flameng; mezzotints by Frank Short and Norman Hirst; etchings by H. Manesse, B. Damman, C. O. Murray, and G. W. Rhead; a woodcut drawn and engraved by P. Gusman; and many plates produced by various methods of photo-engraving. The subjects have been selected from the works of Fra Angelico, Ghirlandajo, A. Pisano, Borgognone, Botticelli, Albert Dürer, Rembrandt, Schalcken, Teniers, Maes, Murillo, Ary Scheffer, Millet, Sir F. Leighton, Alma Tadema, G. F. Watts, Sir J. Gilbert, L. Fildes, F. Dicksee, Vierge, and Tassaert. There are also several drawings of sculptures from the antique, and from works by Rude and Woolner. These are engraved by a peculiar method which has been named *hyalography*. The drawings are made with lead pencil, stump, or brush, upon glass, which has been ground to a very fine and even grain, and the glass when so drawn upon takes the place of the photographic glass positive which is used in photogravure, the light passing through it to the sensitive ground on the copper plate, which is afterwards bitten like an aquatint. Any part of the drawing can be so easily removed from the glass that the artist enjoys perfect freedom of alteration; but, on the other hand, the drawing must be made of the exact size required for the engraving.

R. S.

PIETRO PERUGINO

PIETRO VANNUCCI, called Perugino, the painter in whom the later Umbrian art reached its climax, and with whose decline it languished and went out, was born at Città della Pieve, in 1446 or 1447. His connexion with his native place he not infrequently recalled by the signature 'Petrus de Castro Plebis,' with which he—chiefly in his early and late periods—varied the 'Petrus Perusinus' which was his favourite designation. It has been inferred, from a somewhat obscure passage in Vasari, that Vannucci's first master was Benedetto Bonfigli, of Perugia; but, however this may be, it is clear that a paramount influence was exercised over him in these days of youth by another and greater Umbrian artist, Fiorenzo di Lorenzo, whose peculiarly fresh and personal art is clearly reflected in Perugino's early temperas, such as the beautiful and singularly well-preserved *tondo*, the *Virgin and Child with Saints*, in the Salon Carré of the Louvre, and our own *Virgin and Infant Christ with St. John* (No. 181), in the National Gallery. In our master's *Wanderjahre* he would appear to have become the assistant of Piero dei Franceschi at Arezzo, and to have acquired from him that skill in perspective for which among Quattrocentists he became especially distinguished, as well as his ease and mastery as a *frescante*. It is just possible, though the dates do not quite

fit, that he here came across Luca Signorelli (some five years his senior), who was for a considerable time Piero's assistant in this same place. One or two of Perugino's works, and especially a large *Crucifixion with Saints*, in the church of La Calza at Florence, recall to a marked degree the vigorous realism of Signorelli; so much so, indeed, that the authorship of Vannucci has in this last case been denied by some writers, although Vasari himself had attributed the work to him. It appears to be pretty generally, though not universally, accepted as a fact—on what evidence is by no means clear—that Vannucci next found his way to Florence, and became in the studio of Verrocchio the fellow-pupil of Leonardo da Vinci and Lorenzo di Credi, and it is evidently to this period of his artistic career that Giovanni Santi refers in the often-quoted lines of his chronicle:—

‘Due giovin par d’ etate e par d’ amore
Leonardo da Vinci e ’l Perusino
Pier’ della Pieve ch’ è un divin pittore.’

That the Perugian studied in the Tuscan metropolis, and there learnt much both from the Carmine frescoes and from the contemporary Florentines who were making the latter part of the Quattrocento memorable by their noble efforts, is beyond doubt. If, indeed, he did become the pupil of Verrocchio—for which assertion we have no other proof than Vasari's statement—it is not a little strange that that master, who left so deep an impress on the art of the infinitely greater Leonardo, should have so failed to influence permanently the pensive Umbrian, in whose earlier work it would be difficult to point out anything recalling the singularly strong and personal types of the great painter-sculptor of Florence. The art of Perugino's senior fellow-townsmen, Fiorenzo di Lorenzo, and especially his system of modelling heads, does, on the other hand, show certain similarities with that of the Verrocchio school, as may be especially noticed in his beautiful little *Virgin and Child with Saints*, in the Staedel Institut at Frankfort.

According to Signor Gaetano Milanesi, the learned editor of Vasari's ‘Lives,’ Perugino was in 1475 commissioned to paint certain frescoes in the great hall of the Palazzo Publico at Perugia, and he subsequently, about 1478, executed others in a chapel at Cerqueto, a castle in the diocese of Perugia; but of neither of these series does any trace remain. About 1480 he was summoned to Rome by Sixtus IV., by whom he was, together with Botticelli, Domenico Ghirlandajo, Cosimo Rosselli, and Pinturicchio (the co-operation of Signorelli being now altogether doubted), employed in the decoration of the Sistine Chapel. That the reputation of Perugino was already a high one is proved by the fact that, his competitors being the flower of contemporary Italian art, he nevertheless obtained the lion's share of the work, receiving the commission to paint on the altar-face of the chapel the *Assumption of the Virgin* (with the portrait of the Pontiff who gave his name to it), the *Nativity*, and the *Finding of Moses*; and on one of the sides, *Christ delivering the keys to Peter*. The disappearance of the *Assumption*, the *Nativity*, and the *Finding of Moses*, even though they were destroyed to make way for Michelangelo's *Last Judgment*, must ever grieve the admirers of the Perugian painter, especially when they contemplate the *Delivery of the Keys*, which must be counted in all respects one of his greatest works, since without in any way abandoning the Umbrian character—to which, indeed, he clung throughout his career—it combines with this a great measure of Florentine balance, weightiness, and significance. Here first occurs in the background the Bramantesque temple which Perugino repeated with variations in the *Sposalizio* of Caen and elsewhere, and which Raphael still further developed in his famous adaptation of the last-mentioned work painted in 1504 and now at the Brera. It is quite possible that Perugino's commission from the Pope included also the *Moses and Zipporah* (long assigned to Signorelli and then to Perugino), and the *Baptism of Christ*, which face each other on either side of the Sistine Chapel; but Giovanni Morelli has given the most convincing reasons

for assigning both these works to Pinturicchio, who was not Vannucci's journeyman, but more probably his subordinate partner for the occasion. It is not known at what exact period the Sixtine frescoes were terminated, but payment was not authorised until 1489, and at that time the artist received a commission—never carried out or even attempted—to decorate the S. Brizio Chapel in the Duomo of Orvieto, in which some forty years previously Fra Angelico had made a beginning, but hardly more, but which was to receive as its definitive adornment the famous wall-pictures of Luca Signorelli. For the details of this curious and, as to the true personality of Pietro, instructive transaction, we must refer our readers to his elaborate biography in Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselle's 'History of Painting in Italy.' To 1491 belongs the beautiful altar-piece in the Villa Albani at Rome, with the *Nativity* as its chief subject and the *Crucifixion* in a lunette above. Here we still find the master adhering to the medium of tempera, which he did not definitely abandon until two or three years later. In it occurs—for the first time if we are not mistaken—the favourite type of the St. Michael which is to be so frequently recognised in subsequent works, notably in the Vallombrosa *Assumption* and our own beautiful altar-piece from the Certosa di Pavia. A transitional performance, showing Perugino not yet absolutely a master of the new method, is the altar-piece with the *Virgin and Child between St. John the Baptist and St. Sebastian*, painted for S. Domenico of Fiesole, and now in the Tribuna of the Uffizi; a similar but inferior performance being the *Madonna with Saints*, also painted in 1493, and now in the Imperial Picture Gallery of Vienna. To the same year again belongs the noble *Pietà* in the Accademia delle Belle Arti of Florence, originally painted for the convent of the Gesuati outside the Porta a Pinti. Despite a certain coldness of colour, due in part to injury and restoration, this is one of the noblest and most virile productions of the Perugian, who, now keeping *bottega* in Florence, was for some years competing most successfully with the Tuscans in their own chief stronghold.

In or about 1494 we learn that Perugino paid a visit to Venice, and it may well be that there he matured and perfected his technique as a painter in oils, having under his eyes the masterpieces of Antonello da Messina and the Bellini brothers. The beautiful *Madonna and Child with Saints* on the Roncadetti altar in the church of S. Agostino at Cremona (1494) shows that our painter had then the technique of oil-painting in full perfection. Closely allied to this in style and subject is the noble altar-piece in the Pinacotheca of the Vatican (1495). The year 1495 saw the production of one of the painter's masterpieces, the great *Pietà*, formerly in the convent church of S. Chiara at Florence, and now in the Pitti Palace. Here the reticent charm, the subdued pathos of Umbrian art, were again combined with the fine grouping, the artistic principles of Florence. The *Pietà* inspired Fra Bartolommeo, whose not less famous *Pietà* is in the same gallery, and through the latter master also Andrea del Sarto, whose exquisitely balanced but rather empty version of the same subject makes there a third in the series. The famous and, if the truth must be told, greatly overpraised *Entombment* of Raphael in the Borghese Gallery owes much, too, in its inception to his master's great work. To this year, too, belongs the great *Ascension*, painted for S. Pietro Maggiore at Perugia, and of which the central compartment is now in the museum of Lyons, to which city it was presented by Pius VII. in 1815; while the remaining portions are divided between S. Pietro itself, the Vatican, and the Rouen museum.

In 1496 Perugino painted the *Sposalizio*, once in the Duomo of Perugia, and which was allotted by Napoleon, out of his unparalleled spoils, to the museum of Caen, remaining, like many other paintings in the provincial galleries, hidden or forgotten when the annexed treasures were returned by the Allies in 1814 and 1815. We have already indicated its significance as the precursor, and indeed the original, of Raphael's more renowned work at the Brera. It is curious to note that the central group in Perugino's own picture is adapted with very little alteration from a marble relief forming part of Andrea Orcagna's noble sculp-

tured tabernacle in the church of Orsanmichele at Florence. The *Vision of St. Bernard* in the Alte Pinakothek of Munich bears no signature or date, but it cannot well be placed later than this period of Vannucci's prime. Though it is a little darkened and impaired by cleaning, this is one of the most beautiful of all the Perugian's works—the most beautiful, perhaps, in the extraordinary serenity, the satisfying harmony of the composition, in the mystic charm with which a purely symbolical subject is pictorially expressed. In 1493 was

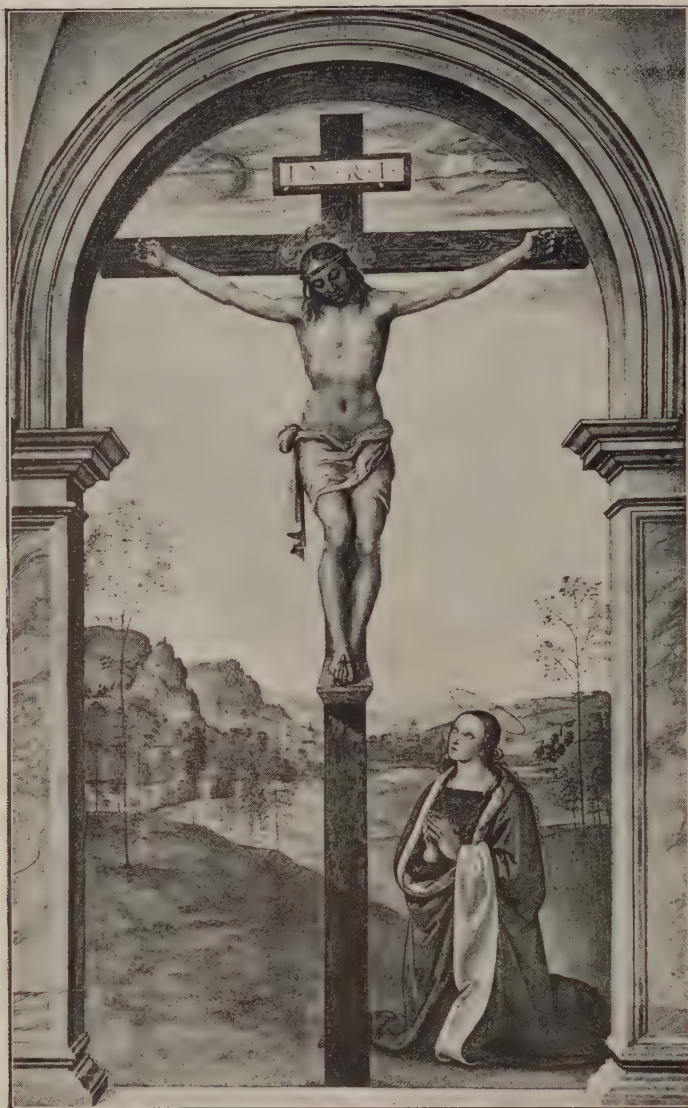


THE VIRGIN APPEARING TO ST. BERNARD. BY PIETRO PERUGINO.

begun, in 1496 was terminated, another of the master's *capolavori* of sacred art—the frescoed *Crucifixion* in the convent of S. Maria Maddalena dei Pazzi at Florence. Here again we find that religious symbolism, as distinguished from direct dramatic presentment, which was the very essence of his art. In the central compartment the crucified Saviour appears all solitary, save that the Magdalene kneels at the foot of the cross. In the left wing is represented the Virgin with St. Benedict; in the right, St. John the Evangelist and St. Bernard. Here will be easily recognised the prototype of Raphael's *Crucifixion*, until recently the chief ornament of the Earl of Dudley's collection—an original so immeasurably superior in spiritual beauty and concentration of purpose to the adaptation of the youthful pupil, that it is difficult to understand the statement sometimes made that Raphael, already in this work of his early youth, improved upon his model. Vannucci's much earlier *Crucifixion*

of La Calza, already mentioned above, would also appear to have been consulted by Raphael in elaborating the Dudley *Crucifixion*.

To about 1496 we should be inclined to assign the famous *Apollo and Marsyas*, purchased by the Louvre from the late Mr. Morris Moore as a Raphael, and now in the Salon Carré under that august name, though, by the majority of the most competent authorities it is now recognised as one of the most exquisite productions of his teacher in his prime. It is



THE CRUCIFIXION. BY PIETRO PERUGINO.

impossible within these narrow limits to discuss the well-worn question in all its bearings. Certain difficulties, no doubt, still stand in the way of the attribution to Perugino. The drawing of the figures, the type of the beautiful landscape, are essentially Peruginesque, and they appear to us evidently the work of the accomplished and fully matured craftsman of the Quattrocento, all-capable within his own well-defined limitations, and not that of the still groping but more genial pupil, whose efforts, if already in some respects higher, would inevitably be more tentative, partly because before his penetrating eyes new horizons would be opening out. We must, however, freely avow that in no other performance has Perugino shown this peculiar idyllic charm — this indefinable quality which the Germans call *Lebensfrische*. A curious detail, too, is that (as noted long ago by Professor Sidney Colvin) in the sky appears a flight of birds, apparently partridges, such as are in innumerable instances to be found in Pinturicchio's paintings, but never, save in this instance, in those of Vanucci. This would, of course, be

pro tanto an argument in favour of

the attribution to a pupil going to work in eclectic fashion. Perugino had, however, in 1496, paid a second visit to Venice, and it is possible that he may there have caught some of the Venetian idyllic spirit—as revealed even in the works of Giovanni Bellini, Cima, and the elder generation—and have desired to emulate for once their charm, while retaining to the full his own Umbrian style. This is avowedly only a surmise, which the opponents of the attribution are quite entitled to disregard. We should feel inclined still further to supplement it—feeling all the while somewhat ashamed of indulging in unsupported hypotheses—by imagining Pietro, as on this occasion, taking a leaf out of Pinturicchio's book, and seeking to give to his sky and landscape in this exceptional performance some of that variety for which the latter was already celebrated.

To this period of the great painter's prime belong also the beautiful altar-piece at Fano, with the Virgin and saints in the central compartment, an *Entombment* in the upper lunette, and in the predella five panels from the life of the Virgin (1497); the important *Virgin and Child in glory, adored by four Saints*, in the Pinacotheca of Bologna; the *Madonna and Child with Angels and six kneeling Saints*, which, painted for the confraternity *della Consolazione* at Perugia, is now in the church of S. Domenico there; and, according to some critics, the altar-piece called the *Family of St. Anna*, which has found a final resting-place in the museum of Marseilles. If the *Vision of St. Bernard* at Munich must take rank as one of his most beautiful inventions, if the *Crucifixion* of S. Maria Maddalena dei Pazzi is unsurpassed in the impression of solemnity which it makes on the beholder, the triptych from the Certosa of Pavia, now in the National Gallery, may pass as Perugino's masterpiece, so far as regards brilliancy of colour, delicacy of draughtsmanship and execution, and happy expression of the intense mysticism, the unalterable calm, which constitute the quintessence of the Umbrian art. It is not strictly correct to style this great work a triptych, since it originally consisted of six compartments, of which the lunette, with a figure of the Eternal in Glory, is still at the Certosa, while the central panel, with the Virgin adoring the Infant Christ, and the compartments on either side, with St. Michael and Tobias with the Ange respectively, are at Trafalgar Square—the remaining two sections, with the *Annunciation*, having altogether disappeared. According to Sir Henry Layard (Kugler's 'Handbook of the Italian Schools') the commission for the picture was given in 1496, while it was executed mainly in 1500.

It would require more space than we have at command to give even in outline a description of Perugino's greatest work in fresco, the decoration of the Sala del Collegio del Cambio at Perugia, commissioned by the *Collegiati*, and carried out by the master, with the aid of pupils, from 1499 to 1500. On the left wall are seen, floating above on clouds, the allegorical figures of *Prudentia* and *Justitia*, and underneath, as illustrations of these respective virtues, Fabius Maximus, Socrates, Numa Pompilius, Furius Camillus, Pittacus, and Trajan; then similar figures of the remaining virtues, *Fortitudo* and *Temperantia*, with underneath them Lucius Licinius, Leonidas, Horatius Cocles, Scipio, Pericles, and Cincinnatus. On the opposite wall the Eternal attended by angels gives His blessing, while below appear six prophets and six sibyls, all carrying long scrolls with appropriate inscriptions. The decoration is completed by the *Nativity* and the *Transfiguration*—the latter a true Peruginesque performance, with some of his characteristic merits and also many of his not less characteristic affectations. The central figure of Christ has a close relation to that in the *Resurrection*, painted for S. Francesco of Perugia, and now in the Vatican, a work in the painting of which Raphael has been deemed to have had a large share, but which Giovanni Morelli assigns, as to its execution, to Lo Spagna. The same design found in this *Resurrection* reappears in one of the famous predella panels in the Munich Pinakothek (variously ascribed to Raphael, Perugino, and with more probability to Spagna), and not less characteristically in the one of those five similar ones dispersed at the Dudley sale, which certainly revealed the hand of Spagna. It is about the time that the decoration of the Cambio was in progress that the youthful Raphael arrived at Perugia and entered Vannucci's studio, but there is no evidence to support the contention that he, then a novice in the specialised Umbrian style of Perugia, had a share in the decorations; what evidence there is points, indeed, to a contrary conclusion. The exquisitely fanciful ceiling of the Cambio, in the carrying out of which he is somewhat loosely stated to have taken part, is one of the finest extant examples of early Renaissance decoration in the beautiful Umbrian style; worthy to compete with it for supremacy being Pinturicchio's famous decorations in the Borgia apartments of the Vatican, the choir of S. Maria del Popolo at Rome, and the Libreria of Siena. Perugino has given us with, but entirely separate from, the idealistic and symbolistic wall-paintings of the Cambio, his own portrait painted in masterly

style with a downrightness of realism acquired in Florence, and confirmed, perhaps, in Venice. It stands by itself on the middle pilaster of the left wall, and shows the master's strong, rugged personality without flattery, in all the physical energy of a vigorous maturity. Where the flattery comes in, however, is in the Latin verses appended, which we hope and fully believe (for Perugino was without any tincture of letters) were suggested by others:—

‘Perdita si fuerit pingendi hic retulit artem,
Si nusquam inventa est hactenus ipse dedit.’

It may be observed here that the celebrated portrait in the Painters' Gallery at the Uffizi, at one time universally accepted as that of the painter by himself, is in reality that of a certain Francesco delle Opere of Florence (circa 1494). This splendid performance, and no less the singularly powerful presentments of two Vallombrosan monks, Don Biagio Milanese, General of the Order, and the Abbot Baldassare, now in the Accademia delle Belle Arti of Florence, show unmistakably the influence of Antonello and the Venetians, an influence which our master no doubt underwent on the occasion of his two visits to the City of the Lagoons. To this all too short list of portraits the present writer would like to add another, a male portrait, powerful in modelling and execution, exhibited in the first room of the Liechtenstein Gallery at Vienna, under the name of Francesco Francia, but when formerly in the collection of the Marchese Bovio at Bologna called ‘A Duke of Urbino in the first manner of Raphael.’ It is, however, very characteristic of Perugino in his rare mood of vigorous, realistic characterisation.

To the year 1500 belongs also the great Vallombrosa altar-piece with the *Assumption* (Accademia delle Belle Arti), which, while still revealing many of the master's finest qualities, already shows certain signs of decay in the repetition and redistribution of well-known types already in use in the Perugino atelier. In 1504 Perugino would appear to have settled once more for a short time in Florence, which again held, too, at that moment Leonardo da Vinci. He assisted many eminent Florentine artists in discussing the question of placing Michelangelo's great marble *David*, when the mighty and aggressive young Florentine disregarded the expressed opinion of his *confrères* in favour of the Loggia dei Lanzi, choosing, no doubt rightly, the left side of the doorway to the Palazzo Vecchio, where the statue remained until, in our own time, it was placed under shelter at the Accademia. It may have been on this occasion, or perhaps in answer to the *mordaci parole* (‘Vasari,’ Vol III., p. 585, Milanese's edition), with which Perugino relieved his surprise and confusion at the overwhelming new manner, that Michelangelo met him with the scornful words, so brutal to a famous senior, yet, in the victorious Buonarroti's mouth, so natural—that he was ‘*goffo nell' arte*.’

To 1504 belongs the vast fresco of the *Adoration of the Magi* in the chapel of the Disciplinati at the master's native Città della Pieve, a complicated composition, executed with extraordinary rapidity with the aid of pupils, fine as a well-balanced example of the Umbrian mode, yet necessarily showing many signs of haste. The date 1505 appears on the *Martyrdom of St. Sebastian* at Panicale, a work painted not in true fresco, but *a secco*—that is, in a dry wall—and still in fine preservation. It has, like the last-mentioned work, been popularised by a chromo-lithographic reproduction of the Arundel Society. It was at this time, too, that Perugino completed the *Descent from the Cross*, left in a half-finished state by Filippino Lippi at the time of his premature death in 1504. It now hangs at the Accademia near another and somewhat earlier work of the master, that *Agony in the Garden* of which a reduced version by Lo Spagna (attributed by Passavant to Raphael) is No. 1032 in the National Gallery.

In 1504 or 1505 was done for the art-loving Marchioness Isabella d'Este-Gonzaga the hasty and superficial *Combat between Love and Chastity*, now in the Louvre, where it compares so unfavourably with the allegorical performances of Mantegna and Lorenzo Costa, also executed for the enthusiastic Marchioness to form part of the same decorative *ensemble*.

CLAUDE PHILLIPS.

(To be continued.)

FEBRUARY 1.—Taking them all round the 'Old Masters' make this year a very good show. The Englishmen—if you keep out of the small room in which a number of atrocious Blakes are gathered together—are excellent. The Dutchmen have only done better on a few select occasions; and the Italians are full of interest, some of it controversial, but a fair amount artistic. Here and there the 'President and Council'—for they, we suppose, are technically responsible—have submitted something to the public eye which ought to have been carefully kept in the dark. By far the worst mistake of the sort is embodied in the absurd *Holy Conversation*, called a Perugino, but painted, for the most part, centuries after Perugino died, which finds a place in the fourth room; others, as we venture to think, were committed when the view of *Eton College*, by J. B. Pyne, and the *Ancient Mariner*, by Joseph Severn, were selected for exhibition. Neither are without artistic merit, but they do not reach the general standard of these exhibitions. As for the Blakes—how any human being can pretend to admire such rubbish passes our comprehension. Much of Blake's work, of course, is fine; a good deal more of it has a mystic quasi-meaning that is often amusing, even if it does spring from a distracted brain. But many children of six have done things as remarkable in every way as these illustrations to Dante. It was a very mistaken piece of kindness to Blake's memory to bring them into the light. On the other hand, the Academy deserves the warmest praise for giving us another opportunity of seeing the late Lady Waterford's productions, which, taken for what they are, are scarcely inferior to the best things in the place.

The examples of fifteenth and sixteenth-century painting in Gallery No. IV. include a good many that suggest discussion; here we must be content to do little more than note their presence. Captain Holford's *Maximilian Sforza* is a capital Bramantino, a master still unrepresented in the National Gallery. Mr. Eastlake's *Portrait of a Young Man* ought to have been recognised, before it reached its present place of honour, for what it is—a copy of a well-known Francia in the Tribune of the Uffizi. Mr. Drury Lowe's *Sigismondo Malatesta*, ascribed to Piero della Francesca, is by a much less delicate hand. From the choice collection of Mr. R. H. Benson comes a portrait group by Ghirlandajo, which would add distinction to any gallery. It represents Count Francesco Sassetti with his son, and is comparable, both in conception and in execution, to the strawberry-nosed gentleman and his son in the Louvre. Another portrait, that of the young Raphael, by his father, can scarcely expect to be taken seriously, and as much, or as little, can be said of Captain Holford's *Portrait of a Boy*, a much-damaged panel ascribed to Bellini. *Christ in the Garden of Gethsemane*, supposed to be one of the five pictures which formed the predella of the *Madonna of Sant' Antonio*—the picture which has now hung for some years beside the Cartoons at South Kensington—has little affinity to Raphael, does not resemble other panels from the same predella, and is, as we see it now, too late in style. Two pictures by the Bonifazij, one lent by Dr. Richter, the other by Captain Holford, should have been hung near the so-called Titian from Lord Strafford's. The juxtaposition would have been instructive. Lord Brownlow's *Adoration of the Shepherds* is clearly by the same hand as the *Adoration of a Knight* and *St. Jerome* in the National Gallery. That hand was almost certainly Catena's, but doubts are not yet entirely removed. No. 164 is the entirely over-painted *Holy Conversation*, ascribed to no less a person than Perugino, to which we have already alluded, and No. 165 a very well-preserved Michele da Verona, of whom there is a larger but more worn example in the National Gallery. The *Portrait of a Man* (No. 166), lent by Captain Holford, and attributed merely to the school of Holbein, is by an unidentified painter of whom a good many specimens exist. One was the so-called portrait of Sir John More, which was lent to the Tudor Exhibition as a Holbein three years ago. His pictures show a stronger affinity to Mabuse than to Holbein. A *St. Catherine*, lent by Lady Lilford, and ascribed to the German school, is not German, but Flemish, and comes from the immediate entourage of Quentin Matsys. Captain Holford's *Holy Family*, by the 'Master of the Death of the Virgin,' was at the Burlington Club last summer; so, too, were the remarkable *St. Victor and a Donor*, from the Glasgow Gallery, one of the finest Early Flemish panels in existence;

the *Madonna by the Fountain*, assigned to Mabuse, which repeats a well-known picture in the Ambrosiana, at Milan; and the splendid male portrait by the same painter, almost within hail of Holbein for sincerity and completeness, lent by Captain Holford. Two portraits profess to show Sir Antonio More, as we dub him in England, at different stages of his career. One is a *Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester*, dated from about 1560, for an inscription upon it declares the sitter to have been twenty-eight when it was done. It bears no certain signs of Sir Antonio's authorship, and was painted, moreover, at a time when he was not in England. His hand is to be more surely recognised in the half-length of *Sir Thomas Gresham*, lent by Mr. Granville Leveson-Gower, which is a masterpiece. The same owner's *William Gresham of Tiltsey* is an interesting example of Cornelius Ketel, signed and dated 1579.

The great gallery is devoted, as usual, to large pictures from various schools. Velazquez is absent altogether, but Murillo keeps up the Spanish end with a full-length portrait of no great distinction, and three other pictures of less merit. The hero of the room is Rembrandt. Three pictures represent him, and they are all superb. The first comes from Captain Holford's collection at Westonbirt. It is a freely-treated likeness of himself in one of those gorgeous masquerades of which he never wearied. Apart from a touch of blackness in the shadows, it is a masterly study of tone and colour, superbly handled. Quite as fine in its way is the *Man in Armour*, from Glasgow. Here the paint is handled with extraordinary *bravura*, and yet the harmony is complete; the features, dimly seen beneath the vizor, have the repose and the vitality of Michelangelo's *Thinker*; the glittering textures of helmet and cuirass stand out with perfect justice from the surrounding gloom. The picture is in first-rate condition, and the man who thus lends himself to the master's whim seems to have been no less a person than Jan Six himself. The features are quite as near to those of the Burgomaster as we should expect in a thing of this sort. The third Rembrandt is a group of a man and a bust. The man is said to be Peter Cornelis van Hooft, a famous poet and historian, and a friend of Rembrandt; the bust is that of Homer. The picture dates from 1653. It comes from the collection of Lord Brownlow, and is one of the very finest works of the master. Three more Rembrandts hang in Gallery II. One is a lovely portrait of Saskia, painted in 1635, three years after her marriage, when Rembrandt still loved—as, indeed, he never ceased to do—to deck her out in an Oriental gorgeousness, and to contrast her fair young face with brocades heavy with gold. Unlike most of his pictures of this stamp it is on panel, which gives it a greater smoothness as well as a more golden transparency than some of those which date from the same period. A *Titus* and an *Old Woman*, both from Westonbirt, complete the list. The former belongs to the same class as the *Jeune Homme* of the Louvre; the latter recalls the *Madame de Bas* at Amsterdam, but that lady's severity shines here by its absence. Returning to the large room, we may pause a moment before the Vandycks of Lords Brownlow and Strafford, before the fine Sustermaers from Dorchester House, before Parmigiano's portrait of *A Virtuoso*—very bad in colour but full of individuality—and then we find ourselves brought up by the much-discussed canvas from Glasgow, the *Adulteress brought before Christ*. The ascription of this picture to Giorgione is much contested, the chief authorities on the sceptical side being Dr. J. P. Richter, Mr. Claude Phillips, and Mr. Sidney Colvin, the last-named basing his arguments mainly on evidence afforded by drawings. All of these believe the picture to be the work of Domenico Campagnola, Titian's assistant in the Santo frescoes at Padua, and the real author of many drawings ascribed to his employer. There is a signed picture by Domenico at Prague, but as, apparently, most of those who talk about it have never seen it, it does not, so far, stand for much. It is undeniable that, greatly as the Glasgow picture resembles Giorgione in manner, it is without his profundity of sentiment and his passionate repose, if we may use such a phrase. At the same time it should be known that before the cleaning that has lately taken place, this was far less evident than it is now. Two years ago the blue of Christ's robe, now rather *voyant* and out of tune, was much lower in tone and greener in hue. The surface seems to have been interfered with by the cleaner, as, obviously,

has that of the woman's yellow skirt. The most prudent conclusion, perhaps, to be come to at present is that, supposing the picture to be the work of any well-known Venetian, it is Giorgione's; putting Giorgione aside, it must be by some as yet obscure master, who may be Campagnola. The Duke of Sutherland's Moroni, known as *Titian's Schoolmaster*, is almost as fine as the *Tagliapanni* of the National Gallery; Lord Brownlow's *Diana and Actæon*, is a masterpiece of Titian's old age, dating from about the same time as Lord Darnley's *Europa*; Lord Strafford's *Portrait of a Lady*, called a Giorgione, seems to be nothing but a poor old copy after Paris Bordone; Lady Brownlow's Veronese, *St. Barbara*, has considerable charm, and Lord Strafford's Poussin, *St. John at Patmos*, is good in its way. The four Vandycks which hang at the end of the room are all fine, although some might be tempted to see another hand in the *Lady and Child*, lent by Lord Brownlow. The Rubens, which forms their centre-piece, is a good, a very good, example of its class. Most of the work seems to be due to Jordaens. The rest of this room is given up to English work, to be noticed presently.

The Dutch pictures in Gallery No. II. are notable for evenness of merit. Nothing touches the height reached by certain pictures when the Hope, and Robarts, and Ashburton collections were here, but scarcely anything falls very low. The Rembrandts we have already noticed. Next in distinction come the three De Hoochs, which illustrate different stages in the artist's practice. Lord Strafford's *Courtyard of a Wine-house*—overcleaned, unfortunately—comes first; next we may place Lady Wallace's *Woman taking Fruit from a Child*, and lastly the same lady's *Woman peeling Apples*. Originally Lord Strafford's must have been the best of the three, now the second takes the palm. Beside it hangs a marvellous example of Cornelis Bega, a painter still greatly undervalued. It is lent by Mr. Martin Colnaghi. Captain Holford's Aart van der Neer is a masterpiece. Lord Brownlow's so-called 'Solomon' van Ruysdael is obviously a Jakob, and Mr. H. P. Fane's Cornelis Janssen almost as certainly a Daniel Mytens. Lady Wallace's Terborch, a *Girl reading a Letter*, is quite delicious, while the Ostades of Mr. Joseph and Mr. Colnaghi, and especially the little interior from Buckingham Palace, are all first-rate. Lady Wallace's *Interior, with Peasants*, on the other hand, is a doubtful treasure. Near it hang the Queen's famous Metsu, *The Violoncello*, and her no less famous *Christ en Jardinier*, as the French call it. This is a Rembrandt from 1638, of a kind not common in this country. Mr. Constantine Ionides has a *Flight into Egypt* of about the same year, and in precisely the same style, but, as a rule, pictures of this class have to be sought abroad. Lord Lichfield's two Cuyps belong to his happiest moment, while the picture between them is perhaps the finest example in England of Cornelis Janssen, or Jonson, van Ceulen.

Among the Englishmen, Romney this year reigns supreme. His eight pictures are all, with one, or, possibly, two, exceptions, of the finest quality. Best of them all is Sir George Russell's group of *Lady Russell and her Child*, which combines the sympathy with childhood and with feminine grace, which seldom fails an English painter, with a technical completeness of which the same can by no means be said. Nearly as fine are the group of *Lady Prescott and her Children*, which has been rather unfairly treated by the hangers, the *Miss Close*, and the *Mary and Louisa Kent*. Gainsborough's finest contribution is the *Mrs. Henry Fane*, lent by Mr. Raphael; Sir Joshua's *Lady Elizabeth Keppel*, from the same owner, and the companion heads of Lady Lincoln and her sister, Lady Elizabeth Scymour. The other Sir Joshua's are of a more commonplace order; the *Bishop of Rochester*, for instance, seems, in great part, the work of Cotes. Raeburn's head of Sir Walter yields, in its own way, to nothing in the room, while three portraits by Hoppner, and one by Beechey, renew the proof we get every year that the repute of English portraiture a century ago has more than three legs to stand on. Coming down to later men, Sir William Boxall's *Mrs. Cardwell* and *Frederick Huth, Esq.*, are full of refinement and sympathy; Sir Augustus Callcott's *Mouth of the Tyne* is a fine, breezy, solidly painted picture with an excellent tradition behind it; Constable's *Keeper's Cottage* and *Salisbury Cathedral* are each—pace Mr. George Leslie—capital things in their way, one a study of atmosphere and atmospheric disturbance, the other a scheme of colour for

the finished picture at Kensington. As to the question of authenticity, the man who can look at the one picture and call it mere palette scrapings, or at the other and be unmoved by its colour, can scarcely be accepted as a safe guide. The two large Landseers, *A Lion roused from its Repast*, and *There's Life in the Old Dog yet*, are far inferior in charm to the small portrait of Lady FitzHarris from the same brush; they are inferior, too, in pictorial quality to the picture by old James Ward, which probably suggested one of them. Ward's *Tiger attacked by a Boa Constrictor* was painted in 1807; Landseer's *Lion* in 1820. The other English pictures we need mention are: the landscape by De Wint, lent by Mr. Rawlinson, which seems to be a sketch for one of the two large pictures now at Kensington; John Phillip's *Chat round the Brasero*; *The Doubtful Coin*, perhaps the masterpiece of John Frederick Lewis; a fine *Landscape, with Castle*, ascribed to George Vincent, and two capital portraits of comedians by Zoffany.

The water-colours will have to be dismissed in a sentence. So far as colour and design in its larger sense go, those by Lady Waterford need fear no comparisons; those of Samuel Palmer are most satisfactory when simplest and most spontaneous; Edward Calvert had a certain gift of graceful imagination, but his best design, a *Sleeping Dryad* (128), is copied from the sleeping Ariadne in Titian's great bacchanal at Madrid. As for the Blakes—we have already 'said our piece' about them.

THE work of a colourist always bears collection. The more of it you see together, the finer it seems. And if Burne Jones is nothing else he is a colourist, not always a colourist, but at his best a colourist rising to such a pitch of decorative completeness that to find his equal you will, perhaps, have to go back to the Venice of the sixteenth century. Before such an achievement as we see displayed at the New Gallery it seems ungracious to criticise at all. But after spending an hour or two with these 168 pictures, designs, and studies, a poignant regret forces itself into our mind that their author has not frankly accepted himself for what he is, a decorator of the very first order. Whenever he attempts drama, which he often attempts, whenever he ventures into mysticism, where he is always venturing, he fails utterly. Every head he paints breathes the same passion, every mental idea he suggests has the same suspended vagueness and want of point. It is only when the spiritual appeal goes for nothing, and the stroke at our sense is strong, that his full power appears. Take the *Chant d'amour*, take the *Laus Veneris*, take the *Cophetua* and the *Beggar Maid*, where will you find a surface enriched with a more sumptuous, a more coherent, or a more complete decoration than either of these? where will you find one that appeals more irresistibly to that inner human passion which drives us to decorate at all? That any one capable of things like these should ever spend himself on such a performance as the Pygmalion series is pure loss. If Mr. Burne Jones would give us a picture of which the whole should be equal to the finest part of the *Chant d'amour*—the man in armour—or of the *Laus Veneris*—the girl in orange with her tapestry background—what a picture we should have! The exhibition at the New Gallery includes nearly all his better-known works—*The Days of Creation*, the *Wheel of Fortune*, the *Annunciation*, the *Depths of the Sea*—a fun-poker at the R.A.—the *Chant d'amour*, the *Garden of Pan*, the *Love among the Ruins*, the *Golden Stairs*, the *Mirror of Venus*, the *Feast of Peleus*, the *Laus Veneris*, the *King Cophetua* and the *Beggar Maid*, the *Beguiling of Merlin*; all these are here, with a crowd of less-remembered things, and a number of those studies in pencil which went to their making. These latter, by the way, afford a curious comment on the claim to fine draughtsmanship sometimes made for Mr. Jones. Even for his own purpose his drawing might be apter than it is; it is never that of a draughtsman. In the hall stands the famous piano, with its *Earth and her Children*, and a cassone lent by himself, decorated with a *Garden of the Hesperides*. Mr. Hollier's photographs cover the walls of the balcony upstairs.

THE vacancy left by Mr. Louis Fagan's resignation of his post in the Print Room at the British Museum has been filled by the appointment of Mr. Donaghue, so favourably known to every student who has had cause to visit the collection.



The Young Woman at the Harpsichord.



THE YOUNG WOMAN AT THE HARPSICHORD

AFTER THE PICTURE BY JOHANNES VERMEER LATELY ACQUIRED BY THE NATIONAL GALLERY

THE picture recently bought by Sir Frederick Burton for the National Gallery is the best of three examples of Vermeer which remained till the other day in the family of the art critic who wrote over the pseudonym of 'W. Bürger.' In the sale catalogue of the 'Collection de feu Thoré-Bürger,' to quote the title-page, no fewer than five pictures are ascribed to the sphinx of Delft, but two were doubtful, while a third, although it brought the same price as the picture here reproduced, found more than one excellent judge to question its right to the great name. *La Femme au Clavecin* is not now in England for the first time. It formed part of the famous Solly collection, and was afterwards sold by auction in London in 1847. Fifty years before that it had been sold at Amsterdam with the Danser-Nyman collection, and eighty-three years earlier still it occurs in the catalogue of another Dutch sale. It came into the possession of Mons. Thoré some time between 1847 and 1866, when his elaborate articles on Vermeer appeared in the 'Gazette des Beaux-Arts.' The picture is signed, on the harpsichord, 'J. MEER'; but, like most Vermeers, it has no date. It belongs, however, to the latest period of the master; to the time when the rich impasto, the positive tints, and the vigorous curiosity of his youth, had given way to a fused and rather thin texture, to extreme sobriety of colour, and to a quietude of conception unique in art. The young lady's dress and the way in which her hair is done, show that the picture must have been painted about 1670. With Mons. Dujardin's reproduction on the opposite page, the subject requires no description. I may say, however, that the small landscape on the wall and the other on the lid of the harpsichord seem to be both after Everdingen, while the suggestive Cupid—the one blot on the composition—recalls Honthorst.

The name of Vermeer is now indissolubly bound up with that of the French journalist and critic to whom this picture once belonged.* Too much has been made, perhaps, of the oblivion into which Vermeer had fallen. His name had dropped out of books on art, but his pictures were there to speak for him, and as they were mostly signed, it was impossible that he should disappear from catalogues. The connoisseurs of a generation ago, Waagen, Mündler, and others, knew his hand, and on occasion could vindicate his rights. To believe that he had been entirely wiped out, and that Thoré had first to discover his existence, and then to make De Hooch, Metsu, and others, disgorge his *oeuvre*, is to form an exaggerated

* It may be useful to give a list of Thoré's contributions to art criticism, with their original dates of publication:—
'Trésors d'Art en Angleterre,' 1857. 'Musées de la Hollande,' 2 vols., 1858. 'Galerie d'Arenberg à Bruxelles,' 1859.
'Galerie Suermondt à Aix-la-Chapelle,' 1860. 'Musée d'Anvers,' 1862. 'Van der Meer de Delft,' 1866. 'Frans Hals,'
1868. (Histoire des Peintres de toutes les Écoles) 'École Anglaise,' 1866. 'Rembrandt, par le docteur Scheltema,
annoté par W. Bürger,' 1866. 'Velazquez et ses oeuvres,' par W. Stirling, avec notes et catalogue par W. Bürger.
'Les Salons de Thoré,' avec préface de W. Bürger, 1868.

idea of that writer's achievement—and yet what he did do was difficult enough. It required not only knowledge and an eye, but great physical energy and detachment of mind, to say nothing of accidental conditions which are by no means common.

Théophile Thoré's first energies as an art critic were devoted to the championship of the men of 1830. During the forties his pen was incessant in the attack on the academic stronghold, and his 'Salons' of that time give as good an idea as can now be got of the passions those years let loose. A change was brought about, so far as he was concerned, by the year of revolutions. After 1848 he started a journal, 'La Vraie République,' which led to his being forced to quit France on the establishment of the Second Empire. It was at this time that he adopted the pseudonym of 'W. Bürger,' over which he wrote till the end of his life. His friend, Mons. Paul Mantz, says that with his new name he put on a new individuality:—

'He could scarcely be recognised under his new disguise, for as he passed the French frontier, he left the old man behind him. "I knew Thoré in Paris before 1848," wrote Thoré himself, "but I have got to know him much better during his exile, on the banks of the Thames and the Rhine, of Lake Lemman and the Zuyderzee. He has learnt much, but above all, he has forgotten much." . . . He then began to show the resources of his intellect, and to turn the ability previously devoted to controversial criticism to the more judicial study of the past. He was among the pilgrims to Manchester in 1857, where, day after day, he loitered among the treasures with which the English had filled the finest show of retrospective art the world has ever seen.'

The result of this pilgrimage was a volume on the 'Trésors d'Art en Angleterre,' which still remains one of the most satisfactory things of its kind one can point to. The keynote is struck almost in the first line—'La collection de Manchester vaut à peu près le Louvre. L'école espagnole, les écoles primitives du Nord, les écoles allemande, flamande, et hollandaise, y sont même plus nombreuses et plus superbes. L'école anglaise n'est que là. Seulement pour les grands Italiens de la Renaissance, le Louvre surpasse Manchester—et tout cela, rassemblé d'hier, sera dispersé demain.' The spirit of this passage is kept up to the end. There is no grudging of praise, no seeking for things to blame. Every school, as its turn comes, is looked at fairly and examined impartially.

The verdicts are often such as we could not subscribe to now. Thoré was no infallible critic. But they are never malicious, chauvinistic, or provincial; they are invariably candid and generous. The volume on our English treasures was followed by two on the museums of Holland and Belgium, which are marked by the same temper. They have the faults of their time. The exact knowledge demanded nowadays is for the most part absent. As Mons. Mantz puts it:—

'Bürger was a tourist, preoccupied with trains, and had no time to sit down before parish registers. He knew nothing of that ever-precious source of truth, the muniment room. The Dutch archives, which have allowed modern savants to rewrite the history of their national art, were outside his purview. . . . And yet he did something to anticipate the ways of modern critics. He wrote well upon Rembrandt, and studied his various manners, even going so far as to copy signatures and dates! He did not do much in this way, however. To him would never have come the glory of having found out that Bakhuizen was a silk mercer, as well as a painter; or that Van der Heyden, when he was not rebuilding a Dutch street upon a modest panel, was fitting together the separate parts of a fire-engine.'

Thoré's sympathies were in the main with the Dutch painters, and with those schools in which an echo of Dutch qualities could be found. He admired our own school, setting at the head of it Reynolds, Gainsborough, Constable, Turner, Lawrence, and Wilkie. He championed the Frenchmen of 1830, and, so far as his purse would allow, collected their works. His Dutch favourites were dominated by Vermeer, but he found room for more than one interesting example of Vermeer's putative master, Karel Fabritius. The best of these was the famous *Goldfinch*. He himself speaks amusingly of his own collection. In 1867 he was invited to write, for the 'Paris-Guide,' an article on

the private galleries in the French capital. After an account of the great collectors, and of those who came next, he adds at the end: 'W. Bürger lui-même a beaucoup de tableaux, surtout les hollandais, et naturellement il les trouve les plus beaux du monde: mettons qu'il a des raretés intéressantes pour l'histoire des écoles du Nord, entre autres, ses Van der Meer de Delft, ses Fabritius, Metsu, Pieter de Hooch, Jan Steen, Hals, de Keyser, Rubens et Jordaens, et quelques modernes: Eugène Delacroix, Théodore Rousseau, Jules Dupré, Diaz, Courbet, &c.;' a list which gives a sufficient indication of the direction and bounds of his taste. Thoré died in April, 1869.

WALTER ARMSTRONG.

THE RIVERS OF DEVON

III

From Yealm Pool to Plymouth—The Hoe—The Estuary of the Plym—Bickleigh Vale—Plymouth seen from Dartmoor—The Meavy beneath Lether Tor—The Walkham and the Tavy—Lophill—The Tamar—The Hamoaze—Above Saltash—Pentillie and Cothele—Calstock—Morwell Rocks—Endsleigh and Cartha Martha—Launceston—An Artificial Lake—Tamar Head.



NE of the steamers which so frequently call at Yealm Pool, coming to anchor at the wooded point just below Newton Ferrers Creek, will take us the half-dozen miles to Plymouth and our next river, the Plym. The voyage is a pleasant one. As the vessel leaves the narrow river-mouth, lo! framed, as it were, by the headlands, is the blue cone of the Mewstone rising out of the heave and roll coming up from the Atlantic. So sudden is the change from smooth estuary to sparkling sea, that the scene comes almost as a surprise, and before we have ceased to wonder

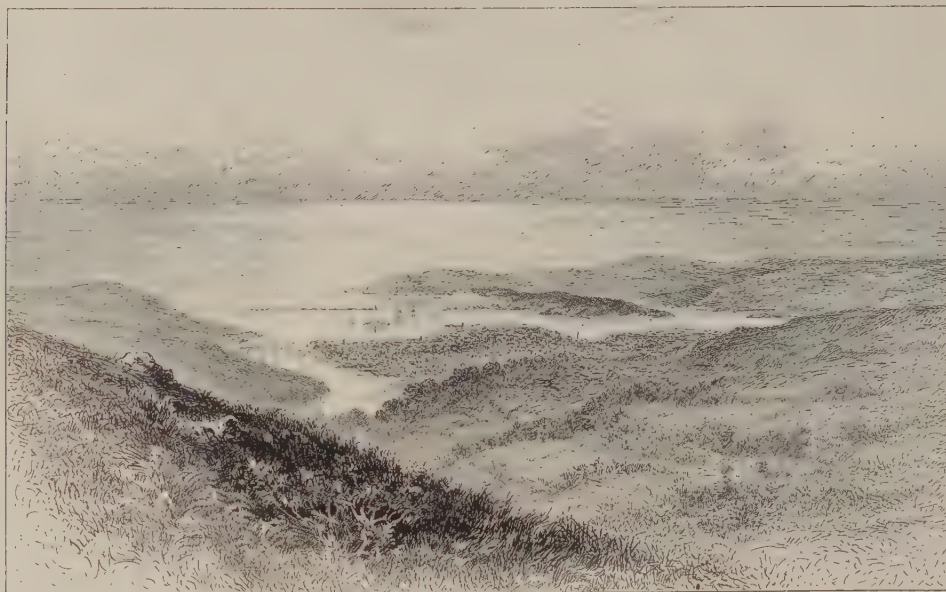
where we are, the islet is astern, and we are nearing the western horizon, bounded by Rame Head and the Cornish shore. On our right the coast is low, and marked by so few buildings that the church tower of the lonely little hamlet of Wembury is quite conspicuous. The building is surrounded by a wall, lofty where the ground falls away towards the cliff, and supported by great buttresses, which gives the whole place a queer, semi-fortified look.

The Rame—the boundary on that side of Plymouth Sound—draws nearer, till we can almost see on its summit the ruins of the little chapel marking the spot whence St. Germanus, that ecclesiastical hero of the seven-league boots, took his famous stride across to the shores of Brittany. Soon open out the beautiful woods of Mount Edgcumbe; we skirt the sharp rocks of Stadden Point, and, passing between the forts on the slope above and the long, low line of the Breakwater, enter 'the most beautiful estuary on the English coast.' Straight ahead are the terraces and monuments of the Hoe; on the right, Stadden Heights, and guarding the Cattewater, as the Plym estuary is called, the grey round tower of Mount Batten; on the left, the green winding shores that stretch from Cawsand Bay to Cremill Ferry, with Maker Church against the skyline high above the waving woods.

How small our little steamer looks now, as she glides past the great iron monsters that nowadays make up England's navy—past ocean liner waiting for the mails, past ship, and barque, and schooner, of every shape, and size, and nation. Now and again one of Her Majesty's training brigs, with white canvas spread, comes with stately movement over the rippling waters; and then how clumsy, how mean looks the great ironclad, and still more so the dingy collier lying at anchor under Dunstone Point. But in a few minutes we are inside the rocky mass of Drake's Island, and, threading the gay flotilla of yachts and pleasure-boats, come to our moorings at the West Hoe Pier.

This Hoe, the promenade of busy, prosperous Plymouth, commands the whole bay. We can see all that we have seen from the deck of the steamer, now blowing off steam below—and more, for it rises a hundred feet at least above the water. Over the roofs of Stonehouse the sun is striking the broad waters of the Hamoaze, the estuary of Tamar, and from the walls of the citadel at the eastern end we may look down upon the mouth of Plym and Sutton Pool, redolent of fish, and hear the hum and chaffer of the Barbican, to which that file of boats with red-tanned sails are now hastening, to discharge their ‘harvest of the sea,’ taken outside the Breakwater; and we look right over Plymouth, with its handsome Guildhall and old Parish Church, to the purple swell of Dartmoor, and beyond, further to the left, to the outskirts of Devonport and the Cornish bank of Tamar.

Were there space we might dwell on the memories that this historic spot calls to life. Looking back five hundred years, we might see the Black Prince sailing from the harbour



PLYMOUTH SOUND, FROM DARTMOOR. DRAWN BY A. ANSTED, FROM A SKETCH BY J. LL. W. PAGE.

beneath; while later we marvel why those gorgeous caravels are dropping anchor below, until we are told that they escort the wife of a future king, and that the stately lady even now stepping on to the cloth of gold is Catherine of Arragon. Close to that stalwart figure in bronze, the monument to Sir Francis Drake, was played the game of bowls which Elizabeth's greatest ‘sea-dog’ would ‘finish first and beat the Spaniards after;’ while this very citadel itself is a memento of the struggle between King and Parliament. Its walls were raised by Charles of merry memory, not to fortify the town, but as a gentle hint to the citizens to keep their Roundhead proclivities in subjection.

But we must descend, and, getting one of the many loungers at the Barbican to put us across Sutton Pool, make our way to Laira Bridge, a long iron structure spanning the lower waters of the Plym. In spite of ‘Saltram's pensile woods,’ which border the eastern shore, the estuary is scarcely beautiful: there are too many buildings, too many unsightly wharves and stone-yards, and above all too many railways and tram-lines along the western margin. And at low water the extent of solid, uncompromising mud is quite melancholy. But beyond the tideway things are better, and ere long, leaving well to the right the beautiful Church of Plympton St. Mary and the old Grammar School at Plympton Earl, where Sir Joshua Reynolds was born, you get to Plym Bridge under Boringdon Woods, and enter the lovely vale of Bickleigh, a long sylvan glen stretching right up to Dartmoor. Here, hidden till you are close upon it by the dense foliage, is much-painted Shaugh Bridge, a most

picturesque structure of granite, beneath which the river swirls round boulders clad in moss of velvety blackness, or stained brown with the peat brew off the moors. Above, close to where the tributary Meavy comes in, is the great fissured cliff of the Dewerstone, hung with ivy and trailing plants, and once, so the legend goes, the haunt of the 'Swart Master' and his phantom hounds.

This is not a populous part of Devonshire, and only two hamlets are near. High on the hill above the railway is the tower of Bickleigh Church; higher, at the very edge of the moorland, the sister tower of Shaugh Priors. Both have battlements, and at the corners rise those heavy crocketed pinnacles, so characteristic of these western churches. But to neither do we pay a visit, for the exterior is the best part of them, and our way lies along the brow of the ravine below Shaugh Hill—a ravine strewn with granite boulder, shaggy with oak coppice, and full of the rush of the torrent.

The glen ends upon the bare moor. At twilight the scene is almost ghastly, for here are great white heaps of china clay, a substance formed out of the decomposed felspar in granite, and above them the black beams of the framework supporting the machinery stand out gaunt against the sky. But at midday, when the work is at full swing, the scene is cheerful enough: the creaking of chains and windlasses and the rattle of trams breaking in upon the almost too great silence of the moor. For, further up stream, beyond the rocky ridge of the Trowlsworthy Tors, the only outcrop of red granite on Dartmoor, the Plym comes down the most desolate valley imaginable, where there is no sound save the voice of the river or 'the clocking of some water-moved boulder,' and, when once is passed the warren-house at Dilsworthy, no sign of man. Perhaps I should have said of *modern* man, for all the way up to Plym Head the banks are strewn with the ruins of ancient mining works, while there is scarce a slope without trace of hut-circle or pound.

From a hill-top not far from the river—a hill-top crested with the barrows of dead-and-gone Celts—there is a magnificent view over Plymouth. Once again we see the Sound, with Stadden Heights on the one side, and Mount Edgcumbe—from this point showing for the first time its peninsular shape—on the other. There is the Breakwater, a slender line defending the shipping from the long Atlantic swell; there Drake's Island, the Cattewater and Laira Bridge; and over Mount Wise and Devonport we can see not only the lower reaches of Tamar, but the winding Lynher or St. German's River, a river which to this day keeps its old British name of the 'long lake'—*llyn hir*. When we have enjoyed to the full this lovely panorama, we shall have seen all that is best of the Plym and its



LEATHER TOR AND THE MEAVY. DRAWN BY A. ANSTED,
FROM A SKETCH BY J. LL. W. PAGE.

surroundings, and will take our way across the moorlands and pass down the valley of Dean Combe, with its boulders and fern and clusters of mountain ash, till we strike the Meavy at Nosworthy Bridge.

From the rough farm road dropping to the river is seen at once not only one of the loveliest bits of border scenery, but the boldest hill in Devonshire. Right over the little arch spanning the impetuous river rises the peaked hill—it is almost a mountain—of Lether Tor. There are a few semi-cultivated crofts on the lower slopes, but higher up the hill is clad in bracken, with, perhaps, a scrub oak or wind-twisted thorn. But the summit is a wilderness of ‘clatters,’ which look almost as if they had been ejected by volcanic fires—which perhaps they have—and had lain there ever since. When the sun is getting low behind the tor the scene is really grand. In these valleys twilight is early, and the peak rises against the sky dark and threatening, while the river is only to be traced by its sound and the gleam of broken water.

Of ‘Sheepstor’s dark-browed rock,’ and of Meavy village and Meavy oak below, we can but speak, nor can we follow the little river downwards to its confluence with the Plym. Over the down along which climbs the moor railway to Princetown—surely the most picturesque bit of line for its length in England—is the valley of the Walkham. A mountain torrent rather than a river, we can from the top trace it almost throughout its entire course. There, not far from its headwaters, is Mis Tor, one of the monarchs of Dartmoor; there in the glen below are the towering pinnacles of Vixen Tor, the highest rock masses between Exe and Tamar, at whose feet the river buries itself in the woodlands, scarce seeing open country again till it reaches Horrabridge, and then only for a season; for, as it hurries round the spurs of Buckland Down, it is lost once more in the woods of Grenofen, and only emerges to flash down a semi-moorland glen to its meeting with Tavy, near strangely named Virtuous Lady Mine.

Of Tavy, river of my childhood, I could write much. But space fails to tell of more than the mountain glen of Tavy Cleave, overhung by a range of shattered tors; of Tavistock, once famous for its wealthy abbey and mitred abbots, and always beautiful with its winding river walk and elm-shaded meads; of Crowndale, where the hero Drake was born, and of Buckland Abbey lower down, where he spent such of his latter days as were not given to adventure and the harrying of Spanish ‘dons.’ Yet, from the old Saxon town right down to Lophill, where it meets the incoming tide by the lawns of Maristowe, the Tavy is beautiful every yard. From Crowndale downwards there is a constant succession, either on one side or the other, of lofty wooded hills, interrupted here and there by a rough bit of common, as at its meeting with the Walkham, or of meadow-land as about Hatch Mills. Lophill itself is made up of a few cottages near the end of the woods—woods which have been so cruelly devastated by the blizzard that piles of timber lay for months after, waiting removal. When I was last there one or two gaily painted barges lay by the little quay, their red and ochre sails a pleasant splash of colour against the dark background of foliage.

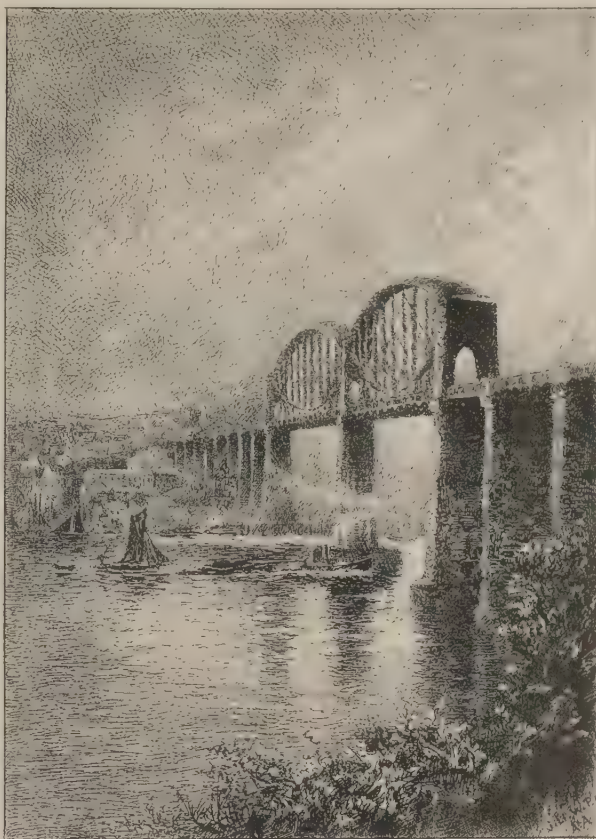
Within sight of that grand monument of Brunel’s genius, the Royal Albert Bridge, the Tavy joins the Tamar. Between the bridge and the busy dockyards at Keyham and Devonport is the Hamoaze, an anchorage for a few of our wooden walls which, dismantled though they be, are still far pleasanter to look upon than the hideous floating forts of our modern navy. And as great as is the difference between the ships of George the Third and those of Victoria is the contrast between Tamar below and Tamar above Saltash. Below, there is a constant coming and going—steam-launches passing from ship to shore, wicked-looking torpedo-boats rushing through the water at a speed at which our forefathers would have stood aghast, and, perhaps, a great troop-ship in charge of a couple of tugs leaving Keyham for the Sound. The melodious sound of the shipwright’s mallet

comes from the yards, mingling with the bugle-call of the marines on the guard-ship or the shriller boatswain's pipe. Above, the river spreads broad and smooth as a lake between the green shores of Landulph, where rest the bones of Theodore Palaeologus, last descendant of the Greek Emperors, and the wooded inlet of Tamerton with St. Budeaux Church, from which Colonel Stucley and his soldiers were driven by the Parliamentarians in the 'war-time' on the hill-top above. Here there is no movement at all, save that made by the steamer on her way to Calstock, or by the more deliberate motion of some coaster, perhaps loaded with granite from the wharves of Gunnislake. Far away over the mansion and woods of Maristowe the tors of Dartmoor sleep in the warm haze, while further west rise the round masses of Hingston Down and Kit Hill, bristling, even at this distance, with the chimney-stacks of the copper mines. Mines, indeed, go very near to spoiling the Tamar, and in more than one place in the long, wooded valley down which it winds like a 'surging snake' from the Weir Head the trees are blasted by the villainous fumes of arsenic.

But this side of Calstock mining has pretty well let the river alone, and the emerald lawns of Pentillie Castle and the ancient woods of Cothele know nothing of such things. Below the latter mansion, a fine specimen of a fortified manor-house, on a rocky headland nearly hidden by foliage, is the chapel erected by one of the Edgcumbes to commemorate his escape from the minions of Richard Crookback. Hard pressed, the knight hurled his cap into the river, and the pursuers jumped to the conclusion that their quarry had committed suicide rather than allow himself to be taken.

After all this, Calstock is scarcely attractive. It is a grey, dingy little waterside town, hung somehow on to the side or straggling along the bottom of a steep hill. Yet many visit it, for here are the strawberry gardens, which—for a consideration—you may enter and take your fill of the luscious fruit. Indeed, all this neighbourhood is a great fruit district, and, though the strawberry is the staple—as much as eighty tons have gone to London in a single season—a large trade is done in the less aristocratic cherry, plum, and gooseberry. So even Calstock has something to recommend it.

A long way above Calstock by river, though only two miles by land, the Tamar sweeps beneath the pinnacles of Morwell Rocks, crags rising from the woods to a height of three hundred feet. Here at high water—for the Tamar, like the Avon (which hereabouts it somewhat resembles) does not look its best at low tide—there is a fine view of the stream, of dark Cornish moorland, and of wooded promontory, one crowned by the tower of Calstock Church—Calstock, happily, being invisible. You can almost see the spot where the river ceases to be navigable (except for barges, and *they* have to pass through a lock), and where a rough weir bars the stream. Above this Weir Head, as it is called, twenty-two miles



THE ROYAL ALBERT BRIDGE AT SALTASH. DRAWN BY A. ANSTED, FROM A SKETCH BY J. LL. W. PAGE.

from the sea, we reach Newbridge, approached, both from the Devonshire and the Cornish shores, by a tremendously steep hill, and, passing up the valley, through the lower workings of the once celebrated Devon Great Consols, the most extensive copper mine in Europe, reach the woods of Endsleigh. I have neither space nor words to do justice to this, the most lovely domain in the West, through which, for many a mile, the Tamar pours its shallow and, now the mines are left behind, transparent flood. A rustic-looking mansion, thatched and gabled, looks down the timbered slopes of a park scarcely less beautiful than the gardens at the back, which are a paradise in themselves. Above, round an enormous bend, is Cartha Martha, where dwells Mr. A. B. Collier, the artist, placed on the highest point of a hill so steep that it is almost a precipice. Then comes Greystone Bridge, another picturesque structure, not many miles short of the acclivity where, clustering about its ruined



LAKE ON THE TAMAR. DRAWN BY A. ANSTED, FROM A SKETCH BY J. LL. W. PAGE.

castle, the good town of Launceston commands not only the valley, but the whole country from Brown Willy to Dartmoor. Launceston is an interesting old town, and one of the gateways that in the stormy Middle Ages pierced its walls still remains, though the walls themselves have gone. But the chief glory of the town is the church, which boasts an exterior of extraordinary richness, nearly every stone being carved. It is said to have been erected in the sixteenth century by Sir Henry Trecarrel, of Trecarrels, for which mansion the stone was originally intended. Death, however, laid low the heir, and the heart-broken knight dedicated the work to pious uses.

The prettiest sight on the upper Tamar is the lake near Alfardisworthy (wisely shortened to *Alsery*), some five miles short of its source. I remember visiting it on an autumn evening, when the sun was low over the western slopes, and no breath stirred the steel-like sheet, so that the reflections, even to those of a regiment of corn-shocks, were as perfect as in a mirror. Not even the knowledge that this lake—it is nearly a mile long and quite half a mile wide—is, or was, the reservoir for the disused Bude Canal can destroy its romance.

How different is Tamar Head. A bare moorland covered with coarse herbage, relieved only by the white plume of the cotton grass, sure indicator of bog, is the birthplace of our river. Here, out of a little pool that is almost a puddle, flow both Tamar and Torridge, taking opposite directions—the one, as Risdon hath it, ‘disburdening itself into the British ocean,’ while the other ‘by long wandering seeks the Severn sea.’ The country is horribly bleak, and the unpromising pastures and ploughland roll away in everlasting undulations, each exactly like the other, to the horizon. To the left there *is* a farm and a few cottages,

and the hamlet of Wooley is somewhere between us and the Atlantic, now only three or four miles distant. But no human being is in sight; there is no sign of life; not even a church tower against the sky-line breaks the all-prevailing monotony. No wonder that the rivers start in life rather miserably. They are both feeble streams, except after rain, when, according to an intelligent native, 'Tamar sends up nearly enough water to turn a mill,' though whence he gets it, with only a rise of about thirty feet for watershed, is a mystery.

JOHN LL. WARDEN PAGE.

ENGLISH BOOKBINDINGS

I.—*The Middle Ages to the Reign of Queen Elizabeth*

IN early times the worker in precious metals and the ivory-carver were more concerned in the binding of books than the craftsman usually regarded by us as a bookbinder. The more valuable manuscripts were encased in coverings of gold, silver, and ivory, which were frequently ornamented with gems and crystals. These costly bindings were, however, generally fatal to the volumes they were intended to preserve and adorn. It is somewhat doubtful whether any of English workmanship have come down to our time. The ruthless manner in which the service-books of the Church, upon which they were so often found, were treated by the Reformers is shown by an Act of Edward VI., which directs 'that all bookes, Antiphoners, Missales, Grailes, Processionalles, Manuelles, Legendes, Pies, Portuasses, Primers in Latine or Englishe, or other bookes or writings whatsoever, heretofore used for the service of the Church, writen or Printed in the Englishe or Latine tongue, other than suche as are or shalbe set furth by the Kinges Majestie, shalbe by auctoritie of this present acte clearlie and utterlie abolished, extinguished, and forbidden for ever to be used or kepte in this Realme, or elsewhere within any of the Kinges dominions;' and the Act further orders that any person keeping one of these books, and failing to give it up to the authorities by a certain date for the purpose of having it burnt or otherwise destroyed, shall be fined ten shillings for the first offence, four pounds for the second, and be imprisoned during the King's pleasure for the third. Although the more humble bindings in leather equally suffered with those of greater value from the religious intolerance of the age, they were more fortunate in not exciting to the same extent the cupidity of plunderers, and some beautiful examples are still to be found in our great libraries. Surpassing all others in interest is that on the little volume containing the Gospel of St. John, taken from the tomb of St. Cuthbert, and now preserved in the library of Stonyhurst College. The binding is of red leather, and Mr. Gordon Duff, a great authority on early bindings, considers it to be not later than the tenth century. On the upper cover is a raised ornament of Celtic design, having above and below it panels filled with interlaced work, coloured with yellow paint; and on the lower cover a geometrical pattern picked out in yellow. The researches of Mr. Weale, the learned Keeper of the Art Library at South Kensington Museum, conclusively show that at the end of the twelfth century bookbinding had nowhere attained to so high a degree of perfection as in England; the best work being done by the professional binders of London and Winchester, and by the monks of Durham and other abbeys. Mr. Weale tells us that 'the leather and other materials employed, and the binding itself, were excellent; and that the stamps used for the ornamentation of the covers have never been surpassed for beauty of design and execution.' This assertion is fully borne out by the binding of the noble volumes of the Bible, written and bound at the Benedictine Monastery, Durham, between 1153 and 1195, for Hugh Pudsey, Bishop of that See, and given by him to the Cathedral Library, where they are still preserved. They are covered with brown leather, ornamented with interlaced chain-work—a very favourite style of decoration—and are also

tooled with small stamps representing men in various positions, fabulous animals, and palmated leaves. The beautiful binding of the manuscript belonging to the Society of Antiquaries, known as the Winchester Domesday Book, 'Liber de terris regis redditibus Langabulum et Brugium in Winton,' also of the twelfth century, and executed in a somewhat similar manner to that of the Durham books, is an additional proof of the excellence of English work of that period. These bindings were included in the recent Exhibition of Bindings

at the Burlington Fine Arts Club, and excited great interest. An exceedingly good representation by Mr. Griggs of the binding of the Winchester book is given in the splendid illustrated catalogue issued by the Club.

The British Museum also possesses a fine binding of the end of the twelfth or the beginning of the thirteenth century. The book is a copy of the 'Liber Sapientiae,' and the covers consist of thick wooden boards, covered with brown leather, ornamented with various stamps. Those on the upper cover represent among others a bishop in pontificals, a mounted knight with lance, a lion, a half-length warrior with sword and shield; and, on the lower cover, a church, a crowned king mounted, a centaur with bow and arrow, a winged lion with nimbus, a stag, and a saltire between four human heads.

Almost all these early bindings consisted of wooden boards covered with brown leather. The ornamentation of the sides was



'LIBER SAPIENTIAE.' MS. of the end of the Twelfth, or the beginning of the Thirteenth Century. English Binding of the same date. $9\frac{1}{2}$ in. by $6\frac{1}{4}$ in.

peculiar to English work of the time. The design was composed of numerous small dies arranged in vertical and horizontal lines, forming a border, which enclosed other stamps in great variety.

Count Libri, in his 'Monuments Inédits,' makes some interesting remarks respecting these early stamps. 'It would not be difficult,' he writes, 'to prove that, in all probability, the impression by blind tooling of figures on the skin employed for the covers of books preceded every other impression on paper of figures engraved on wood or metal. The Italian word *stampare*, employed long before the invention of printing, and which was anciently used as applying to the action of pressing on the skin, is one proof of what we have just asserted.'

The pre-eminence of English binding was not maintained, and, although some fairly good work was done in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, by the end of the fifteenth

it had entirely lost its national characteristics. This, no doubt, was caused in a great degree by the invention of printing, and the number of foreign books which, by an Act passed in the first year of Richard III. (1484), were permitted to be brought into this country. Many stationers from the Continent took up their abode in London, Cambridge, Oxford, and other towns, and opened establishments where they both sold and bound books, using the stamps which they had brought with them from abroad. Among these was Theodore Rood, a native of Cologne, who, in 1478, settled in Oxford, taking into partnership Thomas Hunte, an English stationer. Many of their bindings are still in existence, and several are to be found among the books in the library of the British Museum. These are adorned with small dies, arranged on the old English system, and appear to be some of the latest bindings treated in this style of ornamentation, for the panel stamp, which was invented about the middle of the fourteenth century, was found to be so useful in the decoration of the smaller books that its use for this purpose quickly became universal. It was also occasionally employed in combination with the roll for the larger ones. The earliest example of it on an English binding occurs upon a book cover preserved in the library at Westminster Abbey. Each side is impressed with the arms of King Edward IV., enclosed in a border of *fleurs-de-lis* and other small stamps. The material is calf, and the date is about 1480. Caxton, the first English printer, no doubt bound many of the books which issued from his press, but these were so popular, and consequently so much used, that very few of the bindings remain. A copy of the second edition of the 'Liber Festivalis,' printed probably in 1491, which is still in the original covers, is exhibited in one of the show-cases containing bindings in the King's Library in the British Museum. The volume is bound in brown leather, and has a border of a rectangular double set of ruled lines, enclosing diagonal ones crossing each other, and in the lozenge-shaped compartments thus formed are impressed griffins and a small floral ornament. The general design of the binding is foreign, and the stamps are evidently not English ones. Caxton probably brought them with him from Bruges, where his earlier books were printed. Pynson, a native of Normandy, and Wynkyn de Worde, a native of the Duchy of Lorraine, before they commenced business on their own account, were for some time in the employment of Caxton. Both bound the volumes they printed, and many bindings by the former, who styled himself 'Squyer and prenter to the Kynges noble grace,' are still in existence, some of them bearing his well-known device. The latter, who died in the end of 1534 or the beginning of 1535, left in his will *xxs.* in books to Nowel, the bookbinder in Shoe Lane; and to Alard, bookbinder, 'my servant,' *vjl. xijjs. iiijd.* Julian Notary, the well-known printer, a Frenchman, who resided at King Street, Westminster, also did much good work as a binder.

The best known of the English binders of this time is John Reynes, who lived at the sign of St. George in St. Paul's Churchyard, and was also a printer and stationer. His bindings are easily distinguished, as he always placed his initials or mark upon them—frequently both. He often used a large panel stamp, representing the instruments of the Passion treated as a coat-of-arms, accompanied with the inscription, 'Redemptoris Mundi Arma.' This curious design was probably suggested by an engraving in a Book of Hours, printed by Thielman Kerver of Paris, but the idea of giving arms to Our Lord was not altogether a novel one. In the 'Book of St. Albans,' printed in 1486, and ascribed to Dame Juliana Bernes, it is written, 'Off the ofspryng of the gentilman Jafeth came Habraham, Moyses, Aron, and the profettys, and also the Kyng of ye right lyne of Mary, of whom that gentilman Jhesus was borne very God and man, after his manhood Kyng of the londe of Jude and of Jues gentilman by is modre Mary prynce of Cote armure;' and in another place, 'Criste was a gentilman of his moder behalve and bare cotarmure of aunseturis.'

Another design was much used by Reynes, and also, with a few slight differences, by

other binders of the time. It consists of two panels—one bearing the arms of Henry VIII.; the other the Tudor rose, supported by angels, and enclosed within two ribbons, inscribed with the motto:—

‘Hec rosa virtutis de celo missa sereno
Eternum florens regia sceptrā feret.’

Beneath is a pomegranate, the device of Katharine of Aragon. At the angles at the top of these two panels are stamped the sun and moon, and two small shields—the shields on the



ALPHONSUS DE VILLA SANCTA. 'DE LIBERO ARBITRIS, ADVERSUS MELANCHTONEM.'
(Lond. 1523.) Bound by John Reynes. 9½ in. by 6½ in.

upper panel bearing respectively a St. George's cross and the arms of the City of London; those on the lower, the initials and mark of the binder.

The volumes with these bindings are sometimes supposed to have formed part of the royal library, but such was not the case, for, as has already been stated, similar stamps were used by several binders, including Julian Notary and Henry Jacobi, who frequently added their initials and marks. Reynes also employed a fine roll stamp, in which, amid sprays of foliage, a hound, a falcon, and a bee, together with the binder's device, are very artistically introduced. It would not be possible within the limits of an article to give an account of all the binders who exercised their craft in England at this time, but John Siberch, the first Cambridge printer, and two Cambridge stationers, Nicholas Spierinck or Speryng and Garrett Godfrey, deserve special notice on account of the many excellent bindings which they executed.

In 1533 it was found that so many bound books were imported into this country, to the detriment of the English printers and binders, that the following Act was passed for their protection. It is so very interesting, and throws so much light on the state of the printing and binding trades of this period, that it is worth giving at length. An. xxv. Henry VIII., cap. xv. :—

‘Whereas as by the provisyon of a statute made in the fyrste yere of the reygne of Kynge Richarde the thyrde, hit was provyded in the same acte, that all straungers, repayrynge into this realme, myghte lawfully bryng into the sayd realme printed and writen bokes to selle at theyr lybertie and pleasure.

By force of whiche provision there hath comen into this realme sithen the makynge of the same, a marveylous nombre of printed bookes and daylye doth. And the cause of the makynge of the same provysion semethe to be, for that there were but fewe bokes and fewe printers within this realme atte that tyme, whyche coulde welle exercise and occupie the sayde science and crafte of pryntynge: Never the lesse, sythen the makynge of the sayde provysyon, manye of this realme, beyng the kynges naturall subiectes, have gyven them soo delygentelye to lerne and exercise the sayde crafte of pryntynge that at this daye there be within this realme a greate nombre counnyng and experte in the sayde science or crafte of pryntynge, as able to exercise the sayde crafte in all poyntes, as anye straunger in anye other realme or countrey. And furthermore where there be a greate nombre of the kynges subiectes within this realme, whyche lyve by the crafte and mysterye of the byndynge of bookes, and that there be a great multitude welle experte in the same: yet all this not withstandynge there are dyvers persones that bringe from beyonde the se greate plentie of printed bookes, not onelye in the latyne tonge, but also in our maternal englishe tonge, some bounde in bordes, some in lether, and some in parchment, and them selle by retayle, whereby many of the kynges subiectes, beinge bynders of bokes, and having none other facultie wherwith to gette theyr lyvinge, be destitute of worke, and lyke to be undone: except some reformation herin be had. Be it therefore enacted by the kyng our soverayne lorde, the lordes spiritual and temporal, and the commons in this present parlyament assembled, that the sayd Proviso made the fyrst yere of the sayd King Richarde the thirde, from the feaste of the nativite of our lorde god nexte commynge, shalbe voyde and of none effecte. And further be it enacted by the auctoryte afore sayde, that no person or persons resiāt or inhabitant within this realme, after the sayd feast of Christmas next coming, shal bie to sel ageyne any printed bokes brought from any parties out of the kynges obeysance, redye bounden in bordes, lether, or parchment, upon payne to lose and forfayte for everye boke bounde out of the sayde kynges obeysance, and brought into this realme, and bought by anye person or persons within the same to sell agayne, contrary to this act, syxe shyllynge eyght pence.'

This Act, although greatly modified by later statutes, was not finally repealed until 1863. (Cap. 125 of the 26th and 27th of Victoria.)

It was not until about the middle of the second half of the fifteenth century that gold tooling was used on leather bindings in Europe. Italy appears to have been the earliest country to adopt this style of decoration, which quickly became general there, and soon spread over the greater part of the Continent, from whence it reached England in the latter part of the reign of Henry VIII. Thomas Berthelet or Bartlet, who dwelt at the sign of Lucretia Romana in Fleet Street, the King's printer and binder, was the first to employ it in this country; and a bill of his is still extant, in which he charges Henry 117*l.* 0*s.* 6½*d.* for books supplied and bound during the years 1541, 1542, and 1543. Among the various entries we find the following:—

'Item delyvered to the Kinges hyghnes, the vj day of January, a Psalter in Englishe and latyn, covered with crimoysyn satyne 2*s.*

'Item delyvered to the Kinges hyghnes, for a litle Psalter, takynge out of one booke and setting in an other in the same place, and for gorgious byndynge of the same booke xij*d.*; and to the Goldesmythe, for taking of the claspes and corners, and for setting in the same ageyne xv*d.* Summa 2*s.* 4*d.*

'Item delivered unto the Kinges hyghnes, the xv day of January, a New Testament in latyne, and a Psalter englishe and latyne, bounde back to back, in white leather, gorgiously gilted on the leather; the bookes came to ijs.; the byndynge and arabeske drawynge in golde on the transfile iiij*s.*—Summa 6*s.*

'Item delyvered to Mr. James, Maister Denes servaunte, for the Kinges hyghnes use, the xvjth daye of Maye, a greate booke of paper imperiall, bound after the facion of Venice, price 15*s.*'

It has not been found possible to identify any of Henry the Eighth's books now in the British Museum with those mentioned in this bill, but a copy of Sir Thomas Elyot's 'Image of Governace,' which is preserved in the national library, and which forms one of the illustrations given with this article, was printed by Berthelet in 1540, and was bound by him for the King. White leather—probably doeskin—is used for the binding, and each cover has an ornamental border of gold tooling, enclosing a beautiful arabesque design, in the centre of which occurs the royal motto, 'DIEV ET MON DROIT,' accompanied by the initials of the King. On the edges of the leaves are the words, 'REX IN ÆTERNVM VIVE,' painted in gold. Edward VI., during his short reign, collected a considerable number of handsomely

bound books, which generally bear his arms and initials. Some of these volumes are ornamented with Grolier patterns, which were introduced into England about this period. The example given on plate is a very fine specimen of this style, and does great credit to English art of the time. The book, which is a small folio, measuring twelve inches by eight and a half, is a copy of Cardinal Bembo's 'History of Venice,' printed in that city in 1551. It is bound in brown calf, the covers being ornamented with a very



BONNER. 'A PROFITABLE AND NECESSARY DOCTRINE.' (Lond. 1555.)
Bound by Berthelet for Queen Mary I. 7¾ in. by 5¾ in.

handsome interlaced geometrical and arabesque design in black and gold. In the central compartment formed by the pattern are impressed the arms of the King, with his initials on each side; the royal motto, 'DIEU ET MON DROIT,' occurring in a circle above the arms, and the date, 'M.D.LII,' in one below them. The back of the book is made concave, and is gilt and gauffred, like the edges, producing a somewhat strange appearance. This volume, which belongs to the old royal collection of books, given to the British Museum by George II., was, doubtless, bound by, or under the superintendence of, Berthelet. The books bound for Edward while Prince of Wales have his badge and the initials, 'E. P.' on the covers. Berthelet continued to act as the royal binder after the accession of Mary to the throne, and an illustration of a very excellent binding by him for that monarch is given here. It is bound in brown calf, the

covers being tooled in gold with a very charming arabesque pattern, and have the royal arms inside a circle surrounded by tongues of flame, an ornament much used by Berthelet on the volumes bound by him for Edward and Mary. The book is Bonner's 'Profitable and Necessary Doctrine,' printed at London in 1555, and was probably a presentation copy to the Queen. On the title-page is a manuscript note in the handwriting of the time, reading, 'Domine salvos fac regem et reginam.'

Bookbinding shared in the general advance of the fine arts in England during the reign of Elizabeth, and the bindings of the Queen's books are very superior, both as regards beauty of design and finish of workmanship, to those of her predecessors. They generally bear her arms and initials, but occasionally they are ornamented with a falcon, crowned and holding a sceptre. This was the device of her mother, Anne Boleyn, but its use was continued by Elizabeth, and it was styled the Queen's own badge. Elizabeth was very fond of embroidered books, some of which she worked with her own hands, and also of volumes in sumptuous

bindings. Paul Hentzner, a native of Brandenburg, counsellor to Charles, duke of Münsterberg and Oels, when travelling in this country as tutor to Christoph Rehdiger, a young nobleman of Silesia, paid a visit, in August 1598, to the Queen's library at Whitehall. He tells us in his 'Itinerary' that it was well stored with books in various languages, 'all bound in velvet of different colours, although chiefly red, with clasps of gold and silver; some having pearls and precious stones set in their bindings.' Most of these have disappeared, but a dainty little book of prayers, bound in red velvet, with centre-pieces, corners, and clasps of gold, enamelled with crowned Tudor roses and the initials of the Queen, is still preserved in the British Museum.

The remarkably handsome volume from the library of Elizabeth—a nearly full-sized representation of which forms the principal illustration to this article—is a presentation copy to her from Matthew Parker, Archbishop of Canterbury, of the 'Flores Historiarum' of Matthew of Westminster, printed in London in 1570. It is bound in brown calf, with corners and side-pieces of inlaid white leather, beautifully decorated with military trophies stamped in relief upon a gold ground. In the centre of each cover is an ornament consisting of an elegant geometrical and arabesque pattern executed in the same style as the corners and side-pieces, and enclosing the arms of the Queen, her initials being placed outside; the sides are also studded with gold dots. The book has clasps, and the edges are gilt and gauffed. On each of the corners are stamped the initial letters, 'I. D. P.,' and it has been suggested that they may be those of John Day, printer, as they also occur on the binding of a copy of 'The Gospels in Anglo-Saxon and English,' printed by him in 1571. This book was edited by John Fox, the martyrologist, and dedicated by him to Elizabeth. A MS. note on the title-page, stating that 'This was the Dedication Book presented to the Queenes owne handes by Mr. Fox,' gives to the volume more than ordinary interest.

WILLIAM YOUNGER FLETCHER.

PIETRO PERUGINO

II

ONE of the last of Perugino's really personal and interesting works, notwithstanding a marked perfunctoriness in the composition, is the *Virgin and Child with St. Jerome and St. Francis*, originally painted for S. Maria de' Servi, at Perugia, and acquired for the National Gallery in 1879. The chief attraction of this piece is its singularly beautiful autumnal-leaf colour. In close relation to it stands the *Virgin and Child between St. John the Evangelist and St. Nicholas*, in the Munich Pinakothek.

In 1507 Perugino was summoned to Rome by Pope Julius II., where, after working in the Vatican, in the subsequently named Camera dell' Incendio del Borgo, he was compelled to vanish before the advancing steps of Sanzio, that youthful and victorious genius, one side of whose artistic personality he had himself contributed so much to form. The pupil left, however, intact on the ceiling of the chamber, four medallions with representations of the First Person of the Trinity, which are still to be seen there in fine preservation. It would be tedious to trace step by step the downward career of our master. When finally settled in Perugia he would appear to have become disheartened or indifferent rather than enfeebled, and to have looked upon his art as a lucrative trade to be practised with as little expenditure of brains and brush as would suffice to content his Umbrian clients, still satisfied of his supremacy, still imperfectly alive to the definitive revolution effected by the new manner. It is sufficient to note that to 1517 belongs a ruined fresco of the *Descent from the Cross* in S. Maria de' Servi, at Città della Pieve; to 1518 the *Martyrdom of St. Sebastian* at S. Francesco de' Minori Conventuali of Perugia; that in 1521 were executed the groups added by the master to Raphael's unfinished fresco at S. Severo in Perugia; at about the same late period

the frescoes in S. Maria Maggiore at Spello, and the vast altar-piece painted for S. Agostino of Perugia, of which some of the principal portions remain there, while other fragments are to be found in the Pinacoteca of the same city, and in the galleries of Lyons, Toulouse, Grenoble, Nantes, and Strasburg respectively. The curious will find full particulars as to all these late productions in Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselle's well-known history. The last performance of the aged master is a *Nativity*, frescoed for the church of Fontignano in



DESCENT FROM THE CROSS. BY PIETRO PERUGINO.

the year 1523, but subsequently sawn off the wall, and finally acquired by the South Kensington Museum, where it hangs but little noticed in an upper gallery. Feeble and washed-out as it is in comparison with works of the master's great maturity, its proper place would undoubtedly be in the National Gallery.

Perugino while labouring at Fontignano fell a victim, in the same year of 1523, to the plague which then broke out and ravaged all Umbria. He was buried, we are told, in an unconsecrated field there, and his sons, desirous of affording him an honourable burial according to the rites of the Church, never succeeded in recovering his remains.

It is impossible to pass over in silence Vasari's terrible accusation levelled against this pre-eminent practitioner of sacred art, that he was 'persona di assai poca religione e non gli potè mai far credere l'immortalità dell' anima.' Though we must take with every possible reservation this malevolent assertion, coming as it does from a sworn detractor, eager to

dénigrer all Buonarroti's foes, it is not safe altogether to disregard it as an index of the famous Umbrian's character. However, whatever our judgment might be on this point, it would not in any case be necessary to doubt for a moment Perugino's absolute sincerity as a painter of sacred subjects, because it might appear that, to the imaginative sympathy which enabled him to embody in its highest perfection the mystic ideal of Umbrian devotional art, he did not add the orthodoxy of doctrine, the holiness of life, of a Fra Angelico or a Fra Bartolommeo di San Marco. What is essential in an exponent of sacred art is not so much the possession of pure morals and unquestioning faith—though we would not be understood to deny the influence of such qualities—as that sympathetic power and imaginativeness which enable an artist to divine, and to embody in a new and concrete form, what appeals to, what represents in its essence, the faith of others.

Among all the great artists who were the forerunners and contemporaries of the mighty three—Leonardo da Vinci, Michelangelo, and Raphael—in whom culminated on the one hand the pure Florentine, on the other the Umbro-Florentine art, Perugino must, judged by the works of his youth and maturity, take rank with the greatest. True, he remained a Quattrocentist to the very end; his exquisite art had not the germs, the potentialities which make so interesting that of the passionate Botticelli, the pathetic and fanciful Filippino Lippi, the weighty and noble Domenico Ghirlandajo. Among Umbrians, too, Signorelli (for we class him as such) has a tragic passion, an intense virility to which Vannucci can lay no claim, and Pinturicchio a facility and variety superior to his. Still, in the holy calm, in the absolute detachment from things terrestrial, which mark Perugino's noblest conceptions, he knows no rivals in art, save perhaps Fra Angelico and Fra Filippo Lippi. His Virgin, meek and undemonstrative though she may appear, is still a divine being to be worshipped as well as loved, not a mere woman in whom we tenderly admire the maternal instinct. His saints, male and female, have an absolute purity, a dreamy, unquestioning faith, which bars them altogether from earth, and dissociates them even from the mere dramatic and historic side of religion, with which, irresistibly drawn to self-communing and holy contemplation, they have no concern. Indeed, the dramatic or the more passionate phase of religious art Perugino had no capacity, and no desire, to express: his few attempts to suggest swiftness of action or transient emotion being relatively failures. From a technical point of view we must admire his perfection of craftsmanship, equally in the pure and brilliant temperas of his youth, in the well-fused, the richer, yet not less brilliant oil-paintings of his maturity, and in the frescoes executed throughout his long career with a swiftness and certainty of touch, with a decorative skill, such as few, if any, of the Quattrocentists have surpassed. Above all, we note in his greatest works an all-satisfying unity of subject and interpretation; of mystically imagined figures and mystic enframing landscape; of reticent yet of its period perfect execution, brought to bear on conceptions the reticence of which is their greatest charm: a rare and precious quality which is only to be found in art the highest of its kind.

CLAUDE PHILLIPS.

MR. FORD MADOX BROWN: HIS EARLY STUDIES AND MOTIVES



SO long as fifty years ago, and so far as England is concerned, honours began to accrue to this artist of the artists, then only in his twenty-third year, when his professional *status* in this country was won at the exhibition—the second of a similar series—of cartoons, fresco pictures, and sculptures, intended to develop high art amongst us under Government patronage. Being under that patronage, it goes without saying that it failed. This collection was made in the spring of 1844, when all the world was young, while thousands upon thousands of spectators rushed to the place. The immediate occasion of these ambitious gatherings was—as everybody ought to know, but many have forgotten, and some need to be told—the intended multitude of decorations for ‘Her Majesty’s Palace at Westminster,’ then building to replace the ancient structure, which the blunder of some one who was burning Exchequer tallies (they had better have been sold for another kind of firewood) had condemned to the flames. That catastrophe had sent up in smoke and fire a large proportion of the records and other relics of six hundred years of English Parliamentary history, and Her Majesty’s Commissioners, of whom the guiding spirit was their Secretary, Mr. (afterwards Sir) Charles Eastlake, had invited all sorts of artists to compete for commissions to paint in fresco and carve in marble at Barry’s handsome classic structure in a quasi-Gothic skin, which was destined never to receive half the ornaments designed for it.

A host of artists responded to the call, and, in 1843, the first collection of cartoons was formed in the ancient Hall of Rufus at Westminster, where, despite not a few absurdities, some hideous delineations of idiotic conceptions, and pictorial pranks such as the world never saw before, the finer examples astonished all concerned, and amply justified the hopes of those who thought well of English art. In 1844 the experiment was repeated, and the hall contained, besides monochromatic cartoons, such as the previous collection had been formed of, frescoes proper in colour, encaustic paintings, and works in oil. At that time fresco painting was quite unknown in this country,* encaustic painting had only been heard of, and the now familiar art of drawing the human figure at life-size had few professors.

Among those whose thorough technical training qualified them to work alike in all these processes was Mr. Madox Brown, whose early education armed him with that comprehensive skill which alone makes an artist in the fullest sense of the term, and releases him from trammels which bind the half-taught and timid worthies who, unlike the great artists of old, dare not venture to paint in oil if their practice has been originally with water, and paralyses them in etching if drawing in chalk has been their *métier*. Not such was the practice of Titian, Raphael, or Michael Angelo, who worked indifferently in oil, water, fresco, chalk, pencil, pastel, or silver point. Not such the ways of masters so energetic as Linnell, who painted in both mediums, engraved, etched, and drew with every kind of implement. Accordingly, those who knew Madox Brown were not surprised when he appeared at Westminster Hall with (1) No. 7, a cartoon of the *Bringing the Body of Harold to the Conqueror*, a most vigorous and expressive design, measuring 15 by 13 feet, with

* In fact, fresco never had been publicly practised in these islands, and, while its complete success was questionable even in Italy (where most of the specimens had been finished or repaired in distemper), encaustic painting was in effect a mystery; most of the very dictionaries were silent about it. The so-called mediaeval ‘frescoes’ our current newspapers and architects still talk of are really distemper pictures, *i.e.*, quite different things. A few encaustic paintings of remote date had turned up here and there, but, even amongst the artists who had been educated abroad, scarcely anybody was able to work in that method.

figures, including horses, at life-size;* (2) No. 8, an encaustic sketch, in rich and strong colours, for the design of No. 1; and (3), No. 84, a second cartoon, 9 by 8 feet, of our first parents hearing the voice of God in Eden. In 1841, that is, three years before this, our painter had contributed to the Royal Academy a picture in oil, with a subject borrowed from Byron of *The Giaour's Confession*. This was his first exhibited work in England, and it attracted some notice in professional circles. It was the year when Maclise's *Sleeping Beauty* threw the town into raptures. In 1845, three frescoes, including 'An abstract representation of Justice,' one of the prescribed subjects of the competition at Westminster Hall, completed that cycle of practice and skill in various processes for which long studies had qualified the rarely endowed painter.†

How these endowments were obtained which have led to a great professional success extending to the present time, and including distinctions of the highest quality—not, I regret to say, such as the magnates of Burlington House have to give—will best appear in some biographical notes and memoranda concerning our subject.

His grandfather, John Brown, of Scottish descent, was a distinguished physician of Edinburgh, who started that independent system of medicine which bears his name, and early in the century, not finding in the northern metropolis that success for it which he hoped to secure, migrated to London. There is a quaint yet spirited etching of him in 'Kay's Portraits,' which all my readers ought to see. William Blake etched another likeness of him.

Ford Brown, a son of this worthy, was a commissary in the British navy, who, being placed on half-pay after the end of the war with the first French Empire, lived on the Continent, where in those days it was possible to be 'economical.' He married Miss Caroline Madox, a member of a Kentish family of repute. Of this union the painter was born at Calais on the 16th of April, 1821, and, when a mere child, manifested such artistic capacity as induced his father to procure for him the best instructors; accordingly, when only thirteen years of age, he was placed under Professor Gregorius, of Bruges, where the family were then sojourning; removing to Ghent, he studied with Heer Van Hanselaer of the Academy in that city, and, on a second removal, under the much better known Baron Wappers, of Antwerp. In this way, and working with constant zeal and characteristic energy, painting heads from the life, and never flinching from eight or nine hours' practice a day, the lad spent five years, and then completed his first picture in oil, which, with life-size figures, represented *A Blind Beggar and his Son*. Each of the masters in question was, if not an artist of the first rank—that is not needed in a teacher—thoroughly qualified and accomplished

* This cartoon was full of energy and picturesque invention of a fresh sort, and, when in 1861 the design was, under the title of *Willelmus Conquistator*, repainted with additions so fine that it was an almost new work, it became one of the artist's *chef-d'œuvre*, and so admirable that, had it been practicable, it would have given me much pleasure to reproduce it. The cartoon, with the other examples he sent to Westminster Hall, remains in Madox Brown's possession, except the fresco; this, after being preserved for many years, he—having to change his studio, and finding the heavy panel very difficult to move—destroyed. *Willelmus Conquistator* is now in the collection of Mr. James Leathart, of Gateshead-on-Tyne. The most striking element of its design is the Conqueror on his war-horse, and having the famous saints' relics of dead bones swinging round his neck, turning in his saddle and looking down upon the corpse of Harold, which, so gigantic was he, three men, were but just able to carry to the feet of the victor's horse. The stern triumph of William, dashed with pride and scorn he could not conceal, and the various minor incidents among the groups of wounded and dead men are intensely dramatic and passionate. Such is the ghastly struggle of two of the latter, who lie upon the earth and are embracing in a death-grapple, so that the Norman has stabbed the Saxon in the back, while, like a dog, he has, in turn, bitten his adversary's throat. The original design was made in Paris in 1844. *Willelmus Conquistator* was one of the remarkable elements of Madox Brown's exhibition of his works in Piccadilly, in 1865. Its vigour is worthy of Signorelli himself. Such designs show the stuff an artist is made of.

† It was of this fresco Haydon wrote in his diary after a visit to the Exhibition:—'July 3rd,—'Passed the morning in Westminster Hall. The only bit of fresco fit to look at is by Ford Brown. It is a figure of Justice, and exquisite as far as that figure goes.'

in the technique of painting. Wappers's pupils were in this respect most fortunate, because he was one of the ablest executants in Europe, and a teacher of rare capacity. While still a pupil at Ghent, Madox Brown exhibited his first picture, a sort of tentative work, the subject being *Job and his Friends*. The next important event in the student's life was his early marriage to Elizabeth Bromley, his cousin—this was in 1840; then came the exhibition of *The Giaour's Confession*, as No. 439 at the Academy, as above stated, in 1841. Various visits to England broke a lengthy sojourn in Paris, his headquarters, which covered about three years more, all diligently occupied in painting, copying in the Louvre, studying from the life, and laying a foundation for that knowledge of style which is manifest in all he has done. It was in Paris the competition drawings and pictures sent to Westminster Hall were executed.*

The failure of his wife's health in Paris, and some hopes for her re-establishment in Italy, induced Brown to go to Rome in 1845, taking with him strong impressions of Géricault as



THE DANES DRIVEN OUT OF MANCHESTER. FROM A DRAWING BY FORD MADOX BROWN.

a designer and draughtsman, of Rembrandt as a master of effect, and, while in the Eternal City, gaining much in all respects from the study of Michael Angelo and Raphael. Whatever studies in the great galleries of Italy may have done for the painter, his wife's health benefited nothing by the journey and sojourn of nine months, during which the pair visited the chief cities and art centres of the country. At the end of this time she set her heart on reaching England again, if it were only to die. By sea, by river, and by road, the husband and his charge came homeward with all possible speed; but the wife's longing was denied—hastening in a post-chaise along the Boulevard des Italiens, Paris—so far had they got—she died in her husband's arms.

In 1846 the painter settled in London, and, ever at work, though not lingering nor

* It was in Paris, during 1842, that Madox Brown painted, with life-size figures, a large, noteworthy, and very telling picture of *Parisina's Sleep*, a subject from Byron's poem, which, with great strength of contrasting lamplight and deep shadows, showed the fair wife asleep, and, under the passionate and despairing regard of her husband, muttering the name of Prince Azo, the lover of her dream. Intense, and charged with tragedy as it was, the design had not a little of that still and brooding fury we may ascribe to a Zurbaran, while the ominous horror of a Rembrandt is manifest in its thoroughly dramatic light and shade and chiaroscuro. Thus we see the painter thinking, so to say, in light and shade, and by means of chiaroscuro adding force to the expression of the catastrophe he had in view. If at any time, he was under the influence of Delacroix while designing *Parisina's Sleep*. I mention the picture in this place, because, although painted in 1842, it did not come before the public till much later, i.e., as No. 50 in the British Institution of 1845, or while *Justice* and other pieces were at Westminster Hall. In Italy Brown designed *Chaucer reading the Legend of Custance*, to which, in a finished condition, we shall come presently.

hastening, continued to make progress with various pictures and designs which were made public in later days. One at least of these examples was sent to the Academy, and did not command the sympathies of the Selecting Committee of its season. Of this category the painter's daughter, whose sketch of his biography is referred to here, tells us were (1) a portrait of Mr. James Bamford, which was carried out under the influence of severe studies in drawing and modelling, such as we recognise in Holbein's work; (2) *Our Ladye of Good Children*, modern English children in the act of prayer; and (3) a portrait (or compilation of such a thing) of Shakespeare. In the stringent finish of the first of these paintings some have seen a sort of prophecy of Pre-Raphaelitism. This, however, is an error. It was drawn in chalk in 1847, but not painted till 1861, long after Pre-Raphaelitism, which was founded in 1848, had gone through the first stage of its existence. The picture called *A Reminiscence of the Early Masters*, which was No. 447 at the British Institution in 1847, is more likely to have been Pre-Raphaelite. I do not remember to have seen it. It is probably the *quasi* Holbein the R.A.'s dismissed in 1846. The attempt to realise Shakespeare in an artistic manner was, if my memory does not mislead me, painted in competition with other artists. A very fine picture, expressive, intelligent, and thoroughly studied from the best authorities — that is, an ingenious collation of different credible and alleged portraits — this somewhat daring work is now in the possession of Mr. Lowes Dickinson, of All Souls Place. It dates from 1849-50.



PORTRAIT OF THE ARTIST'S SECOND WIFE. FROM A DRAWING BY FORD MADOX BROWN.

In 1848 the picture called *Wickliff reading his Translation of the Bible to John of Gaunt*, a work of great significance in Madox Brown's career, and, if such a thing ever existed, the true archetype of Pre-Raphaelitism in its primitive and self-denying stage—a stage whose existence, so far as Sir John Millais and Dante G. Rossetti were concerned, may be measured by months, or at most a year—was shown to the world at a very remarkable, but now almost forgotten institution, the 'Free Exhibition of Modern Art,' whose authorities had hired a large building, which had come to grief as the 'Chinese Gallery,' and stood in the rear of what is now the 'Alexandra Hotel,' Hyde Park Corner. They filled this structure with sculpture, of which it is not too much to say that, except Madox Brown's

and a landscape or two, not one of more than five hundred survives in the memory of man.*

Madox Brown's remarkable work was not large, but it comprised, on a gold and diapered ground, a group of nobly designed and exquisitely finished figures, including Wickliff standing at a sort of lectern, and reading from the volume it supports to John of Gaunt, who, being sick, reclines in a chair of state, and, attended by Chaucer and Gower, who, with Wickliff, were his clients, listens with profound attention to the first English reformer. In its thorough and exhaustive finish, searching studies, and that completeness which comes of years of study, the energy of its design, the dignity of its motives, and particularly in its having a purpose beyond the pictorial one, this painting was, in the above-named restricted sense, the nearest to being Pre-Raphaelite of any Madox Brown has painted. Upon Dante G. Rossetti, who was then a by no means thoroughly well-qualified draughtsman and painter, it had prodigious influence. His early productions, e.g., *The Girlhood of the Virgin* and '*Ecce Ancilla Domini!*' to say nothing of Sir John Millais' *Isabella* (1849), *Ferdinand* (1849) and minor less-known examples of the tentative sort, and Mr. Holman Hunt's *Rienzi* (1849), illustrate the influence of Madox Brown upon the modes of painting and moods of thought employed by these, the leading members of the P-R.B., for their pictures. The first-named artist soon shook himself free, and *Christ in the House of His Parents* (the so-called 'Carpenter's Shop') (1850), *Mr. T. Combe*, and *The Return of the Dove* illustrate an unflinching sort of naturalism which Madox Brown, at that time at least, had not the least inclination for. Millais' *Woodman's Daughter* was a transitional example of 1849-50, and the most absolute piece of naturalism, without selection of any sort, the English school has known. The figures in *Wickliff* are arranged with great ability in masses, and, in recognition of the flatness of the ground, on what is practically a single plane. The colours are pure, clear, brilliant, and, of course, harmonious. The effect is clear daylight, the shadows being true to nature in the open air. Anything more remote in its technique, inspiration, and style than this picture from *Parisina* and *The Execution of Mary, Queen of Scots*, on the one hand, and, on the other, *Our Ladye of Good Children*, *Willelmus Conquistator*, and *Chaucer at the Court of Edward III.*—all of which were begun, and some of them finished before *Wickliff*—it would be hard to find. The fact, as it seems to me, is that our painter, whose early works here named differ much in their styles and handling from each other, though the strain of a common authorship is to be found in all of them, was manifestly passing through those stages of development which accrue to all of us—geniuses as well as dunces—and by means of which we become our later selves.

F. G. STEPHENS.

(To be continued.)

* The catalogue of this collection, now before me, contains the following still recognisable designations, the best of a numerous company, most of whose names were 'writ in water.' J. Zephaniah Bell, sculptor; Hablôt K. Browne, etcher, better known as 'Phiz'; Marshall Claxton, E. H. Corbould, W. M. Egley, G. (afterwards Sir George) Harvey, R. S. Lauder, C. Lucy, H. Le Jeune (now A.R.A.), David Scott, W. Bell Scott, C. (Cornelius) Varley, Joshua Wallis (of Walworth), and J. D. Wingfield, painters. This Society called itself 'Free,' and in that respect was one of the oddest illustrations of the phrase *Lucus a non lucendo*. The committee were, they said, 'much concerned' that they 'could not at once throw open the exhibition free to the public,' but had to postpone that boon till the 26th June (1848, when the place was soon to be closed). Besides a shilling for entrance, and sixpence each catalogue, they charged every exhibitor so much a foot for the space his works occupied, and, to the best of my belief, they likewise charged him a *percentage* on the price at which he might sell one of them. One sees that Providence had denied the sense of humour to those worthies. Their 'Address,' or preface, to the catalogue of examples in the gallery is a mass of gems. Of course, although called 'Free,' this institution was the only one in London where there was no 'freedom' whatever, unless it was the 'Liberty' any buyer of wall-space obtained so to hang his own productions, though he might fatally injure those in the next spaces, and thus wrong his neighbours. This body soon revised its rules, and, removing to Regent Street, struggled on for fourteen years as the Portland Gallery, till, in 1861, it perished. Apart from Madox Brown's presence in 1848 and later, this Gallery has a claim to immortality, because, besides other men who shone in after years, Dante G. Rossetti, in 1849, made there, with his first picture, *The Girlhood of the Virgin*, his first, and, for a long time, his sole appearance.

MARCH 1.—The first exhibition at the new Grafton Galleries was opened on the 18th ult. Naturally the chief interest has so far been excited by the galleries themselves. These consist of a series of five rooms, with annexes for refreshments, &c. Their fault, architecturally, is that they tail away from monumental chambers near the door to something very like a tunnel at the farthest point from it. Such an arrangement was necessitated by surrounding conditions. No one would have had it for choice. But it destroys effect, and is very inconvenient when many visitors are present. The design of the rooms is good. The doorways are dignified, and the method of lighting employed has its advantages. The skylights, instead of being in the middle of the ceilings, run round the sides, occupying the space generally filled by a cove. Each wall is thus lighted by the skylight opposite to it. The result is that when the pictures are looked at from exactly the right spot they are seen very well. On the other hand, the system limits the choice of a point of view, for when the spectator stands too close he is bothered by reflections, and this will usually be the case when the galleries are full.

The exhibition itself is very miscellaneous. Pictures by the most modern of Frenchmen and Scotchmen hang beside things that the Council of the Royal Academy might easily put upon the line. Water-colours jostle oil pictures, and splashy sketches laborious feats of patience. But the result is full of interest. It shows which way the cat is jumping at the moment, and gives a better opportunity than we have yet had in England for comparing the latest developments, some might call them vagaries, of art. The French contingent is represented by a few men who have often been seen here, the most conspicuous being MM. Albert Aublet, J. Blanche, Lobrichon, Raffaelli, and Alfred Stevens, and a few more who have so far been only names to the untraveller. Among the latter the most interesting is Mons. Louis Picard, whose work has been much discussed since the Salon of the Champs Elysées gave him his opportunity. To the Grafton Gallery he sends several remarkable studies from one model, and a portrait which shows the French ideas of the moment to great advantage. It is a portrait that will some day be famous. Readers of Marie Bashkirtseff's diary will look with curiosity at Mlle. Breslau's contribution, and those who know something of the less familiar side of French activity will turn with eagerness, doomed to some disappointment, to the single example of Félicien Rops, the eccentric genius whose pencil has explored so many obscure corners of human nature. As for the English contributors, a James Orrock looks quaint between two Picards; Mr. Frank Brangwyn amazes one by his sudden clutch at the mantle of Messrs. George and Hornel; Mr. Orchardson reigns with the dignity of an old master by virtue of his *Walter Gilbey, Esq.*, and Mr. J. J. Shannon, who but yesterday seemed so new, looks almost old-fashioned by the side of Mr. Lavery, Mons. Besnard, and Mr. James Guthrie. The latter's full-length portrait of the Roman Catholic Archbishop of Glasgow is a very clever piece of work. The purples and other sumptuosities are neither shirked nor allowed to interfere with the head, which is full of life, intellect, and character. In a note like this it is impossible even to name all that deserves to be looked at in these five rooms, and we must content ourselves with saying that time spent before the contributions of D. Y. Cameron, F. Khnopff, R. B. Nisbet, T. Millie Dow, Segantini, Lockhead, Professor Kuhl, Paul Leroy, Mouat Loudon, André Zorn, and J. Crawhall, will not, or should not, be time lost. We must remember, too, to note the presence of a fine Whistler, the portrait of Lady Meux in black and white against black.

A COLLECTION of pictures and drawings by Luca Signorelli, and an almost complete array of photographs from his work, have been brought together at the Burlington Fine Arts Club. Twenty-three pictures by the master are known to be in the United Kingdom, and of these the Club has succeeded in borrowing seventeen. As three of the remaining six are in the National Gallery, this means that twenty out of twenty-three are now easily accessible by the student. Besides the Signorellis, the Club shows a certain number of works (1) by his scholars, (2) by men—such as Piero di

Cosimo—whose work has been frequently confused with that of Signorelli. The exhibition has been very well arranged, and should go far to make confusion between the master and his contemporaries impossible for the future. The first picture in the catalogue is the superb little panel from the National Gallery of Ireland, which was lately at Burlington House. It represents the *Feast in the House of Simon*. It belongs to Signorelli's best time, and is full of vigour, spirit, and dignity. Above it hangs a fragment from a larger picture which shows a truly Michelangelesque grandeur. This represents a man on a ladder, and appears to belong to a *Descent from the Cross*. Earlier, considerably earlier, in the master's practice, are two panels lent by Lord Crawford. One deals with the legend of St. Joachim; the other with the birth of John the Baptist. Both are painted in the cool tones, with the somewhat hard, insistent brush, and cutting outlines of Signorelli's first maturity. Sir Frederic Burton's *Flagellation of Christ* repeats a well-known picture in the Brera, at Milan. Mr. R. H. Benson's *Journey to Emmaus* and *Supper at Emmaus* hold a place midway between Lord Crawford's panels and the full development of the master, while a *Virgin and Child*, from the same owner, has more in common with other Florentines of the period than usual. A careful examination of a repetition of this Madonna, lent by the Liverpool Royal Institution, suggests doubts as to the propriety of its ascription. From the collection of Sir Francis Cook, at Richmond, come two groups of men stripping themselves, which are, perhaps, rather preparatory studies for a 'baptism' than fragments of a larger picture. Mr. Kenneth Muir-Mackenzie lends a *Madonna*, a good *bottega* picture; Sir John Stirling Maxwell a splendid *Pietà*; Mr. Ludwig Mond, a long predella in which neither Signorelli's well-known types nor his peculiar chord of colour are to be recognised; and Sir Charles Robinson, a crowded, multitudinous *Crucifixion* which dates in all probability from the master's latest years. Lord Carlisle's *St. George and the Dragon* belongs to about the same time as the National Gallery *Nativity*. It is full of spirit. No. 17 is one of the series of frescoes transferred to canvas two of which were acquired by the National Gallery when the Barker collection was dispersed. Two more hang in the Town Gallery of Siena. The hand of Girolamo Genga is to be recognised in them, not so much by details of execution—which have been to some extent affected by the process of transference—as by the absence of Signorelli's type of face and the presence of Genga's, and by a general lightness and airiness of colour by no means characteristic of the former. The design, however, is clearly Signorelli's, who has here surpassed himself in such details as the movements of limbs and the casting of draperies. The robes of the women on the right are especially fine in style. Among the pictures confessedly not by Signorelli, the most interesting are two by Piero di Cosimo. One is a large *tondo*, lent by Mr. A. E. Street. It represents the *Virgin adoring her Child*. A glance at the photograph which hangs beside it is sufficient to show that it comes from the same easel as the similar *tondo* in the Dresden gallery, which is now accepted as the work of Piero. The other example is a loan from Mr. R. H. Benson. Both belong to the early time of the master, when a certain hardness, both of design and execution, distinguished his work. Signorelli's drawings are rare things. The Club has only three to show—the best being a really superb study of wrestling men—*Hercules and Antaeus* (?)—from Windsor. From a preface to the catalogue we see that the committee of the Club contemplate the issue of an illustrated monograph on Signorelli. Such a publication would add to the obligations under which the Club is laying those of us who care for art.

MEANWHILE, another one-man show has been arranged in the private rooms of the Club. It consists of forty-one drawings, in water-colour and monochrome, by J. S. Cotman. Most of them deal with places of interest. One of the best is a view of Coutances. They all display the fine sense of artistic selection and the unerring hand which marked the only rival of Crome in the school of Norwich. The collection is the property of Mr. R. H. Benson.

THE annual exhibition of water-colours at the Old Bond Street Galleries (Messrs. Agnew's) keeps up its high character.

It includes fine examples of De Wint, David Cox, William Hunt, Turner, Samuel Prout, Constable, and of a disappointed genius who is only now climbing into the position he deserves, we mean James Holland, the painter of Venice, who did with magnificent success what many have failed to do since his death. Besides these 'old masters,' the collection includes a number of more recent productions, the work of Mr. James Orrock, of Mr. Gow, of Mr. Calderon, of Mlle. Bonheur, of Mrs. Allingham, of the late Edouard Frère, and of the late Freddy Walker, to name only those which rise to a high level of merit.

THE last recruit to the Royal Water-Colour Society, Miss Rose Barton, has opened an exhibition of her work at the Japanese Gallery in New Bond Street. Her drawings deal with the streets of London in much the same spirit as those of Mr. Herbert Marshall. The picturesqueness depending upon our peculiar atmosphere is the picturesqueness she loves. And she loves it to excellent purpose. Every scene is made the most of, and some are new. We do not know, for instance, that we have ever seen a drawing of the Strand, looking west from the steps of St. Mary's, before, nor one of the picturesque court of St. Bartholomew's Hospital. Apart from their novelty, both of these are capital works of art, and show that in Miss Barton the Society in Pall Mall has won a most valuable recruit. In the same gallery a number of oil-sketches made by Mr. C. Haité in the streets of Dordrecht have been hung. They are vigorous in colour, and truthful to the *genius loci*.—At the Fine Art Society's a collection of drawings dealing with the life of fisher-folk is to be seen. Mr. Walter Langley is the artist, and so thoroughness is the note.

ONE of the few chances left to our National Gallery of obtaining a Dürer has disappeared with the purchase, by the Berlin Museum, of Lord Lothian's *Virgin Enthroned, crowned by two Flying Angels*. Though not a pleasing example—few of Dürer's paintings are pleasing—it is of undoubted genuineness, and, now that some repaints have been removed, it turns out to be in fair condition. Dr. Thausing, in his life of the master, sets little store by it. He says, 'Though much rubbed out and painted over, it still retains traces of authenticity.' But the Berlin authorities are delighted with their bargain, and their opportunities of judging are better than any one else's. There is still one good Dürer left in England, and only one. Let us hope that we shall not lose that too through German enterprise!

MEANWHILE the Berlin authorities have arranged a little exhibition of welcome in their Museum. In one of the smaller rooms the Lothian *Virgin* holds state among three more pictures and a large collection of drawings, engravings, and woodcuts by the master. The three other pictures are the *Frederick the Wise*—another of our losses: it was bought at the Hamilton sale—the *Jakob Muffel*, and the famous *Hieronymus Holzschuber*, from Nuremberg. The *Virgin* shows a great deal of Venetian influence in the design. It is, of course, hard in colour and most elaborate in detail. It appears that now they have all these examples of his work collected, the Germans see the force of the strictures passed upon their master by the Venetian colourists in 1506.

At a general meeting, held on Wednesday, the 15th ult., Mr. Hubert Herkomer, R.A., was elected a Member, and Miss Rose Barton an Associate of the Royal Society of Painters in Water-Colours.

An exhibition of antiquities found in London during the last seven years was held for two days, the 18th and 20th, last month in the Drapers' Hall, Throgmorton Street.

It is announced that Madame Schliemann has put a sufficient sum of money to complete the excavations begun by her late husband in the Troad in the hands of Dr. Dörpfeld, and that work will be at once recommenced.

DURING the present month two great exhibitions of the work of Meissonier will be opened in Paris, one in the Petit Gallery, the other in the show-room of the École des Beaux-Arts.

THE formation of artistic groups goes on apace in Paris. The 'Independants,' the 'Impressionistes,' and the curious

body which owns 'Le Sar' Péladan as its leader, have a new concurrent in 'Les Inquiets,' who have opened an exhibition in the Petit Gallery in the Rue de Sèze. If we may believe our informant, the productions of which it consists come even nearer than anything hitherto seen to the 'pictures' painted by the lunatics in Bedlam.

THE obituary for the last quarter happily contains no names of the first distinction in the art world, though Mr. John Gibson, who died in the seventy-sixth year of his age, was an architect of considerable reputation. He was the pupil of Sir Charles Barry when the latter was chosen architect to the new Houses of Parliament, and, at the expiration of his pupilage, remained six years with his master, materially assisting him in the carrying out of his great undertaking. In 1844 he started on his independent career, and was soon reckoned among the most successful architects of his day. He was among the eight invited to compete with designs for the new Law Courts, but declined the honour on the ground that the space available was insufficient. He was the first architect to break ground in Northumberland Avenue, where he designed the building for the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, and he added greatly to his reputation by the church at Boddelwyddan, which he built in 1860 for the Dowager Lady Willoughby de Broke.

Mr. W. T. Roden, who died in Birmingham on Christmas Day, aged seventy-five, was a portrait-painter of large practice in the provinces, who began life as an engraver. After successful work of some ten years in black and white, his best-known plate being the popular *John Knox preaching at the Court of Queen Mary*, he took to portraiture. Among his sitters were Lord Palmerston (whom he painted three times), the late Lord Lyttelton, Sir Stephen Glyn, and Mr. Gladstone. A large memorial picture, containing portraits of the principal physicians and surgeons of the General Hospital, Birmingham, hangs in the Board Room of that building. Mr. Roden was one of the most active promoters of the old Birmingham Art Gallery, and was for many years a member of the Royal Society of Artists.

The Russian artist, Rohmann, who died early in December, at the age of forty-seven, was one of the most prominent painters of the Slav colony in Paris. Several of his works were in the Exhibition of 1889, where they gained a good deal of notice.

Professor Westwood's remarkable career has been fully treated under more characteristic aspects than those of his relations to the art world. He claims mention here, however, in recognition of his services to the palaeography and archaeology of art, of which he was one of the first exponents in England. Among his labours in this field were his 'Palaeographia Sacra Pictoria,' and 'Facsimiles of the Miniatures and Ornaments of Anglo-Saxon and Irish MSS.' He was further an authority on ivories and inscribed stones, and was employed by the authorities of South Kensington to catalogue their ivories. Born at Sheffield in 1805, he had just completed his eighty-seventh year at his death on the 2nd of January.

Mr. James William Edmund Doyle, who died on the third day of the year, was the eldest of the several distinguished sons of John Doyle ('H. B.'). Though not an artist by profession, he had much of the artistic bent of his family. His 'Chronicle of England from B.C. 55 to A.D. 1485,' illustrating in colour the costumes of various periods, was a tasteful work, which was much admired. His *magnum opus*, the 'Official Baronage of England,' with portraits and *facsimile* signatures, published in 1886, is a work which has never met with the recognition it deserves.

M. Moreau Vauthier, the French sculptor, died in Paris on the 18th of January. He began his career as a carver of ivory, his father being a well-known dealer in ivories. His reputation rests mainly on his *Young Fawn* and *Childhood of Pascal*.

On the 8th of February died Mr. John Burr, a well-known Associate of the Royal Society of Painters in Water-Colours and a veteran exhibitor with the Society in Suffolk Street. Mr. Burr was born in Edinburgh in 1831; he was educated at the Trustees' Academy, and at the age of thirty found his way to London. Here he was known chiefly as the painter of incidents in the domestic life of the poor, although in the commencement his attention was mainly given to landscape and portraiture.



Præparatum ad ista pueri.

The Repast.



ABRAHAM DE PAPE

SEVEN years ago, at the sale of the Blenheim Palace pictures at Christie's, a small panel was hung in an inconspicuous place in the sale-room, and catalogued as by Quiryn van Brekelenkam. It was obscured with dirt, but even through the obscurity the hand could be recognised as that of the man who painted the *Old Woman Plucking a Cock*, which is reproduced in the third of our illustrations. At the sale the picture fell to the bid of 252l.



'DARBY AND JOAN.' FROM THE PICTURE IN THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

Panel—15 $\frac{3}{8}$ in. by 21 $\frac{1}{2}$ in.

from Sir Frederic Burton, and is now in the National Gallery. It is reproduced in our second illustration. After it came into Sir Frederic's hands it was cleaned, and there, on the lower part of the cupboard hanging against the wall, the signature 'A. DE PAPE' was found. It used to be called *Darby and Joan*, but the National Gallery Catalogue is content with the less descriptive title of *A Dutch Interior*.

Three years later the Hadzor collection was dispersed at Christie's. Again the catalogue contained a Brekelenkam, and again the Brekelenkam turned out to be a De Pape. The same old couple were shown in the same old Dutch kitchen, only this time their occupation

was different. The picture was bought for the Irish National Gallery by the late Mr. Henry Doyle, and Mons. Dujardin has here reproduced it for *THE PORTFOLIO*; so that within the scope of two or three pages we are enabled to give our readers three of the best works of a by no means uninteresting Dutchman.

There is very little to say about De Pape. For a long time his name was guessed to be Adriaen, and he was so catalogued at the Hague. In 1882-3, however, Dr. Bredius published in the '*Archief voor Nederlandsche Kunstgeschiedenis*,' a series of documents belonging to the Leyden Guild of St. Luke. From these it appeared that De Pape's real

name was Abraham, and that he held for years a responsible and distinguished position among the painters of the town. In 1645 his name occurs in the books of a picture-selling society of Leyden. In 1648 the Guild of St. Luke was established, and De Pape became a warden. In 1651 he was Dean, and in 1666 he was Dean again, but died, during his year of office, on the 15th of September. He is believed to have been a pupil of Gerard Dou, who painted his portrait; but his chief affinities are with the aforesaid Brekelenkam. His ideas of form are like that master's; so is his method of 'laying on the paint.' His shadows are always transparent, his lights loaded and occasionally abrupt. So far as method goes we might compare him, too, with De Hooch, who, however, leaves him far behind



OLD WOMAN PLUCKING A COCK. FROM THE PICTURE IN THE HAGUE MUSEUM, Panel—49 cent, by 42 cent.

in colour and illumination. His connexion with Dou is betrayed chiefly in his *staccato* touch, in the arrangement of his interiors, and in his treatment of such things as the green curtain of uncertain material which hangs on the left of the National Gallery picture. His idea of tone is far warmer and more transparent than Dou's.

De Pape's works are very rare—rarer, perhaps, than those of any other Dutchman of equal merit. Besides the three here produced, examples exist in collections at Berlin and Schwerin; one, dated 1648, was contributed by Comte G. du Chastel to a loan exhibition at Brussels in 1873; and another, undated, was at the Du Bus de Gisignies sale in the same city in 1882, the sale at which the fine series of *The Five Senses*, by Gonzales Coques, was acquired for the National Gallery.

The picture in the National Gallery of Ireland is on panel, and is 19 inches high by 15 inches wide.

W. A.

MR. FORD MADOX BROWN: HIS EARLY STUDIES AND MOTIVES

II

ROSSETTI, who, since Westminster Hall signalised Madox Brown to observing eyes, had seen *Parisina* and *A Reminiscence* at the British Institution, and perhaps noticed other works of his in private hands,* now sought our painter with all his characteristic impetuosity and passion, and, feeling the want of a guide in overcoming certain technical difficulties which troubled him sorely, solicited Madox Brown's help. With ardour he applied to him by letter, stated his wishes and avowed his deep admiration for the attainments and native powers of the much older and far more skilled artist whose career he had watched so long. The story of their meeting having been told, with variations, in half the magazines of England and the United States, I will not repeat it now. Suffice it that Madox Brown, ever generous and devoted to the service of art—not ignorant, perhaps, of his would-be pupil's reputation in his own circle—freely consented to guide and instruct the brilliant and not always tractable and industrious applicant.

About this time, *i.e.*, the autumn of 1848, the P-R.B. formed itself by the drawing together of certain friends who agreed to depart from those conventionalities in which they had previously lived, moved, and had their being.† Naturally, the Brotherhood, membership with which was not coveted by weak-kneed youths, desired to secure for their principles so accomplished and powerful a supporter as Madox Brown, who was about eight years older than Rossetti and Millais. He was, therefore, invited to become a P-R.B. This was done with the more confidence because it was known that with some of the tenets which, at that time at least, obtained among the body, he agreed heartily. One notion, the crudity of which is now apparent, Brown could not accept, even when Rossetti and Millais urged it. This notion was to the effect that an artist must take the best model he could, perhaps with infinite pains, discover. He might seek a Christ among his friends, or in a common model, but, having found in life the nearest likeness to his ideal of that type, the true Pre-Raphaelite must paint from him without reserve, or even an attempt at improving the pattern he had deliberately pitched upon. Of course, under such a condition as this, art would rapidly sink to the level of what is now called 'pictorial photography,' and we should sell our Elgin Marbles, our priceless bronzes, and our Titians and Raphaels for what they would fetch. The P-R.B. very soon gave up this juvenile notion, which, even in Rossetti's case, was only briefly practicable, because in his mother he found an excellent St. Anne, and in his sister Christina an incomparable Virgin, as her brother's 'Ecce Ancilla Domini!' shows. I sat to Millais for 'Ferdinand.' He painted me to a hair; and yet I can imagine an apter type of the Princess Miranda's lover might have been evolved from the inner consciousness of the artist, basing itself on a suitable model.

Madox Brown did not accept the invitation to become a P-R.B., but his influence was, apart from the stringent and short-lived rule in question, marked on many pictures produced by the Brotherhood, while upon him, too, the influence of Rossetti and Millais has been from time to time distinctly marked, and even the unflinching realism of Mr. Holman

* Only *The Giaour*, *Parisina*, and *A Reminiscence* could possibly have been seen by him in public before *Wickliff* appeared in the *ci-devant* Chinese Gallery. It has been stated otherwise, but there is no mistake in the dates I have given.

† The earliest works of Sir John Millais, Mr. Holman Hunt, Mr. J. Collinson, and everybody (P-R.B. or not) who was concerned in the union, had been painted in the mode of the day and were not apart from the methods of Egg, Cope, Dyce, Elmore, and the like artists in *genre* who then flourished. They were anything but Pre-Raphaelite,

Hunt's art in those days was favoured in Brown's little picture of the *Infant's Repast*, a most brilliant and vigorous scene of striking intensity and originality, which, begun in the previous season and finished in 1849, accompanied Rossetti's *Girlhood of the Virgin* to the Hyde Park Gallery in the latter year. In some of its leading characteristics the *Pretty Baa-lambs* Brown painted might have been a *chef-d'oeuvre* of Mr. Holman Hunt's stringent realistic theories; it was true, but it was not beautiful, or only beautiful in its amazing truth. It was No. 1291 at the Academy in 1852, but painted some time before.



THE LAST OF ENGLAND. FROM A DRAWING BY F. MADOX BROWN.

I have always thought that what Mr. Brown has very wisely called one of his first pictures in his present, or English style, as it is undoubtedly one of his most dramatic, original, and pathetic works—I mean the wonderful *Cordelia and Lear*, which, like the above, was at the Hyde Park Gallery in 1849—became the mainspring and source of Rossetti's technical mood, his strong colour, virile chiaroscuro and dramatic design (not, of course, of his inspiration and love of romance), while he conceived some of those noble compositions which, when painted in water-colours, secured him a world of admirers, and laid the foundations of his fame. *The Girlhood of the Virgin* and '*Ecce Ancilla Domini!*' are much less akin to the artist's drawings of the period which followed, e.g., Mr. Boyce's *Capering nimbly in a Lady's Chamber*, or *Borgia* (1850), and *How They Met Themselves* (1851), Giotto painting *Dante's Portrait* (1851), and my own *Hesterna Rosa* (1850), than the latter group are to Brown's *Lear and Cordelia* of 1849. Contemporaneously with the last-named painting, which, anywhere else than in this country, would long ago have been in the national collection, we find its author abandoning Rembrandtish effects, Raphaelesque compositions, Delacroix's tragic but rather theatrical moods, and other

‘masterly’ conventions, in favour of brilliant illumination and a glowing and vivid coloration, and developing the chiaroscuro of light in preference to that of shade, which he had, till then, and in the main, affected. But he never lost that sense of style with which study of the old masters and the thorough training of the Belgian schools had saturated his mind. In this he excelled all the P-R.B. at the time. We must remember that he was not only much older than any of the Brotherhood, and had had a great deal more practice in picture-contriving than even Millais himself, who at Westminster Hall in 1847, being then a lad of seventeen, began with the huge *Widow’s Mite* to gather laurels, not Pre-Raphaelite, which will never fade.

Madox Brown’s close association with the P-R.B. almost justifies the often-repeated error that he was a member of that society, or rather that he was the father thereof, a sort of Arch-Brother. Apart from what I have just stated, there is no truth in these legends, as to which no one ought to forget that, of the members, Rossetti was at that time the least thoroughly trained artist, and that he went to Brown for aid, counsel, and instruction, while all the other now renowned members had painted, exhibited, and sold their works before the Brotherhood was founded. In respect to this association, and its effects on the artist, it should be remembered that Madox Brown was a leading contributor of verse and prose to the P-R.B. magazine, the ‘Germ,’ of 1850, which he illustrated with one of the four etchings.

Notwithstanding the high admiration which I share with many, and have expressed, for the larger picture of *Chaucer Reading the Legend of Custance to Edward III. and the Black Prince*, which was very insufficiently honoured at the Academy in 1851, where undoubtedly its large size was against it, I am of opinion that *Lear and Cordelia* is not only a noble work, but the opening example of Brown’s better career.

It excelled in that feeling for style heretofore dilated on as eminent among Brown’s claims on our admiration and gratitude—a claim which was greatly strengthened by the largeness and other masculine qualities of the style of *Christ washing Peter’s Feet*, which, being hung on an ‘accommodated line’ at the Academy in 1852, attracted much attention, and not a little challenging, of which, as I had the honour to sit for the face of Christ, some fell to my lot. This work was altered and, I dare say (for I have not seen it), improved in 1856, when, with *The Last of England* (of which the reader may get a fairly good notion from the print now before him), it was at Liverpool and obtained the prize of fifty pounds. Its companion has ever since stood forth, not only as the painter’s masterpiece, but as a work of the highest rank in English, nay, I dare to say, in European art. In it we have Pre-Raphaelitism at its very best; no picture better, and very few, indeed, so well or adequately represent the passionate hopes and lofty devotion of the Brotherhood when that society was born and while its innate force lasted. The Corporation Gallery at Birmingham, where this supremely fine thing now hangs in honour, has honoured itself by acquiring it. Although the cut is almost sufficient explanation of the design, and chiefly leaves to be imagined only the vivid colour and clear, cold sunlight, which



YOUNG MILTON. DESIGN FOR STAINED GLASS
BY F. MADOX BROWN.

are so happily depicted in the picture, the reader will welcome the artist's own account of his meaning while working thus :—

'The picture is in the strictest sense historical. It treats of the great emigration movement, which attained its culminating point in 1852. The educated [such as the man before us] are bound to their country by quite other ties than the illiterate men, whose chief considerations are food and comfort. I have, therefore, in order to present the parting scene in its fullest tragic development, singled out a couple from the middle classes, high enough, by means of their education and refinement, to appreciate all they are now [when looking landwards from their vessel's stern while the white cliffs fade for ever from their sight] giving up, and are yet depressed enough in their means to be compelled to endure the discomforts and humiliations incident on board a vessel whose passengers are "all of one class." The husband broods bitterly over his blighted hopes and severance from all he has been striving for. The young wife's grief is of a less cankerous sort, probably confined to parting with a few friends of early years. The circle of her love moves with her. The husband is shielding his wife from the sea-spray with an umbrella. Next them, in the background, an honest family of the smaller trading class, father (mother being dead), eldest daughter in charge of the little ones, makes the best of things with a tobacco-pipe and apples, &c. Still farther back a reprobate shakes his fist with curses against the land of his birth, as though that were answerable for his want of success. His old mother reproves him for his foul-mouthed profanity, while a boon companion with a flushed countenance signifies drunken approbation.

'To secure the peculiar look of light all round which objects have on a dull day at sea, it [the picture] was painted for the most part in the open air on dull days, and, when the flesh was being painted, on dull days. Absolutely without regard to the art of any period or country, I have tried to render this scene as it would appear. The minuteness of detail which would be visible under such conditions of broad daylight, I have, in order to bring the pathos of the subject closer home to the beholder, thought it necessary to imitate.'

The history of this picture is not without interest, because Madox Brown's first idea of the subject was obtained in 1851, when, with one or two other friends, he went to Gravesend in order to see the last of Thomas Woolner, the sculptor P-R.B. Fortune had long been hard upon this fine artist, so that afterwards, the gold-digging fever being at its height, Woolner resolved to seek means in the 'diggings' which his art could not procure at home. He made very little in the field, but, returning to Melbourne, many good commissions fell to his hand, and with the money they brought he returned home full of hope to obtain a considerable opening, the denial of which did not prevent him from thenceforth, and very rapidly, winning his way to an R.A.-ship and great honour and renown. Woolner died on the 7th of October last. The emigrant before us in the picture is, to the life, the Madox Brown who went to Gravesend; not less faithful is the likeness of the lady to the painter's second wife, who died in October, 1890. Of her our last number contained a portrait from a very fine life-size drawing in crayons by her husband.

Of Madox Brown's later pictures, some of which stand out prominently among the art works of England, I have but space enough to give the names of the most distinguished. These are *Cordelia's Portion*, now at Conway, the property of Mr. A. Wood; *Romeo and Juliet*, now in the Art Gallery at Birmingham; *An English Autumn Afternoon*, now belonging to Mr. Rae, of Birkenhead; *King Rene's Honeymoon*; *Elijah and the Widow's Son*; and twelve pictures (the last has yet to be placed) illustrating the history of Manchester, and painted in panels of the Town Hall there. We gave last month an etching of one of the most important of these mural decorations, *Crabtree Observing the Transit of Venus over the Sun's Disc*, and a sketch for another representing *The Danes Driven out of Manchester*. Of the numerous designs for stained glass which Madox Brown made for the firm of Morris, Marshall, Faulkner & Co., and carried out by them with prodigious advantage to the decorator's art in this country, there is not space to speak. The figure of Milton when young, part of a scheme of decoration which has been completed at Peterhouse, Cambridge, is reproduced for this essay. I must not omit to record that in 1891 a number of artists (including a considerable proportion of members of the Royal Academy), amateurs, and collectors,

gathered 900*l.* in order to secure for the National Gallery a picture by the subject of these notes, who, yielding to their request, undertook to paint a suitable work for the purpose. To the best of my knowledge, this compliment, in being paid to a living artist, is not only a distinction of the highest kind, but quite unique. Of the recipient, I have the honour to be a very old friend.

F. G. STEPHENS.

THE RIVERS OF DEVON

IV

The Torridge—The Ockment—Torrington—Landcross—General Monk—Bideford—Appledore—The Taw—Barnstaple—Tawstock and Bishop's Tawton—Atherington Screen—Eggesford—North Wick—Dartmoor again—The Lyn—Lynmouth—The Exe—Winsford—Barlynch Priory—Tiverton—The King of the Beggars—Exeter—Topsham—Exmouth—The Otter—Otterton—Ottery St. Mary—Honiton—The Axe—Axmouth—Axminster—Source of the Axe.



GLANCE at the map of Devonshire will show how devious is the course of the Torridge. Though it rises within four miles of the sea, it wanders more than sixty before reaching the same. And yet from its source to Appledore, where it meets the salt water, the distance, measured in a straight line, is but fifteen! It sounds almost like an arithmetical puzzle; but the reason is plain enough. About midway on its course the river makes an enormous bend, and though it starts in life on a south-easterly road, it goes to its death in Bideford Bay in a north-westerly one.

And it is from the point where it turns in the latter direction that the beauties of the Torridge begin; for, although there are one or two picturesque spots on its upper waters, as at Woodford Bridge by the solitary inn, where in the spring many an angler ends his day, and under the wooded promontory, over which rises the tall tower of Black Torrington, our river for the first few miles does not boast of scenery that gets beyond pastoral prettiness. But under Meeth woods, where the Ockment swells its waters, the surroundings become charming, and it would almost seem as though the little river brought down from its romantic Dartmoor valley the spirit of its own scenery.

It is a delightful stream this Ockment. Rising high up on the moor, in the dull bog of Cranmere, it sweeps down a deepening glen: at one point, as beneath Black Tor, nearly choked by a vast confusion of granite boulders; at another, as in the deep glen of Meldon, leading a more peaceable life, ere, emerging from the dusky recesses of the moorland at the foot of the wild fell-side called Okehampton Park, it sweeps below the crumbling walls of the Castle, once the abode of the 'Sire de Redvers'—the most picturesque ruin in Devon. The square keep on the summit of the knoll is grim and forbidding enough, but below, among the trees, the mouldering walls of chapel and banqueting-hall are clad with kindly ivy and musical with the voice of birds. Of Okehampton town close by, called by Kingsley, 'ugly, dirty, and stupid,' though it deserves neither adjective, except, perhaps—like all other country towns—the last, we will say little. Here, meeting the smaller stream of the East Ockment, the Ockment becomes more worthy of the name of river; and so it hastens down a smiling, cultivated valley, beneath the steep woods of Oaklands, to join the Torridge.

From Meeth Ford to Bideford, a distance of twenty miles at least, the Torridge is hemmed in by wooded hills. Under grey Yew Bridge, by the stately timber of Huish, the park of Lord Clinton, over the weirs beneath Dolton and Beaford, it flashes in merry 'stickles' or

loiters in dark pools, till presently it reaches the timbered vale of Darkham, and washes the base of the almost precipitous common that is crowned by the little town of Torrington. Not a tree, not a shrub grows upon the declivity; heather and bracken cover it, lit here and there by the yellow flame of the gorse. On the brow rises a low rampart, all that remains of a castle built by Richard de Merton in the fourteenth century, and now enclosing a bowling-green; near at hand, over against the lofty bridge spanning the flood below, is some masonry of days more modern—an obelisk to commemorate Waterloo. Up the valley Darkham woods close upon the river; downwards it vanishes round the hillside to Rothern Bridge, with Monkleigh Church on the hill-top westward.

Now we reach Wear Gifford, with its trees and meadows and ancient manor-house of the Fortescues, rich with oaken carving and approached by a venerable gateway, where, still a shallow stream, Torridge meets the tide. Presently the little village of Landcross comes into view among the apple orchards high above the river—a village not without some title to fame, for here was baptized ‘honest George Monk,’ restorer of the Stuart dynasty. Many assert that the village was his birthplace, and a cottage with a plaster design over the mantelpiece in the principal room is pointed out as the place where he was born, while others contend that he first saw light at Potheridge, in the parish of Merton, where the family certainly had lands, and where, when he became Duke of Albemarle, he erected that splendid mansion of which not a vestige now remains.

Ere long, through the branches of the trees that skirt the western side of the estuary, Bideford appears, sloping down to the long bridge, ‘the very omphalos, cynosure, and soul around which the town as a body has organized itself.’ It is an interesting old town, and though two centuries have come and gone, and coasting vessels have taken the place of the clumsy ships of Elizabeth’s day along the quay, the air still seems full of the names of Amyas Leigh and Salvation Yeo, of the lovely Rose of Torridge, and of the daring deeds of Sir Richard Grenville. The estuary is not wide, nowhere more than half a mile across, but it is lively enough at tide-time, for the people of Bideford are still of amphibious instinct, as any one may see who is there on a summer evening, when the bosom of the Torridge is dotted with sailing-boats, steered by those who a few hours ago were at office desk, or shop counter. Three miles down they will meet the Atlantic swell coming in round the point where the quaint little port of Appledore, with its narrow, tortuous streets and ‘ancient and fish-like smells,’ climbs the hill towards Northam town, midway between it and the new watering-place of Westward Ho, where you get the Atlantic in earnest raking the boulders of the Pebble Ridge.

Let us cross the ferry to Instow, which stands over against Appledore, a mixture of past and present, of old cottage and new villa fringing a broad beach. Hence we may pass along the estuary of the ‘sister Taw,’ at low tide a wilderness of sand, to Barnstaple, the busiest town in North Devon, though only famous from an artistic point of view for the richly coloured ‘Barum’ ware, whereof the secret is religiously kept. Here the bridge is as old as that of Bideford, but has been even more severely modernised, and is spoilt besides by the iron viaduct of the railway and by an adjacent factory, which is certainly not a ‘thing of beauty.’

But there is fairer scenery about Tawstock Court, the domain of the Wreys, and Bishop’s Tawton, so called because in days of yore it was an occasional residence of my lord of Exeter, part of whose palace still remains hard by the little Decorated church with its crocketed spire. A mile or two further and we come in sight of the tower of Atherington Church, on a hill-top to the right. Here is a wonderful rood-screen, said by the villagers to be the oldest in Devon; but this can hardly be the case, as it is of Perpendicular date, and there are examples of periods earlier. The carving is very fine, particularly that of the rood-loft, which is faced with tracery almost like fretwork. From



Bideford and the Torridge



On the East Lynne.

this elevated church we get a fine panoramic view over the valley right away to the sea—of green slopes and of

‘rounded woods,
Dank with heavy foliage,’

of hamlet and homestead nestling in sheltered combe, while in the north-west Codden Hill rears his heathery brow far above the undulations.

Beyond UMBERLEIGH the road runs almost side by side with the river, winding through a deep wooded vale nearly as fine as that of Darkham. Soon Eggesford House comes into view, looking across the valley to the dismal little town of Chulmleigh, one of the highest places in the county. We can see well the tall tower of the fine collegiate church cutting the sky line, a building that could comfortably take in twice over the building down by the river with its gorgeous monuments to the Chichesters.

And now the Taw comes towards us from the south-west instead of the south-east; so, leaving behind the woodlands, we will walk across the neck to North Tawton, with its legend of the magic spring, which, on the eve of a public calamity, is said to rise and fill a hollow on the farm of Bath Barton. The last time this eccentric fount performed its function was—so the folks say—at the death of the Duke of Wellington. But have there been no ‘public calamities’ since? I am afraid that the rustics are losing faith in Bath Pool, and Science is helping them, for it has pronounced the spring ‘intermittent.’

North Tawton being dullest of the dull, we linger not, but journey on past the old manor-house of North Wick, where Charles I. lay when his forces were in the west—a fact duly commemorated by a stone carved with the Royal arms over the Tudor gateway—to South Tawton and Sticklepath, at the very foot of Dartmoor. *Stickle* means steep, and steep indeed is the road at the upper end of the village leading to Okehampton. At the foot of this hill, over the Lady Well, stands a sculptured pillar of granite whose history no man knoweth. Below it a rough track follows the brawling river upward round the huge flank of Cosdon Beacon, and beneath the solitary hamlet of Belstone, the last cluster of human habitations for miles. Through the sea of granite strewn over the slopes of the Belstone Tors the path straggles upward, while the river rushes below down the staircase of boulders called Taw Steps. Suddenly we turn the flank of the tors, and there before us is one of the finest panoramas on Dartmoor. The river meanders through the wide valley of Taw Marsh between Ock Tor and Cosdon, closed at the upper end by the graceful tor of Steeperton. Here, standing upon the high banks of heather or upon one of the great blocks stained grey or brown or yellow with lichen, we look down upon the infant river hurrying from the boggy plain towards the strip of fertile country, blue in the hazy distance, framed in between the great buttresses of the moor.

It is a far cry from the Taw to the Lyn, and we must return to Barnstaple to reach this latter river, the smallest and, perhaps, the loveliest of our western streams. The railway will take you from Okehampton or North Tawton back through the Taw valley and on to Ilfracombe, and thence the coach will bear you and your fortunes on through the long street of Combe Martin to Lynton and Lynmouth. We have written before of the wild Valley of Rocks scooped in the face of the seaward hill, which Southey calls ‘a palace of pre-Adamite kings, a city of the Anakim,’ and of the picturesque village at the foot of the great hill with its Rhenish tower and perpetual murmur of the Lyn streams. But space fails to more than speak of the lovely glen where the torrent of the West Lyn plunges beneath the precipices of Lyn Cliff to join his bigger brother at the mouth of the wooded ravine down which from its Exmoor home rushes the East Lyn—of unsurpassed Waters-meet—of Malmsmead and of Oare, the country of ‘Lorna Doone.’ Far

out over the moorlands, only three or four miles from the Lyn, rises the Exe, the longest, if not the most picturesque, of the rivers of Devon.

Trickling away from the dismal morass of the *Chains* (a singularly appropriate name for a bog), the river passes between grassy downs to Exford, where are the kennels of that famous pack, the Devon and Somerset Staghounds. Presently, as we follow the high road towards Winsford, prettiest of all villages on the Upper Exe, with its thatched 'cob' cottages and picturesque inn, we catch a glimpse to the left of the purple mass of Dunkery, and, if fortunate; may sight the hunt—even the wild red deer himself—getting away from the covers below Cutcombe. Hence all the way to Tiverton the Exe flows down a wooded valley, passing the scanty ruins of Barlynch Priory—from which, alas! proceed the grunts of the 'unclean animal'—the swelling park of Pixton, seat of Lord Carnarvon, the orchards of Oakford, till by-and-by it reaches the good town of Tiverton and in gentler current sweeps round the hill, where by the mouldering ruins of a castle of



THE EXE AT BICKLEIGH BRIDGE. DRAWN BY A. ANSTED, FROM A SKETCH BY J. LL. W. PAGE.

the Courtenays, stands the church of St. Peter. This church is celebrated far and wide for the richly carved exterior of the monumental chapel built by John Greenway, a woolstapler, early in the sixteenth century; to whom, by the way, Tiverton is indebted for the quaint almshouses in Gold Street. On the north wall of the church hangs a fine painting, by Conway, a native of the town, of St. Peter's deliverance from prison.

Meadows and woods surround Tiverton, with here and there the white walls of a country seat, gleaming amongst the ancient elms that everywhere shade the slopes stretching up from the river. One of the prettiest scenes is at Bickleigh Bridge, two miles below the town, where the Exe, wide but shallow, is spanned by a long stone bridge, and reflects, thanks to a weir, which makes a still reach, a thatched cottage or two, and, perhaps a group of cattle cooling themselves in the mid-day heat.

There is a mansion of Tudor days by the right bank, a mansion that ought to be a place of pilgrimage for 'Egyptians.' For here was born that strange character, Bamfylde Moore Carew, 'king of the beggars.' At an early age young Carew cut himself adrift from all ties of home and kindred, and threw in his lot with the British pariah. Whether his extraordinary gifts of personating almost any character, so that he could even obtain money from his own friends without fear of detection, was the cause of his popularity, or whether his Romany brethren were influenced by considerations of birth—for the family of Carew is one of the oldest in the west—I do not know. But at the death of Close

Patch, Carew was raised to the 'throne,' and for many years governed his subjects—for a gipsy—wisely and well. He died in 1770, a sad example of wasted intellect, a gentleman, though a vagabond, to the last.

Between Bickleigh and Exeter the river flows through a rich pastoral vale, a broad and still rapid stream, though with here and there quiet pools, in the autumn favourite haunts of the salmon. In the distance the twin towers of Exeter rise against the sky, over the park-like country about Upton Pynes and Cowley. Every one knows Exeter, spreading over its hill about the hoary walls of the most perfect geometrical cathedral in England—its winding High Street, time-blackened Guildhall, and pleasant Northernhay gardens. But all do not know the Exe between it and the sea, the lush meadows and giant elms about Countess Weir, with the bridge built on the site of the weir constructed by that strong-minded female, *Isabella de Fortibus*, to stop the navigation, because, forsooth, the best of the salmon in Exeter market was not reserved for her use! Nor do all know Topsham, at the head of the wide estuary, with its old-world street of bay-windowed houses, fitted with all sorts of cupboards, holes and corners, for the reception of contraband in the days when the coastguard was undreamt of—its fishing-nets and decaying trade of ship-building. Nor will many cast eye upon a sight more pleasant than the brimming Exe, when the tide, coming up to meet the fresh water, covers the oozy flats and puts a mile or so of the sea between the sleepy waterside town and the castle of Powderham, almost at the foot of the range of Haldon.

Exmouth, however, is better known, and nowhere can it be seen to greater advantage than from the point where most people see it for the first time—the railway near Starcross. Thence it is viewed rising in a succession of terraces to the tall church tower, overlooking the narrow outlet through which the river enters the sea.

Exmouth has changed much since the end of the last century, when we are told that it had neither public rooms nor assemblies, 'save one card assembly in an inconvenient apartment at one of the inns on Monday evenings,' when the company indulged in 'shilling whist or twopenny quadrille;' nor were there any 'diversions—no *belles dames* amusing to the unmarried, but some *beldames* unamusing to the married.' If Polwhele's correspondent of 1782 could see the Exmouth of to-day, with its crowds of visitors—not to mention excursionists, its tennis lawns, its golf links, and its entertainments, musical and otherwise, he would be surprised indeed!

From Exmouth, a morning's walk over the ruddy sandstone cliffs will bring us to the smaller watering-place of Budleigh Salterton, and to the banks of the Otter, a bright little river coming down from the Blackdown hills on the Somersetshire border. This Otter deserves to be better known, though it does enter the sea so ignominiously through a bank of shingle. How Claude would have delighted in the scene at Otterton Bridge!—the green level meadows scattered over with sheep, the slumbering river bearing the tremulous reflection of a low red cliff crowned by a handful of firs, the grey and white village with its chestnuts and the stone bridge. Higher up is Ottery St. Mary, a placid town overlooked by the most beautiful parish church in Devon, built so many centuries ago that some of the inhabitants will tell you that it was the model for Exeter Cathedral. And there is Honiton, of lace fame, though I do not know that more is made there than in all the country round. In every village almost may be seen matron or maid seated at cottage door, or beside cottage fire, weaving upon the 'pillow' the spider-like fabric.

There is nothing very interesting about Honiton itself, but the country, broken up into lofty green knolls and conical hills, all more or less wooded, is most attractive. One of the hills—Hembury—has a fine Roman camp on its summit, and some antiquaries claim for it the honour of being the *Moridunum* of Antoninus—an honour, by the way, disputed by almost as many places as was the birthplace of Homer. The town of Seaton,

indeed, is so sure that it has the name painted in gigantic letters along the wall of its esplanade.

We shall reach Seaton by-and-by, for it lies close to the mouth of our last river, the Axe, which makes a braver show than the Otter, and for a mile above the 'mighty rigge and barre of pible-stones in the very mouth of it,' has, at high water, quite a considerable estuary. On the way thither there is strong temptation to linger at myrtle-embowered Sidmouth, or at the quaint fishing village of Beer, lying within the chalk bastions of its lofty headland. But these must wait for a future day. Let us pass up the eastern bank of the Axe to Axmouth, an old village, where the church tower is at spring tide reflected in the flood. It is a very ancient church—nearly as ancient as the Conquest. There are faded frescoes on the walls, and the effigy of an unknown ecclesiastic—at least, so his



THE AXE NEAR AXMOUTH. DRAWN BY A. ANSTED, FROM A SKETCH BY K. ST. B. LEIGH.

dress portends, though a native gives it as *his* opinion that the figure represents 'a retired gentleman, who came to live in the country!'

It is said that the Axe was once navigable to Axminster. Be that as it may, nothing larger than a canoe could get up to that town now. It is a dull little place, with nothing to show but the Minster, an old cruciform church, said to have been founded by Athelstan, though none of the work of his day remains. We used to be taught that Axminster was celebrated for its carpets, but that trade has entirely departed, and Axminster carpets no more come from Axminster than Cheddar cheese comes from Cheddar. It is the last town in Devonshire, and, not far beyond it, we must, if we follow the dwindling river, cross the border into Dorset, and, passing the well-preserved Abbey of Forde, rise to the chalk downs above Beaminster, where, in a tangled copse, amid a profusion of woodruff and meadow-sweet, the Axe has its birth, and here take our leave of these Devonshire streams, of which, in these pages, we have endeavoured to give a brief account—an account that might very well be amplified.*

JOHN LL. WARDEN PAGE.

* A work containing all the illustrations to the above papers on 'The Devonshire Rivers' is now in the press, and will shortly be published under the title of 'The Rivers of Devon, from Source to Sea, the Towns and Villages on their Banks, &c.' By John Lloyd Warden Page. (Seeley & Co., Limited.)

ENGLISH BOOKBINDINGS

II.—*Elizabeth to Charles I. : with some notices of earlier Royal Bindings*

BEFORE the reign of Elizabeth there were but very few private libraries to be found in this country; but after her accession to the throne several eminent Englishmen, following the example of Grolier, De Thou, and other distinguished patrons of letters and the fine arts on the Continent, formed collections of handsomely bound books. Foremost amongst these were Henry Fitzalan, earl of Arundel, Matthew Parker, archbishop of Canterbury, Thomas Wotton, Robert Dudley, earl of Leicester, William Cecil, lord Burghley, Lord Lumley, and Sir Julius Caesar. The Earl of Arundel ought not, perhaps, to be included in this group, as he commenced the formation of his library at a somewhat earlier period than the others, when the recent suppression of the monasteries enabled him to obtain readily many valuable manuscripts as well as printed books. He also acquired a considerable portion of the library of Cranmer, which was dispersed after the death of the Archbishop. Lord Arundel's books are handsomely bound, and are known by his badge of the white horse, which usually occurs upon the covers. He bequeathed them to his son-in-law, Lord Lumley, at whose death they were purchased by Henry, prince of Wales.

Archbishop Parker took so great an interest in the binding of his books that he established a workshop for this purpose in his own house, and no doubt some of the books presented by him to Queen Elizabeth were bound there. An illustration of one of these appeared in the last number of this magazine, and among several others remarkable for the interest and beauty of their bindings is a copy of his work, '*De Antiquitate Britannicæ Ecclesiæ*,' the first book privately printed in England. This famous volume, which is now in the British Museum, is covered with green velvet, having on the sides as a border a representation of the paling of a deer-park, worked in gold and silver thread. On the upper cover this border encloses a rose-bush bearing red and white roses, various other flowers, and deer; on the lower cover, deer, snakes, plants, and flowers; the entire design being executed in gold and silver thread and coloured silks. Red and white roses also adorn the panels of the back.

In a letter to Lord Burghley, dated the 9th of May, 1573, the Archbishop writes, with reference to this work, that he had then 'within his house on wages, drawers and cutters, painters, limners, writers and bookbinders;' and he adds that he has sent Lord Burghley a copy of it 'bound by my man.'

The bindings of the books of Thomas Wotton, the father of the celebrated Sir Henry Wotton, and three other distinguished sons, are particularly good, some of them even rivalling those from the renowned collection of Grolier, whose style he imitated, and whose very liberal motto he adopted—hence his designation of '*The English Grolier*.' 'He was a gentleman,' Izaak Walton tells us, 'excellently educated, and studious in all the liberal arts, in knowledge whereof he attained unto great perfection.' On our first plate is given a remarkably fine example from his library. The volume, which is a copy of Pliny's *History of the World*, printed at Lyons in 1548, is bound in brown calf; the sides being tooled with a particularly elegant and elaborate geometrical design, painted black, and interlaced with arabesques. The binding, which measures 13½ by 8½ inches, is in exceedingly good condition, and is one of the most beautiful specimens of English work of the time in existence. The covers bear the arms of Wotton, but not the inscription, *THOMÆ WOTTONI ET AMICORVM*, which is so generally found on his books.

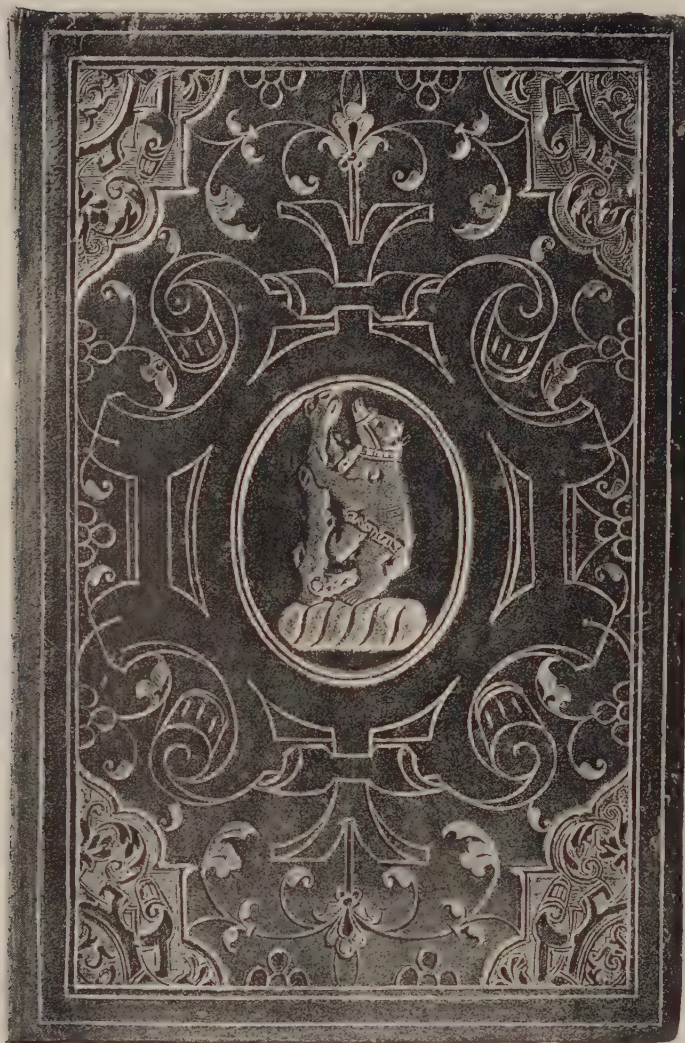
Little is known about the Earl of Leicester's library, but judging from the number of handsomely bound books, bearing his well-known crest, the bear and ragged staff, possessed

by collectors, it must have been both a fine and an extensive one. His books are bound in calf, and have always his arms or his crest, most frequently the latter, impressed upon the covers. The example on this page bears his crest in an oval panel, surrounded with very elegant scroll-work, painted black, and combined with arabesque ornaments. The covers, which have also ornamental corners, measure 9 inches by 6 inches. The work is the *Συμπόσιον* of Plato, printed at Paris in 1543.

Lord Burghley's books generally bear his arms, but a little volume in the British

Museum has simply the names, WILLIAM . MYLDRED . CICYLL . (Lord Burghley and his second wife, Mildred, daughter of Sir Anthony Cook) stamped upon the sides.

A very beautiful and interesting relic from the collection of Sir Julius Caesar, Master of the Rolls in the reign of James I., is also preserved among the treasures of the Museum. It consists of a travelling library of forty-four little volumes, bound in white vellum; the largest measuring $4\frac{3}{4}$ by $2\frac{1}{2}$ inches, and the smallest $2\frac{3}{4}$ by 2 inches. They are enclosed in an oak case, 16 inches long, 11 inches wide, and rather more than 3 inches deep, covered with light olive morocco, elegantly tooled, and made to resemble a folio volume, the portion representing the edges being painted green, with the word BIBLIOTHECA written across it in gold letters. It was formerly fastened with ribands, but these are now wanting. The books are arranged in three sets, which are distinguished by the colour of the ribands with which they are tied, and also by the decoration of the covers.



PLATO. ΣΥΜΠΟΣΙΟΝ. Parisii, 1543. 9 in. by 6 in.

The theological and philosophical works, which have blue ribands, occupy the first shelf; the historical works, with red ribands, the second; and the poetical works, which are tied with green ribands, the third. The books are principally from the presses of Raphelengius at Leyden, and Porteau at Saumur, and were all printed between the years 1591 and 1619. The inside of the lid of the case is very gracefully illuminated, and has a list of the volumes written in gold. It also bears the arms of Sir Julius and two of his wives.

Lord Howard of Effingham, afterwards Earl of Nottingham, the famous admiral who commanded the fleet which defeated the Spanish Armada, must have been the owner of a fair library, for many books bearing his arms are found in the collections of the present day. Archbishops Whitgift and Abbot also possessed some very elegantly bound volumes.

The style of English binding of the latter part of the sixteenth century is well shown

by the specimen on this page, a copy of Golding's 'Caesar,' printed at London in 1590. The sides have somewhat heavy ornamental corners and centre-pieces, and are also studded with a small floral decoration. The leather, as usual, is brown calf, for though morocco had long been very generally used in France and Italy, it was rarely employed by binders in this country until the commencement of the seventeenth century. Although this binding lacks the finish and refinement of the best French work of the time, it is by no means without merit; the forwarding is excellent, and the design is elegant as well as solid in character. Unfortunately we know nothing of the craftsmen who executed the English binding of this period. Indeed, until the beginning of the eighteenth century few books can be connected with the names of their binders, and even then they are far from numerous.

Many of the English kings and queens were lovers of fine bindings, and as early as the reign of Edward I. we find various books mentioned in his Wardrobe Accounts, one of which is described as 'a book called *Textus*, in a case of leather, on which the magnates are wont to be sworn.' This is, perhaps, the first notice of a binding or covering of a book belonging to the royal library. In the following reign, among the volumes which were kept in the Treasury of the Exchequer, and appear in Bishop Stapledon's 'Inventory,' are 'a book bound in red leather *De regimine regum*,' and the *Chronica* of Roderick de Ximenez, archbishop of Toledo, 'bound in green leather.'



CAESAR, TRANSLATED BY ARTHUR GOLDING. Lond., 1590. 8 in. by 5½ in.

In the Wardrobe Accounts of Edward IV. for 1480, several entries occur respecting the 'coveryng and garnysshing of the books of our Souverain Lorde the Kynge;' Piers Banduyn, stationer, being paid 20s. for binding, gilding, and dressing 'of a booke called Titus Livius,' 20s. for binding, gilding, and dressing 'of a booke of the holy Trinite,' 16s. for 'a booke called the bible,' and 16s. for 'a booke called le Gouvernement of Kings and Princes;' and velvet, silk, clasps of copper and gilt, &c., were purchased for the purpose of covering and ornamenting the volumes. Other entries show that the bindings were of 'Cremysy velvet figured,' with 'Laces and Tassels of Silk,' with 'Blue Silk and Gold Botons,' and with 'Claspes with Roses and the Kings Armes upon them.' 'lxx Bolions coper and gilt' and 'ccc nayles gilt' were also used.

Many entries of payments are also found in the Privy Purse Expenses of Henry VII. relating to the purchase and binding of his books, but the titles of those bound are not given, and therefore the volumes cannot be identified. Henry collected a considerable number of books, including the magnificent series on vellum bought of Antoine Verard, the Paris printer and bookseller, which now forms one of the choicest treasures of the national library. These

were inherited by his successor, and in the catalogue of the library of Henry VIII. at Westminster, compiled towards the end of his reign, and now in the Record Office, there are many notices of the binding of the volumes. This library contained no less than sixty Primers; one of which was covered with cloth of gold, twenty 'gilted and covered with vellat,' and thirty-six bound 'in lether and gorgeously gilted.' The King had also at Westminster two 'Masse Bookes,' one of which was 'covered with crimson vellat, with xij covers and peces of silver and gilte to the same;' the other being 'covered with tawney vellat, with claspes of copper.' In his library at Greenwich, which consisted of three hundred and forty-one printed and manuscript volumes, he possessed 'a Mass-booke covered with black vellvet,' and 'a lytle booke of parchment with Prayers, covered with crymson velvet.' Henry had also libraries at Richmond, Windsor, Newhall in Essex, and Beddington in Surrey.

The Inventory of his furniture at St. James's contains entries of a book 'covered with green velvet, contained in a wooden case,' 'a lyttel boke covered with crymson vellat,' a 'Description of the hollie lande,' and a 'boke covered with vellat, embroidered with the Kings arms, declaring the same, in a case of black leather, with his graces arms.' Many of these books were obtained by the plunder of the monastic libraries.

Besides those which have already been described, the British Museum possesses many volumes with noteworthy bindings which belonged to Henry VIII., and also to his successors, Edward VI. and Mary. A large folio Latin bible, printed at Zurich in 1543, with a binding of crimson velvet, very tastefully embroidered with gold thread, and bearing the initials H. R.; a folio French bible, of about the same size as the preceding, printed at Antwerp in 1534, stamped with the initials in gold of Henry and Anne Boleyn; a Latin bible, printed at Zurich in 1544, bound in green velvet, with the arms of Edward VI. impressed upon coloured silks within a panel formed of two gold lines, which have texts of Scripture between them; and an Epitome of the works of St. Augustine, in a very handsome binding by Berthelet, with the arms and initials of Queen Mary, are among the most interesting to be found in the Department of Printed Books. In the Department of Manuscripts are preserved a Commentary in Latin on the campaign of the Emperor Charles V. against the French, bound by Berthelet, in brown leather, with the royal arms, and the initials H. R. in the centre of each cover, medallions of Plato and Dido being placed on each side, while above and below are tablets inscribed, 'VERO DEFENSORI FIDEI ERRORVMQVE PROFLIGATORI OPTIMO MAXIMO HENRICO OCTAVO REGI ANGLORVM, FRANC., HIBERNIEQVE,' &c.; a Description of the Holy Land in French, by Martin Brion, dedicated to Henry VIII., and bound in crimson velvet, with the arms and initials of the King in the centre, and Tudor roses at the corners of the covers, all beautifully worked in coloured silks, gold thread, and seed pearls; and a List of Cities, &c., named in Trogus Pompeius and in the epistles of Cicero, bound by Berthelet in brown leather, very elegantly tooled, and bearing the badge, motto, and initials of Prince Edward, within a flamed circle, on the sides.

King James I. was an ardent admirer of sumptuous bindings, and possessed a large number of superbly bound books; the sides being in many instances thickly diapered with heraldic thistles and fleurs-de-lis, and in others with flaming hearts, tridents, &c. These bindings, which generally have ornamental corners, and always bear the King's arms in the centre of the covers, are imitations of those executed for Louis XIII. of France, which were often decorated with a *semis* of fleurs-de-lis, sometimes alone, and sometimes in combination with the crowned initial of the King.

It is impossible to say who bound these books for James. John Gibson was his book-binder in Scotland, having been appointed to that office on the 29th of July, 1581, at a salary of 20*l.* Scots, and John and Abraham Bateman were his English binders, and received a yearly stipend or fee of 6*l.*; but attempts to connect their names with any particular binding now in existence have hitherto proved fruitless. Entries in the Calendar of State

Papers for 1609 show that in that year both Robert Barker, the King's Printer, and John Norton, the King's Printer 'for the Latine, Greek, and Hebrew Tongues,' who had salaries respectively of 6*l.* 13*s.* 4*d.* and 26*l.* 8*s.* per annum, were also paid sums of money amounting to 484*l.* 11*s.* for printing and binding sundry books for the King's service, but, as is unfortunately so often the case, the titles are not specified, so it is not possible to identify them.

The books of James I. were principally bound in morocco or calf, but other materials were occasionally used. The King's own copy of his 'Meditations upon the Lord's Prayer, a charming little volume in purple velvet, with an oval shield in the centre of each cover, having the royal arms engraved upon it, clasps with the initials I. R., and ornamental corner-pieces—all of silver—is exhibited in one of the show-cases in the King's Library at the British Museum. The dedication to the King's favourite, George Villiers, duke of Buckingham, familiarly called 'Steenie' by his royal master, is a remarkably good example of James's style, and is very amusing:—

'When I bethinke myself' (writes the King) 'to whom I can most aptly dedicate this little labour of mine, most of it being stollen from the hours ordained for my sleepe; and calling to minde how carefull I have ever bin to observe a decorum in the dedication of my bookes, I cannot surely finde out a person to whom I can more fitly dedicate this short Meditation of mine than to you, Buckingham. For it is made upon a very short and plaine Prayer, and therefore fitter for a courtier: for courtiers for the most part are thought neither to have list nor leisure to say long prayers, liking best court Messe and long disner.'

Henry, prince of Wales, shared his father's love for good bindings, and a very large number of books bearing his arms, or his badge and initials, are to be found upon the shelves of the library of the British Museum. Many of these are presentation copies, some of them being of special interest. One was an offering by Thomas Coryate of his 'Crudities,' which the author 'hastily gobbled up in five moneths travells' in France and other countries. The dedication to the Prince, who is called 'The Orient Pearle of the Christian World,' is signed, 'Your Highnesse poore Observer Thomas Coryate, Peregrine of Odcombe.' Odcombe in Somersetshire was Coryate's native place, and he hung up in the village church the shoes in which he had walked from Venice. They were still hanging there in the eighteenth century. The Odcombian Legge Stretcher, as he was accustomed to style himself, before presenting his work to the Prince, had it sumptuously bound in crimson velvet, and the letters H. P. stamped in gold upon the covers. Henry presented the book to his chaplain, Mr. Pomfret, and it descended to Mr. Thomas Cholmondeley, of Vale Royal, who gave it to the Right Hon. Thomas Grenville, by whom it was bequeathed to the British Museum.

When the splendid library of Lord Lumley was bought by this accomplished young Prince, who survived his purchase only three years, he appears to have had all the volumes rebound in calf, with his arms in the centre of the covers, and the large crowned Tudor roses, Prince of Wales's feathers, heraldic lions, or fleurs-de-lis stamped at the corners. The Prince dying intestate, his library became the property of the King his father, and was given with the other royal books to the British Museum by George II. On our first plate is a representation of a volume which belonged to Prince Henry. The work, which is a copy of



NEW TESTAMENT AND BOOK OF COMMON PRAYER. London, 1643. 4½ in. by 2½ in.

'De Re et Disciplina Militari,' by Ferretti, printed at Venice in 1575, is bound in brown calf, with the arms of the Prince in the centre of the covers, which have ornamental corners, and are also studded with a small floral stamp. The size is $11\frac{3}{4}$ by 8 inches.

Charles I. was a great lover of the fine arts, and so excelled in them that it is said that he might, if it were necessary, 'have got a livelihood by them.' He did not, however, possess the same love for books, and, although he bought some when young, and had a considerable number of splendid volumes, bound in crimson and purple velvet, given to him by his mother, he seems to have made but comparatively few additions to the royal collection. Books with bindings bearing his arms are by no means numerous, and many of these are presentation copies. The beautiful volume, measuring $14\frac{3}{4}$ by $10\frac{3}{4}$ inches, containing the Statutes of the University of Oxford, and presented by the University to the King, now preserved in the British Museum and reproduced in our second plate, is bound in dark blue morocco, with the royal arms on the covers, which are also very elegantly decorated with delicate gold tooling, a style of ornamentation which had recently superseded the heavy patterns on the bindings of the books of James I. Velvet was still extensively used for binding bibles and books of devotion, especially in combination with silver ornaments and clasps. A pretty little volume, a New Testament and Book of Common Prayer, printed at London in 1643, is exhibited in the King's Library at the British Museum. It is bound in red velvet, and has on the upper cover a silver ornament containing a portrait of King Charles, and, on the lower cover, one with that of his Queen. The sides, which measure $4\frac{1}{2}$ by $2\frac{1}{4}$ inches, are decorated also at the corners with silver plates, having symbolical representations of the Cardinal Virtues engraved upon them, while the clasps, which are also of silver, bear figures emblematical of the Four Elements. The back is worked with crossed bands of silver embroidery. We give an engraving on the preceding page.

WILLIAM YOUNGER FLETCHER.

THE NEW LIFE OF MICHELANGELO

AMONG the very few artists whose lives people never grow tired of writing are the two Italians, Raphael and Michelangelo.* New conceptions of these two personalities appear at intervals which are almost regular. Between 1550, when Vasari published his first sketch of Michelangelo's career, and 1883, nineteen more or less complete biographies saw the light, to say nothing of new editions, partial studies, and so forth. I don't know, but I should imagine that very few men, if any, have equalled this record. Certainly among artists Raphael alone has done so.

The addition of one more to such an array of appreciations required courage of more kinds than one, and it required a peg to hang on. Either new material had to be brought forward, or the old material set in a new light.

Mr. Symonds has done both of these things.

To begin with, he has had full access to the archives in the Casa Buonarroti. In obedience to the will of the Commendatore Cosimo Buonarroti, who, forty years ago, left the house and its contents to the city of Florence, these were strictly sealed up for more than twenty years. It was not until 1875, the fourth centenary of Michelangelo's birth, that the prohibition was partially relaxed. I do not gather that Mr. Symonds has discovered any actual facts which had escaped the few previous scrutineers, but a franker treatment has enabled him to dispel certain misapprehensions, and to throw light into corners which had been left

* 'The Life of Michelangelo Buonarroti: based on studies in the archives of the Buonarroti family at Florence.' By John Addington Symonds. With etched portrait and fifty reproductions of the works of the master. 2 vols. (London: Nimmo. 1893.)

in deliberate obscurity. More especially, as those who know his edition of the sonnets are aware, has he restored the texts mutilated by Michelangelo the younger, as early as the seventeenth century, and negatived the ideas these mutilations were meant to support.

It is, however, in its fuller sympathy with Italian modes of thought during the Renaissance that the new biography finds its chief reason for existing. Between the nineteenth-century English mind and that of a sixteenth-century Italian, there is, as a rule, an impassable gulf. They differ not only in their sincere beliefs, they differ still more profoundly in their half-unconscious affectations. The mixture of delight in a new art and a new learning with a half-real admiration for deceased civilisations, which filled the Rome of Leo X., has, no doubt, had its modern counterparts. But that does not prevent its significance from being continually perverted, and its results weighed as if their meaning in 1520 were exactly what it would be in 1890. Here Mr. Symonds shows his superiority to previous biographers. He makes a sincere attempt to project himself into the sixteenth century, and to judge the conduct of the time in the light of its own ideas. If, upon some much-disputed points, we differ from his conclusions, that should not interfere with our recognition of the skill with which he has carried out his self-appointed task.

As for the form of his book, there he has had to contend with many adverse conditions. The career of Michelangelo is still, and perhaps will always remain, a subject of controversy. This would not matter so much if the points in dispute were of the first importance in themselves. But they are not so. The causes of his two flights from Florence, the condition of his mind during his sojourn at Carrara, the nature of his relations with Pietro Aretino, with Tommaso Cavalieri, with Vittoria Colonna, are none of them vital points in his history, except, perhaps, the last. And so the space they demand, the discussions, repetitions, and general insistence they involve, embarrass the narrative, and throw the book somewhat out of form. A perfect biography should obey one of two laws. To use a metaphor which here has a certain fitness, it should be either expressive in its unity, or decorative in its procession. It should either have its parts so knit and balanced one against the other that an organic whole is produced, or their succession should be so arranged that the stream of narrative flows on with the variety in unity of the Parthenon frieze. Mr. Symonds is faithful to neither law. At one moment he is painting a picture, at another modelling a frieze, and so he fails to create an organic work of art. He should have had a Prosper Mérimée at his elbow. If his book had been treated as Mérimée treated '*Madame Bovary*' it would have been vastly improved—many involutions would have been cut out; many moments in Buonarroti's career would have been brought into a desirable sequence from which they are now divorced; and a justness of proportion which is now absent would have been secured.

One section, which a judicious friend would either have taken out altogether or unmercifully 'cut,' is that in which the Master's friendships are discussed. About no question do those who are removed by difference of time and race find it more difficult to form true opinions than about questions which touch the heart. Human nature never changes, but its fashions of expression are always in the melting-pot. The love affairs of nearly all famous men, even when their times are close to our own, are matters of dispute. Abelard and Eloisa, Petrarch and Laura, Dante and Beatrice, Raphael and his Margarita, Michelangelo and Vittoria Colonna, even Nelson and Emma Hamilton—what do we know for certain about any one of these couples? The ways in which people express their sentimental ideas change too quickly and too completely to enable the men of one age to know exactly what those of another meant by the language they used. Phrases that a modern tongue reserves for great occasions were squandered recklessly in the sixteenth century. It is now too late to determine how far they represented realities and how far shams. All great revivals are attended by enormous affectations, and the revival of ancient learning was no exception to

the rule. In our own most inquisitive age all sorts of things are said which will be the despair of those critics of a distant future who imagine they were based on any real foundation: They are said academically. They are said because they seem to bring their sayers into line with some French poet or Greek philosopher. Imagine an American, three centuries hence—an American with the passionless intelligence which already marks America developed tenfold—imagine such a man attempting to divine the lives lived by many Englishmen to-day in the light of their writings—would he not miss the mark? If he allowed nothing for our affectations, how far would his conclusions be from the truth as we know it! I am persuaded that much of the apparent contradiction between Michelangelo's life and his formative art, on the one side, and his writings on the other, is to be explained on some such lines as these. Mr. Symonds sets down the things which puzzle us to an intense admiration for human beauty, and so far, no doubt, he is right. He should have added, I think, that Michelangelo's way of expressing that admiration in words—amateur in letters as he was—sprang from mere inability to rise above the exaggerations, affectations, and general *pose* of his time.

But enough of this. The whole question is now beyond solution, and we must be content with the Michelangelo we know—with the sculptor, painter, and architect, whose documents are incontrovertible. Of this Michelangelo Mr. Symonds could have drawn a complete picture had his knowledge of art been a little more profound. The literary side of the master's genius, the poetic, dramatic, and intellectual qualities of his work, he never fails to grasp. It is only on the aesthetic side that he falls short of the true idea. To take an instance. In discussing the figures on the Sistine ceiling he sees the grandeur of the general result, but he says little to show how that grandeur has been won. As we read his pages we feel convinced that he could not explain why Raphael's Sybils in the *Pace* are less overwhelming than Michelangelo's in the Sistine. It is not enough for a woman to be well drawn, noble in form and feature, and dignified in pose, to rival the Delphica or Cumaea of Buonarroti. Her lines—the contours of her limbs, the folds of her draperies, the turn and *allure* of her whole person—must have that essential unity which is the true aim, so seldom reached, of art. There is nothing accidental in Michelangelo's women. Each is a creation to which every detail adds a vital part. Their robes are thrown as we see them, not for grace, or verisimilitude, but because the master's thought required that this way and no other they should be thrown. Michelangelo's Sybils are superb because, by his unequalled gift, he was able to impress an echo of their grandeur on every detail of their dress and action. Raphael could do nothing of the kind, and so, when we have called his performance in the *Pace* a fine group, we have said all that need be said about it. Mr. Symonds's artistic limitations have led him into many difficulties. Had he possessed a deeper insight he would not have fallen into the old heresy about the two pictures in the National Gallery, he would not have shown so much uncertainty about the *St. John* of the Bargello, about the Bruges *Madonna*, about the many unfinished things left by the master; he would not have said that 'the true test of the highest art is that it should rightly represent the human form.' The human form might be perfectly represented without art at all. The true test of the highest art is, of course, completeness in the expression of an artistic idea. But that test, unfortunately, can only be applied by the limited few who are, or might be, artists.

Mr. Symonds shows at his best when the literary side of painting is under discussion. Unlike most of those who have written about it, he understands the conception of Buonarroti's *Last Judgment*, and sees clearly how the master came to take a view which has distressed all those who cling to the merciful side of Christianity. Michelangelo gave to Rome the judgment it deserved. After an excellent description of the scheme of the great fresco, Mr. Symonds goes on:—

'The cross and whipping-post are the chief emblems of Christ's Passion. The crown of thorns is also there, the sponge, the ladder, and the nails. It is with no merciful intent that these signs of our Lord's

suffering are thus exhibited. Demonic angels, tumbling on clouds like Leviathans, hurl them to and fro in brutal wrath above the crowd of souls, as though to demonstrate the justice of damnation. In spite of God's pain and shameful death, mankind has gone on sinning. The Judge is what the crimes of the world and of Italy have made Him. Immediately below the corbel, and well detached from the squadrons of attendant saints, Christ rises from His throne. His face is turned in the direction of the damned, His right hand is lifted as though loaded with thunderbolts for their annihilation. He is a ponderous young athlete; rather, say, a mass of hypertrophied muscles, with the features of a vulgarised Apollo. The Virgin sits in a crouching attitude at His right side, slightly averting her head, as though in painful expectation of the coming sentence. The saints and martyrs who surround Christ and His Mother, while forming one of the chief planes in the composition, are arranged in four unequal groups of subtle and surprising intricacy. All bear the emblems of their cruel deaths, and shake them in the sight of Christ as though appealing to His judgment-seat. It has been charitably suggested that they intend to supplicate for mercy. I cannot, however, resist the impression that they are really demanding rigid justice. St. Bartholomew flourishes his flaying-knife and dripping skin with a glare of menace. St. Catherine struggles to raise her broken wheel. St. Sebastian frowns down on hell with a sheaf of arrows quivering in his stalwart arm. The saws, the carding-combs, the crosses, and the gridirons, all subserve the same purpose of reminding Christ that, if He does not damn the wicked, confessors will have died for Him in vain. It is singular that, while Michelangelo depicted so many attitudes of expectation, eagerness, anxiety, and astonishment in the blest, he has given to none of them the expression of gratitude, or love, or sympathy, or shrinking awe. Men and women, old and young alike, are human beings of Herculean build. Paradise, according to Buonarroti's conception, was not meant for what is graceful, lovely, original, and tender. The hosts of heaven are adult and over-developed gymnasts. Yet while we record these impressions, it would be unfair to neglect the spiritual beauty of some souls embracing after long separation in the grave, with folding arms and clasping hands and clinging lips.'

This is a good account of the *Last Judgment* as it is. But why should Mr. Symonds be surprised at its narrowness of view? Michelangelo was a narrow man, overpowering as he was. There was none of the Shakespearian breadth, toleration, and comprehending sanity about him. His genius was profound, unfathomable; but it had none of the all-embracing distribution required for a conception of the Last Judgment which should include its hope as well as its terror, its mercy as well as its vengeance, its promise of everlasting rest as well as its provision of torments for the damned. Buonarroti was a true son of Dante, but in his '*Inferno*,' Paolo and Francesca would not have been together.

WALTER ARMSTRONG.

ALBERT DÜRER IN THE BERLIN MUSEUM

IT never rains but it pours,' says the proverb. For sixty years after its foundation the Berlin Museum was without a painted specimen of the most famous of German artists, and now, within little more than a decade, it has acquired five. When Dr. Thausing published his life of Albert Dürer, about twelve years ago, he could point to no picture by the master in the Prussian Gallery except a doubtful head, studied from a model, which has now disappeared from the catalogue. Since 1880 five more or less excellent examples have been bought. Two of them, sad to say, came from England. The first of the five went to Berlin in 1880. Its former home was at Florence, in the Palazzo Gino-Capponi. The subject is the *Virgin with the Naked Child*. When at Florence this picture was greatly obscured by dirt and old varnish; since it arrived at Berlin its appearance has been improved, but even now it is not a very covetable work. The next arrivals were two portraits. The *Jakob Muffel*, one of the pleasantest of Dürer's paintings, was bought at the sale of Prince Narischkin's collection in 1882. It is free from the aggressive stiffness which marks most of Dürer's portraits, and, if it were only in better condition, would be more desirable, from the strictly artistic standpoint, than its more famous companion, the portrait of Hieronymus Holzschuher. In the same year as the *Muffel*, the Hamilton

Palace sale yielded a curiously unpleasing canvas, which was catalogued as 'Albert Dürer, by himself.' It was recognised by the German connoisseurs, Dr. Lippmann leading the way, as a portrait of Frederick the Wise, and must date from the end of the fifteenth century. It was bought for the small price of 370 guineas, partly because its authenticity was not generally recognised at the time—partly because, authentic or not, it was a very ugly picture. Two years afterwards, in 1884, the family of the Freiherrn von Holzschuher, of Nuremberg, consented to sell the remarkable portrait of their ancestor, which had been for years on loan to the Germanisches Museum. The price paid, I believe, was 17,000*l.*—a sum which, taking size into consideration, à la Philistine, only comes second to the



MADONNA AND CHILD. BY ALBERT DÜRER.

the silvery tones of the hair much better than the darker tint put over it early in the present century. The panel is still in its original case, with a lid, on which the family arms are painted.

The fifth Dürer at Berlin is the one here reproduced. It is dated 1506, twenty years before the two Septemvir portraits. It was at the 'Old Masters' in 1870, when it excited little interest on account of the dirt and old repaints with which it was then covered. Dr. Thausing dismisses it with scant ceremony, merely observing that, in spite of its condition, it retains traces of authenticity. Even in our small reproduction, however, the characteristic nobility of design can be seen. Since the panel arrived at Berlin the repaints and other disfigurements have been removed, and the result has surpassed the most sanguine expectations of Dr. Bode, to whose sagacity and promptitude the acquisition was due.

There are now, I believe, only two pictures by Albert Dürer left in England.

D. N. G. I.

25,000*l.* paid for Raphael's *Three Graces* by the Duc d'Aumale. Purely as a work of art, the merits of the *Holzschuher* are slight enough. It has no design; it is harsh in colour and steely hard in texture; but it makes up for this to some extent by its extraordinary vivacity of imitation. Every accident in the sitter's skin, every hair on his head, every tint which goes to make the grey mirror of his eyes—all these are rendered with incomparable fidelity, a fidelity so great that it leads to illusion, at any rate, if not to art. Both Muffel and Holzschuher were Septemvirs of Nuremberg, and both portraits were painted in 1526. Muffel's may have been posthumous, for he died on the 19th of April in that year—and this may account for the superior vivacity of the *Holzschuher*. Originally the latter picture had a light greyish-green background, which must have suited

APRIL 1.—One of the earliest lights of the Newlyn school, Mr. Walter Langley, is to be studied at the Fine Art Society's in a series of sixty-nine water-colour drawings. Mr. Langley is a link between the open-air painters of light and the sentimentalists of a generation ago. His fisherfolk brim over with pathetic appeal. Their looks and attitudes are all protests against the inequalities of fortune; against the indifference of the sea, which yields a living to-day and drowns to-morrow; against the world's oblivion, which thinks of the Cornish fisherman only as a factor in a new art movement. Another weak point in Mr. Langley's art is his apparent inability to make us forget the model in the result. His people are without movement, and as if this were not enough to suggest the atmosphere of the studio, he is apt to repeat a favourite figure. One girl in a pink jacket occurs in some half-dozen of these drawings. Their strength lies in their suggestion of silvery light and in their excellent rendering of textures. 'Whatever Mr. Langley may paint, he is, as a Newlyn, chiefly a painter of light. In the truth of natural light has been found that uniting, picture-making quality that the schools of painting have sought in "generalisation" at one time, in artificial composition at another, or yet again in other more or less successful conventions. The poet had a true and simple flash of pictorial vision, which a painter might envy, when he saw and sang how

"All things look but one
In the universal sun."

This is a quotation from Mrs. Meynell's introduction to the catalogue, and, with the reserves above hinted at, it describes Mr. Langley's art well enough.

In the new galleries just opened by Messrs. Lawrie & Co., of Glasgow, in Old Bond Street, a loan collection of pictures by the Barbizon painters, and a few others, is now open. Eight Corots, a Rousseau, two Millets, three Diaz, two Daubignys, two Duprés, two Troyons, two Meissoniers, a Gainsborough, a Reynolds, a Romney, a Constable, and a Turner, make up a pretty good illustration of the moment's fashion in art. They are mostly first-rate examples, but in charm they must yield, one and all, to a young girl's portrait, ascribed to Velazquez, which alone represents the 'Old Masters.' This is one of the most fascinating things we have encountered for a long time, and, whether it be Spanish or Dutch, it would add *éclat* to any gallery. The Messrs. Lawrie publish a catalogue, 'manufactured' in Glasgow, which is a first-rate specimen of typography. The printers are James Maclehose & Sons; the makers of the plates Messrs. Maclure, Macdonald, & Co.

ANOTHER magnificent catalogue, less chastened in taste but more ambitious than that of the Messrs. Lawrie, is the volume published by the organizers of the Meissonier exhibition now open in Paris. With a preface by Dumas fils; a frontispiece—Meissonier's own portrait—by Waltner; and a series of plates by etchers so well known as Toussaint, Matthey, Lalanze, Kratké, Allassonière, Courtry, Mordant, Faivre, Mignon, and Champollion, this becomes a veritable monument, and a book that no amateur can afford to be without. To our mind the best plate is that of M. Abel Mignon, after the portrait of Pascuale. This is a model of reproductive etching.

THE sale catalogue of the Spitzer Collection has been issued, and is a wonderful two-guineas-worth. It consists of two large quarto volumes of letterpress, and a portfolio of sixty-eight plates, in which nearly all the 3369 'lots' are reproduced by the photographic process. Taken in conjunction with the sumptuous catalogue, with illustrations in colour, which M. Spitzer began in his own lifetime, it will be a worthy memorial of the museum—for it was no less—about to be dispersed. The collection has been divided by the experts into forty-four classes, exclusive of the arms and armour, which are not to be sold at present.

M. GÉROME has sent over to London, for exhibition at the Royal Academy, the remarkable *Bellona* which last

year attracted so much attention at the old Salon Elysées. M. Gérôme is an honorary R.A., so that his work is sure to be well placed. It is a rather more than life-sized figure. The face and arms are of ivory, the eyes of enamel, the draperies and armour of bronze, gilt and coloured. It is a pity that the *Pygmalion and Galatea* has not been sent also, for it embodies the boldest experiment yet made in the tinting of marble sculpture.

THE Annual Exhibition of the Royal Hibernian Academy contains very little that the eye can rest upon with any sort of pleasure. By far the best things of local production are the portraits and landscapes of Mr. Walter Osborne. It will be remembered that a drawing of his was bought last year for the Chantrey collection. To the gallery in Abbey Street he sends, among other things, a full-length portrait of a little girl, *Miss Mollie Natting*, which is delightfully spontaneous in conception, and full of delicate colour and coherent brushing. After Mr. Osborne's, the best portrait in the place is that of the Vice-Provost of Trinity, by Miss S. H. Purser. This lady is an amateur, with the uncertain drawing and vague modelling of her kind, but she has 'arts.' Mrs. Stanhope Forbes sends a good picture, *School is Out*: Mr. N. Hone's *Showery Weather* is an excellent landscape of the vigorous order. Mr. Tuke's *All Hands to the Pumps*, Mr. P. W. Adam's *Rosslyn Chapel*, Mr. Phil Morris's *Sailor's Wedding*, and Mr. Vincent Duffy's *Dublin Bay*, should also be named.

THE Prussian competition for the memorial to the great Elector Frederick has resulted much as that for the Wellington Memorial did in England. The jury placed the sketch sent in by Boehm first, and that of Signor Palastrelli second. Fate prevented this decision from taking effect, and now the German Emperor—or, rather, the King of Prussia—has finally given the commission to Riessacker, an artist ignored by the jury.

ANTONIN MERCIÉ's monument to Thiers is now being erected in the chapel at Père-Lachaise. It consists of three figures—a marble statue of Thiers himself, supported by a second marble figure, *La Patrie*, and a bronze *Immortalité*, who offers a wreath to the statesman. On the chapel walls are two reliefs by Chapu, one the *Libération du Territoire*, the other *Le Génie de l'Immortalité*.

THE Duke of Sermoneta-Gaetani, a member of the family to which Boniface VIII. belonged, has given Niccolò Pisano's statue of that pope to the city of Florence. It will be placed in the Duomo.

IN our last obituary we congratulated our readers on the fact that no artist of distinction had died during the past quarter. The words were scarcely beyond recall before the sudden death of Mr. John Pettie, R.A., at the comparatively early age of fifty-four, was announced. He had been ill for some time with what was believed to be an abscess in the ear, but was thought to be convalescent, and a fatal issue was not feared until a few hours before his death. John Pettie was born at East Linton, in Haddingtonshire, in 1839. While still very young he won admission to the Trustees' Academy, in Edinburgh, where he worked under Robert Scott Lander, and had for his companions many painters who have since won distinction. Chief among them were Orchardson, McWhirter, Tom Graham, McTaggart, and Hugh Cameron. These, with Pettie, were among the most assiduous attendants at the sketching club, which held its meetings once a week at the Waverley Temperance Hotel, between about 1856 and 1861. In 1861 an exodus to London began. Orchardson led the way, and was followed soon afterwards by Pettie, the pair establishing themselves in the house in Fitzroy Square which was afterwards occupied successively by Ford Madox Brown and Andrew Gow. The friends lived three years in Fitzroy Square, and then the *ménage* was broken up through Pettie's marriage to Miss Bossom, whose sister became the wife of another Scot, Mr. C. E. Johnson. After his marriage Pettie went to live in a house vacated by

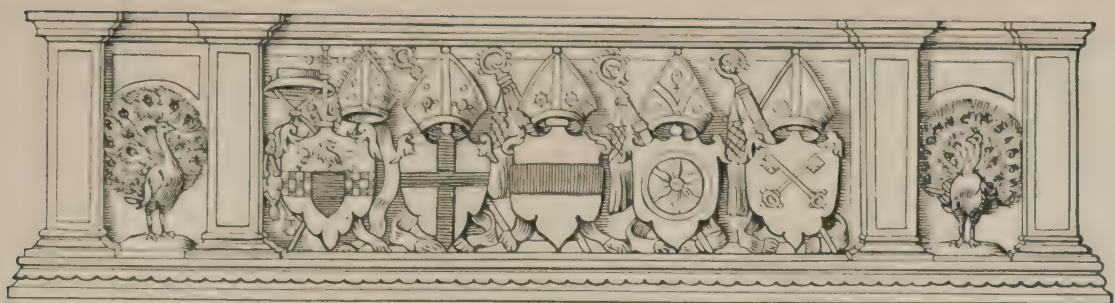
J. R. Herbert, R.A., in the St. John's Wood Road. There he lived until, some twenty years later, he migrated to a house of his own building in Fitzjohn's Avenue, where he remained till his death. Pettie was elected an A.R.A. in 1866, and a full Academician in 1873. His subjects until recently were of a romantic kind, involving much inquiry into antique dress and manners. Within the last few years, however, he had accepted many commissions for portraits, and seemed to be in a fair way to the adoption of portraiture as his chief pursuit. It is understood that he has left several finished portraits in his studio, some of which, at least, will be seen at the approaching Academy. His most ambitious picture, *The Death Warrant*, is in the gallery at Hamburg; but in English provincial collections, especially in that of Sheffield, he is well represented. *The Vigil*, an aspirant to knighthood watching his armour before the accolade, is in the Chantrey Fund Collection. Pettie was greatly beloved by his friends.

THE Eleventh Annual Exhibition of the Society—now 'Royal'—of Painter-Etchers is on a higher plane than most of its predecessors. The flood of commercial etchings is going down, and so the Society deserves its title better than it did. The great majority of the plates exhibited are of the legitimate sort. They attempt what the etcher should attempt, and do so at the bidding of no one but himself. Among the more notable contributions are twenty plates exhibited by the young Scottish etcher, Mr. D. Y. Cameron. Mr. Cameron would not have worked just as he does had Rembrandt, and Seymour Haden, and Whistler, not worked before him. But in spite of its evidence of intelligent study, his work has plenty of originality. Still more has it vivacity, coherence, and satisfaction with what the etched line can do best. Another Scot—guessing by his name, which is F. Laing—sends a few excellent plates, of which *Au Bord du Canal, Charenton*, is perhaps the most attractive. Yet a third Caledonian is to the fore in Mr. W. Strang, among whose fifteen contributions are portraits of Mr. Thomas Hardy, Mr. Cosmo Monkhouse, and Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson, the last-named clearly not from life. We vastly prefer Mr. Strang's portraits to his *Conventicles* and *Adorations of the Shepherds*. No amount of skill in execution can hide the unreality that lies at the root of things like these. Rembrandt, filtered first through Legros and then through Strang, will not do for 1893. He becomes simply fantastic. *The Old Lighthouse, Hastings*, by Mr. Percy Thomas, is a good plate; so is Herkomer's *Portrait of an Old Lady*. We like the *Siren*, too, by Mr. Jacomb Hood, and Mr. Frank Short's *Brewery at Haarlem*, and Miss Jessie Harrison's *Little Cloister, Westminster*, and Mr. C. J. Watson's *Rue Pirouette, Paris*, and Colonel Goff's *Charing Cross Bridge*, and, of course, the series of dry-points by Helleu. *Tissot causant avec Trois Dames* and *Profil de Jeune Fille* are especially fascinating. Mr. Charles Storm van Gravesande's plates do for the sea, in somewhat coarser fashion, what M. Helleu's do for people; and a *Study of Trees*, by Mr. O. Hall, dwells in the mind.

This Exhibition has its 'Old Masters' section. In a series of thirty-five plates we can enjoy some of the best work of Claude, Hollar, Ostade, and Méryon, as well as of the engravers, Martin Schongauer, Albert Dürer, Marc Antonio, and Martin Zagel. Two impressions from the same state of Méryon's *Rue de la Tixeranderie* show how the effect of an etching may be modified by the printer, and, seeing where they hang, afford a rather curious com-

ment on a quarrel which raged in the 'St. James's Gazette' about ten years ago.

THE present Exhibition of the Royal Institute of Painters in Water-Colours has not been received with unstinted praise, but we confess that to us it seems one of the most interesting yet brought together. The great majority of the seven hundred contributions are, no doubt, commonplace enough. But the exceptions are numerous, and unusually good. Unfortunately they are often very ill hung. The best things in the first room are Mr. Frank Brangwyn's *Puerta des Passages* and Mr. Dudley Hardy's *Snake Charmers*. One is in a corner, the other skied. Mr. Brangwyn's drawing is an attempt to paint houses on the seashore, lying in shadow between a blazing southern sky and its reflection in the water. The half-tones are managed with exquisite skill, and the suggestion of sunlight as full and powerful as the medium would allow. Half close your eyes, and the relative truth of the tones will be at once apparent. As for the Dudley Hardy, it is *bizarre* in conception and a little painty; but it deserved a much better place than it occupies at present. In the large gallery it is a pleasant surprise to come upon four drawings by Mr. E. J. Gregory. Three are portraits; the fourth, and best, a landscape. Among his many good qualities, Gregory has extraordinary power in the suggestion of light. This *Peveril Point* is a perfect blaze of sunshine. It makes all the drawings in its neighbourhood look dirty and befogged. The same may be said in a less degree of the portrait called *Divided Attention*, a girl looking up pensively from her book. Some years ago, when Gregory was first elected an A.R.A., he sent two pictures to the Academy in which the same problem of high tones was successfully attacked. One was a *Santa Maria della Salute*, the other a houseboat on the Thames, with girls and swans. Those were oil pictures, and in oil the painter has a longer range of tones than he can get in water-colour; but their illumination was scarcely more powerful than in these drawings, especially the landscape. It is a great pity Mr. Gregory sends so little to the exhibitions. His example might do a great deal to counteract the empty looseness which spoils the promise of so many of our younger painters. For his drawing is as masterly as his command of values. The best of Sir James Linton's three contributions is a finely studied head which he calls *Anthea*. Mr. John Fulleylove's *San Marco, Venice*; another *Venice*, by Count von Seckendorff; Mr. Dudley Hardy's *Study in Petticoat Lane* and *A Spanish Smoker*; and Mr. Gregory's *Helmsman*, should all be looked at before passing on into the third room. So, too, should a pair of remarkable studies of shells by Miss Kate M. Whitley, which carry imitation about as far as it will go. In the last room the good things are more frequent than in the other two. *Borne on the swift though silent wings of Time, old age comes on apace*, by Mr. W. R. Steer, is curious in colour like most of that gentleman's productions, but it has many good qualities. *A Winter's Eve*, by Claude Hayes; *The Belfry of Bruges*, by Mr. P. A. Hay; *A Moonlit Moorland and Harrowing*, by Mr. R. B. Nisbet; *Britons opposing the landing of Julius Caesar*, by W. W. Collins; and *Surprised*, by Gordon Browne, are all good, but are surpassed by the very fine drawing which Mr. Austen Browne calls *New Bedding*, the subject being a farm girl, in the usual pink 'bed-gown' of the Scottish female peasant, with a pair of calves in a byre. For richness of tone and general depth and quality it would be difficult to beat it.



OTTER - HOUNDS

IT has never been clearly ascertained from what source the large rough hound, known as the otter-hound, has been obtained; the general belief is that it is closely allied with the Southern hound, grand specimens of which are occasionally to be found in the South of France, where they are used for hunting various beasts of chase. The large rough hound has long been used in otter-hunting in Westmoreland, Cumberland, the Lake District of Lancashire, and in Durham and Northumberland, and there are still small packs of otter-hounds in which the rough hound takes a conspicuous place in those and other counties; but foxhounds have been largely introduced, no doubt for the reason that it has been found difficult, if not impossible, to procure the rough hound. Landseer and Tayler represent otter-hounds of a somewhat smaller, finer description than the hounds which were used in the Lake District, but their leading characteristics are the same. The true value of the rough hound lies in his power to appreciate the very subtle and cold trail, and his great capability for swimming.

It takes a long time to teach a foxhound to take the scent, indeed it can hardly be taught, except by an otter-hound; but once acquired, foxhounds, and even harriers, take to the chase kindly, and do not quit an otter-trail for any other. But there are some periods in an otter-hunt where the grand rough dog holds his own. For instance, in lake hunting, the distance to be swum is considerable—say, half a mile—but that hardly affects the otter-hound. Again, where an otter is in a deep pool, with banks undermined, under the fringes of which he can pass to and fro unobserved, it is only by keeping the hounds continually swimming, and ever and anon finding the scent, that the otter can be moved: the smooth coat of the foxhound is against him in these trials of endurance, but an otter-hound hardly ever refuses the water till utterly exhausted. Another difficult part of otter-hunting is when the otter is moving up a rapid stream; the scent is then washed rapidly down with the current. A well-trained otter-hound perseveres, and heads well up to the game, swimming strongly, which his great power enables him to do; the young and imperfectly trained dogs, on the other hand, follow the ‘wash’ down-stream at full cry. It requires all the huntsman’s skill to correct this fault. Rough terriers are used in otter-hunting for the same reason as rough hounds—that is, they can stand the water so much better, and the wet drains and ‘hovers’ cause them comparatively little trouble. A smooth-haired terrier is of no use.

Two packs of rough hounds from the Lake Country were brought into Devonshire rather more than thirty years ago, one (Mr. Postlethwaite’s, from Broughton-in-Furness) to North Tawton, Devon, by the writer, and the other (Rev. Hylton Wybergh’s) to Mr. Newton of Bridestowe. Mr. Newton’s father and grandfather had hunted otter before him, with fox and other hounds, but the rough hounds were very much preferred by him.

There are good packs in Shropshire and in Wales, and at present there appears very little fear that the sport will be given up. Devonshire has still many packs, and noted ones; and its lovely rivers afford every opportunity for good sport; landlords and tenant

farmers are fond of the sport, and otters are carefully protected. Anglers are somewhat selfish about this sport, but there is fish enough for all good fishermen, and for otters too. In the early part of the year otters are very frequently found far up the streams, even on Dartmoor and Exmoor; but they generally move with the fish in salmon rivers, sometimes staying for weeks in the estuaries, and at other times resting for two or three days at old-established 'hovers' when going up-stream following the salmon. In lakes and streams like the Thames, where for navigation the water is 'ponded,' on the other hand, otters remain for a long time in one place. Thirty years ago there was a grand 'holt' for otters opposite Hardwicke Hall; and the writer saw three in the meadow by Marlow Suspension Bridge the same year.

The rivers in Scotland, notably the Annan and Nith, abound with otters, and visits were usually paid every year by the north-country packs. Ireland would certainly be the best country of all for the sport. In 1857 the writer had the pleasure of spending a month in Connemara with some friends from Cumberland, with Mr. Postlethwaite and his pack. The number of otters was something surprising, and, indeed, embarrassing, and the streams and lakes afforded every variety of hunting. But the want of boats was a drawback. There is one inconvenience felt by many otherwise good sportsmen, and that is the very early hour at which the sport must be commenced—say, five a.m. The fresh scent lying then on every blade of grass or mossy rock soon disperses with the sun's rays, and then—say, at eight or nine—the chase becomes difficult, and shortly afterwards useless; but, on the other hand, the early hour has this advantage, that it makes the field select, a circumstance of no small value in hunting that requires a good deal of thought and patient endurance. In conclusion, the great danger of scratch packs of hounds is lest the otter should not get a fair chance at starting. With the rough hounds (slow and sure), you can depend on this. You have a grand chase, and possibly—perhaps, not improbably—the otter may get away in some well-chosen 'holt.' No good sportsman will regret this; but with a pack made up of all sorts and conditions of dogs, there is too much fear of 'mobbing' an otter when first found, and, perhaps, of using the hateful spear which, though seen in some good pictures, is not now carried with properly managed packs.

H. F. CHURCH.

MEISSONIER

IT is unfortunate that in consequence of a family dissension Meissonier's works should have to be separated into two distinct exhibitions, one in the well-known Petit Gallery in the Rue de Sèze, the other at the Ecole des Beaux-Arts. The first is open whilst I write this article—the second is to follow. As a portion of the exhibition now in the Rue de Sèze is to be transported to London,* some notice of it will have a special interest for English readers at the present time.

Not only is there a division of the works of Meissonier into two different exhibitions, but that in the Rue de Sèze is subdivided into two parts: the *Atelier Meissonier*—that is, the things left in the artist's studio at the time of his death—consisting almost exclusively of studies of various kinds, and a loan collection of finished pictures. It is probable that what is called the *Atelier* will be taken to London without diminution, but it seems much less probable that the owners of the loan collection will consent to its removal across the Channel; or, if some of them are willing to take the risk, whether there is any certainty that the collection will remain complete.

The collection of studies has a much fresher attraction than the loan collection of pictures, many of which are already familiar to the public. We knew before that the master

* Since this article was written the exhibition has been opened at Messrs. Tooth's Gallery in the Haymarket.

was to the end of his days a very painstaking student, but no one who had not the privilege of his intimacy could imagine how numerous his studies were, and how much care and toil he habitually bestowed upon them. During his lifetime they were kept rather jealously in privacy, as the painter seems to have been apprehensive of some diminution in the effect of his pictures on the public mind if it became known what a cautious and patient workman he really was, and how little he trusted to unaided memory and invention. So far as the general public is concerned, Meissonier may have been right, as in all things it is prudent to hide the business of preparation. In every profession there is a private and a public side, corresponding to the mystery of the actor's dressing-room and the publicity of his appearance on the stage. As a member of the general public one might be thankful to an artist for every precaution on his part that could be favourable to our illusion, but from the critical point of view one desires to know the origin and gestation of the work. And this curiosity is most legitimate as the nature of artistic genius is itself in question, and that is really the most interesting of all subjects of inquiry in connexion with the fine arts.

It may seem difficult to add anything to a reputation already so great as that of Meissonier, yet this exhibition has certainly placed it on a more substantial basis. We all knew before that he was a very honest, hard-working painter, who laboured long and assiduously to attain a certain kind of perfection, but nobody except his most intimate friends could have any adequate notion of the truly heroic strength of his artistic virtues. We know him now, and though the limitations of



MARSHAL BESSIERES, BY MEISSONIER. STUDY FOR THE PICTURE OF '1807.'

his genius have become more definitely apparent for us, we respect him far more than ever. If his pictures seem a little less miraculous when the miracle is partially explained by the most laborious preparation in the entire history of art, the truth still remains that the power of close and prolonged mental application was in itself a part of genius, as it was in the first Napoleon, and that even the same labour would not have produced equivalent results in an artist of inferior gifts.

The exhibition of studies shows Meissonier in two characters; first, as a lover of nature, and then as a craftsman endeavouring to maintain his technical skill, and, if possible, to increase it, by the discipline of eye and hand.

As an observer of nature no artist could be more consistent in his singleness of purpose. Meissonier simply wanted to see and learn the truth, and he never, even to his latest day, substituted himself for nature as artists do when they have acquired a mannerism, or as men of very great imaginative genius are apt to do, merely because their own idiosyncrasy alters everything. Nothing can exceed the closeness with which Meissonier scrutinised the object before him. M. Alexandre Dumas, in his introduction to the catalogue, speaks of the intensity of his application, the fixedness of his attention. 'Examine the smallest, and appa-



PORTRAIT OF MADAME SABATIER. FROM A SKETCH BY MEISSONIER.

rently the least important of his studies; you will soon be completely absorbed by the little piece of painted wood as the painter had himself been absorbed by it, and it will gradually grow upon you as you look at it, till it becomes as big as nature itself. The reason is that for some hours of his existence there was nothing for him on earth but the model before his eyes, and his will to render it as he saw it.'

Along with this intensely acute observation of what interested him, we find in Meissonier a remarkable narrowness in the range of his interests, both in the life of mankind and of animals, and also in objects without life. It has sometimes been said that he never painted

a woman. This is inexact, as women appear in a few, a very few of his pictures, and also in some of his studies, but his interest in the male sex seems to have been overpoweringly predominant. He can hardly have cared for the beauty of flesh in either sex, or he would have painted the naked figure more frequently. It occurs very rarely indeed, either in pictures or studies. There is one little picture, called *Hercules*, which is really no more than a study of muscular form not pleasant either in the colour or quality of the flesh-painting, whilst it is accurate and hard in drawing. There is also a water-colour of a sculptor's studio in which the model is nude, but she is by no means a well-chosen type, nor is she painted with any sensuous enjoyment, such as usually accompanies all first-rate painting of the nude.



STUDY OF A CUIRASSIER, FOR THE PICTURE OF '1805,' BY MEISSONIER.

Meissonier evidently did not take nearly so much pleasure in the sober and simple colouring of flesh as he took in the folds and surfaces and variegated colours of costume. His clothed figures of women are with one or two exceptions greatly inferior to his men. He missed the strong accents of the mature masculine face, and as he had not the peculiar delicacy that makes a first-rate painter of women, he had no charm to substitute for strength. His portraits of his wife and daughter are strikingly inferior to his portraits of the Hetzels, of M. Victor Lefranc (the gentleman who has lost an eye), Alexandre Dumas, and himself. It is probably for the same reason and from a want of tenderness in his artistic nature that he painted children so rarely and with such little interest in their ways. His strongly masculine tendencies are shown by his love of military life, especially in time of war, by his keen interest in military accoutrements and his preference of the horse to all other animals, though he liked the companionship of his dogs, and made occasional studies of them

which are excellent in their way. Meissonier was an active little man and had a good seat on horseback; he rode frequently and took a pleasure in representing himself in the saddle, both in painting and etching. This may have been a reason why he could make horsemen look as if they were really *riding*, and not merely carried by an animal. There seems to have been true tenderness in the painter's affection for his horses, as we see by an inscription on the portrait of his own grey horse, *Bachelier*. 'Mon pauvre Bachelier, pris pour l'armée de la Loire,' a loss that had been a great trial to the painter, notwithstanding his love of military life and his ardent patriotism. An inscription on another study, *Mon brave Soliman*, shows his affection for another good animal. It was easy to see from the military pictures, even so early as that of Solferino, that Meissonier had given great attention to horses, and now we know from his wonderful studies how determined he was to learn the animal thoroughly, and that not in repose only, but in the most difficult and rapid action. Well, he did attain astonishing power and excellence in his own way, but to say that he excelled all previous painters of the horse would be uncritical. Here we remember Comte's division of art into three stages—observation, imitation, idealisation. Meissonier, in his animal-painting, excelled in the two first, but stopped short at the third. Several painters have disengaged something from the reality that exalts the horse to a higher plane of artistic conception, but not one of them has more accurately represented his physical structure and action. It may be objected that Meissonier, in his way of studying horses, paid too much attention to the surface; that he represented only too faithfully the gloss on a horse's coat, and, in sunshine, such details as the shadow cast by a rein—an objection that would have great importance if the artist had neglected more valuable truths, but Meissonier neglected nothing. He did not put high finish on inferior drawing; he first paid attention to truths of proportion, and it was only when perfectly sure of these that he proceeded to truths of surface. There is a marvellous drawing of a horse's forelegs which has been given by the painter's son to the nation, and which fully bears out these observations. It is as true in shape as if surface had not been attended to, and it has in perfection that external finish which has too often, in other men's work, served to hide the lack of knowledge. The only criticism I should venture upon with regard to Meissonier's horses is that the perfection of external detail rather distracts our own attention from more serious qualities, and I like those studies best which he had not time to finish to the utmost.

Meissonier drew dogs well also, but does not seem to have cared so much for them as for horses. The studies of dogs are few in number, almost exclusively from his own animals, greyhounds supplied to him by his friend, Alexandre Dumas. It is superfluous to say that they are well done, as the master did everything well that he set his hand to, but it seems plain that he did not love all sorts and conditions of dogs as Landseer did, nor did he take any particular interest in the humour or pathos of doggish ways. His observation of mankind is by no means wanting in humour, though his view of human life, if we judge from his works, is very seldom tender or pathetic. It is more the view of a soldier than that of a poet. Not only were the tastes of Meissonier masculine, but they were so to a degree, and with an absence of relaxation or deviation, extremely rare amongst artists. This is probably the reason why he is not so popular with ladies as with men. It was even observable, notwithstanding the general fashionableness of the exhibition in the Rue de Sèze, that the majority of the visitors were of that 'ugly sex' which the painter obviously preferred. He had no rustic sense, no sense of the charm and poetry of rural life, and yet he had certainly a delight in landscape, some of his landscape studies being very truthful, and two or three even beautiful in their way, their value being greatly enhanced by his persistent study of light. It does not seem probable that he would ever have attained celebrity by the exclusive practice of landscape, because his merits in that department of art, though exceedingly rare,

are of a kind usually not valued or even recognised by the public. He was, in fact, too truthful, and not sentimental or imaginative enough to be popular as a landscape-painter; yet there are two or three little landscapes by him which combine colour, light, and form in degrees which are hardly ever united in the same work. There is a delightful little study of blue sea and mountainous distance at Antibes, with a fort in the foreground to the spectator's left; this is a gem of colour. Amongst other admirable studies from nature is that of the Bridge at Poissy, with the sunshine catching the cutwaters and the group of boats in the foreground, particularly the white little sailing-boat, perhaps Meissonier's own. His entire style of painting changed as he advanced in years, probably to suit an altered condition of sight, and after this change, when he attempted landscape, he had no longer the old precious qualities that were almost peculiar to himself, but approached more nearly to the qualities of ordinary French landscape-painting. The earlier landscapes are not the most masterly in handling, but they contain the most frequent evidences of original observation, as, for example, the purple and green playing together in the ripples near the shore at Antibes.

The biographical value of the collection would have been immensely increased if the dates of all the works had been given, even approximately, in the catalogue. As it is, we have nothing to guide us but our own more or less accurate knowledge of the changes in the painter's style. It was characteristic of his energy and resolution that, when he felt himself no longer able to paint little cabinet pictures in that absolute perfection which used to astonish connoisseurs of all countries, he endeavoured to supply the place of the qualities that were leaving him by others that he had still to work for. He was never what is called in the special sense a colourist, notwithstanding his great admiration for Delacroix, but there is great richness of colour in the works of the best time. He was a master of the varieties of red, and made very frequent use of them, but the best evidence that he had real power of colouring is the fine quality of his most sober pictures, such as *Le Liseur Noir* in the collection belonging to M. Chauchard. This power afterwards declined, till at last we come to such work as the large water-colour '1807,' where the colouring is false and unpleasant, though certainly consistent enough in its own way. The marvellous power of drawing which had enabled Meissonier in his best time to put so much truth and character into little heads like those of the priest and his guest in a tiny marvel called *Le Vin du Curé*, may not have been preserved in that kind, but it had grown into the power of representing hurried and tumultuous action. For the loss of colour there was no compensation, and although more knowledge is displayed in the later work, and there is less of prudent caution in the choice of subject, it is not so extraordinary, not so precious, exquisite, and rare. There are a hundred painters alive in Europe who can represent action; there is not one who could bring together the qualities that go to make such a little miracle as the *Man at the Window* in the gallery of the Luxembourg. Many a good honest portrait-painter can do work like Meissonier's frankly painted portraits of his grandchildren, but who could equal the *Noble Venetian* robed in red, who is in fact no other than Meissonier himself?

Amongst painter-etchers Meissonier deserves a very high place, both for the good drawing and sound biting of his simpler pieces, and for the perfection of those which it pleased him to carry further. It is so easy to spoil an etching, and considering how few plates the master executed we should not have been surprised by five or six failures out of ten; but the proportion of unsuccessful plates is much smaller than that, unless they have been entirely withheld from our view, which, considering the veneration of his admirers, is hardly probable. As an example of etching of a simple yet powerful kind, in line, I may mention *Le Fumeur*, and as an example of high finish, all sound, and completing the effect without spoiling the plate, nothing can be better than *Les Apprêts du Duel, ou l'Homme à l'Épée*, etched in 1860. The finish in this last plate is quite equal to the most delicate

and perfect work of Rajon, and it is very wonderful that it should be so considering the extreme technical difficulty of all but the very simplest etching, and the necessity, in most cases, for a special devotion to engravers' etching as a handicraft. Another example of Meissonier's skill is the second or finished state of *Il Signor Annibal*, also dated 1860. However, to my taste, the most delightful of Meissonier's plates are those in which the lines are comparatively few, and not very deeply bitten, because they display his delicacy as a draughtsman to the best advantage. Such are *Meissonier à cheval*, 1885 (*le cheval de profil à droite*), *Le Hussard Républicain*, *Les Deux Hussards Républicains à cheval*, and *Les Amateurs*.

The technical interest of the Meissonier exhibition is greatly enhanced by the extreme diversity of styles caused by the adoption of different instruments and materials. For example, we have just been talking about the etchings, and there are also some pen drawings, but the pen drawings are not in the least like the etchings; they are of first-rate excellence in their way, but it is another excellence, using to the utmost the qualities of the strong black line, the well-filled pen, the easily flowing ink. His work in water-colour is not at all that of



GALLEY SLAVES. FROM A SKETCH BY MEISSONIER.

an oil-painter who condescends to the slighter medium; it is that of a highly intelligent technical student who knows that water-colour has qualities and facilities of its own, and is modestly and laboriously endeavouring to attain them. Dumas tells us how humbly he admired the water-colours of Jacquemart and Fortuny. He said he would give his little finger (he prudently added that of his *left* hand) to do water-colours like those of the Spanish master who, in his turn, looked up to Meissonier as a model, and took the greatest pains to copy him. Dumas gave his friend a water-colour by Jacquemart, whereof Meissonier complained that it had kept him awake all night trying to penetrate the secrets of its execution. He became, in fact, very expert in water-colour, but as it so happened that this new talent came to him when his power of colouring in general was on the decline, there are comparatively few of the water-colours that display it like the best of the oil paintings. Indeed, it is not possible, in water-colour, to attain the depth and richness of those works.

However this may be, Meissonier's reputation has nothing to fear from a more intimate knowledge of his methods. We knew before that his genius was not of that kind which willingly associates itself with indolence; but few except those who had known Meissonier intimately could imagine to what a degree he carried the virtue of conscientious preparation for his undertakings. When at the height of his fame and able to get fabulous prices for whatever he chose to produce, he was as careful and industrious as if reputation

had still been only a hoped-for and uncertain prize. He earned enormous sums of money, yet never allowed money to enter into his calculations or interfere with the one object of his life, which was the perfection of his art. In this, though in few other respects, he bore a very close resemblance to Lord Tennyson. Both of those great artists earned much money without ever working for it. Meissonier did not escape from the shafts of the envious. He was a successful man, and hated for his success. He was supposed to be proud and reserved, because he loved retirement, and preferred a few intimate friends to the weary functions of the great world. In reality, he was a model workman who did not want to be interrupted in labours that were carried on with unfailing courage, and ended only with his death. He went peacefully and fearlessly to his rest, and left a rare example to the living.

P. G. HAMERTON.

ENGLISH BOOKBINDINGS

III.—*King Charles I. to the Present Time*



ON account of bookbinding in England would be complete without some notice of the works prepared by Nicholas Ferrar and his relatives at their religious establishment at Little Gidding in Huntingdonshire. Nicholas Ferrar, who was born in 1592, was a man of good education, and very considerable ability; and for a short time held the post of deputy-governor of the Virginia Company, obtaining much credit for the skill with which he managed its affairs. On the dissolution of the company in 1624, Ferrar

determined to withdraw from the world, and spend the remainder of his days in religious retirement. With this intent he was ordained deacon by Laud, then Bishop of St. Davids, and in the year 1626, having been joined by his mother, his brother John, his sister Mrs. Collet, and a large number of nephews and nieces, he settled at Little Gidding, the lordship of which he had purchased. Although the time of the community was principally occupied by religious services, the inmates also practised several useful accomplishments, and Dean Peckard, in his 'Life of Ferrar,' tells us that

'amongst other articles of instruction and amusement, Mr. Ferrar entertained an ingenious bookbinder, who taught the family, females as well as males, the whole art and skill of bookbinding, gilding, lettering, and what they called pasting-printing, by the use of the rolling-press. By this assistance, he composed a full Harmony or Concordance of the four evangelists, adorned with many beautiful pictures, which required more than a year for the composition, and was divided into 150 heads or chapters. For this purpose he set apart a handsome room near the oratory.'

The most famous of these Harmonies is the one compiled in 1635 for Charles I. at his special request, and which we learn from Peckard 'was bound entirely by Mary Collet, one of Mr. Ferrar's nieces, all wrought in gold, in a new and most elegant fashion.' This noble volume, which measures 31 by 14 inches, is covered with black morocco, very richly tooled in gold, and has the sacred monogram IHS stamped in the centre of each cover. John Ferrar, in his life of his brother Nicholas, states that it was 'bound in crimson velvet, and richly gilded upon the velvet, a thing not usual;' and it has, therefore, been sometimes supposed that the volume has been rebound, but as the tooling is similar to that on other Little Gidding books, it is most probable that what is called the velvet binding was a cover or wrapper for this very interesting work. The book was greatly valued by the King, who, when he received it, said:—'Truly, I prize this as a rich and rare jewel; the substance of it is of the best alloy in the world, and ought to be the only desirable book; and for the

skill, care, and cost used in it there is no defect, but a superlative diligence in all about it. I very much thank them all; and it shall be my *vade mecum*.' Then turning to Archbishop Laud, who stood near, he added: 'How happy a King were I if I had many more such workmen and women in my kingdom! God's blessing on their hearts and painful hands.'

Charles also asked them to make a Concordance of the Books of Kings and Chronicles for him, a task which he said he had often requested several of his chaplains to undertake, but as they did not do it he supposed it was attended with too much difficulty. The difficulty was soon surmounted by Ferrar and his companions, and in 1637 the Concordance was finished, and according to Peckard, 'bound by young Nicholas Ferrar in purple velvet, most richly gilt;' but the velvet in this case also was most likely only a cover, as the material used for the binding is morocco, elaborately tooled. Both these volumes, together with a

third on the 'Acts of the Apostles,' respecting which there is no record, were placed in the old Royal Library, which was presented to the British Museum by King George II. Copies of the Harmony of the Four Gospels were also prepared at Little Gidding for Prince James, afterwards King James II.; George Herbert, the poet; Dr. Jackson, dean of Peterborough; Mr. Thomas Hervey, and other noble and distinguished persons. To Prince Charles, afterwards King Charles II., was presented another of their productions called '*Μονοτεσσαρον*,' or a Harmony of the Four Gospels in four languages, bound in green velvet, stamped with fleurs-de-lis and sprigs of oak in gold; also 'The whole Law of God, as it is delivered in the five books of Moses,' in purple velvet, ornamented with small gold crowns. The first of these volumes, the size of which is 2 feet 1 inch by 1 foot 5½ inches, is now in the possession of Lord Normanton; and the second, which measures 2 feet 4½ inches by 1 foot 8 inches, and which was described by Prince



BOOKE OF PSALMES. London, 1635. 4½ in. by 3½ in.

Rupert as the 'gallantest, greatest book in the world,' in that of Captain Gaussen, Brookman's Park, Hatfield. A copy of the first part of this last work, bound in purple velvet and gilt, was given to Archbishop Laud, and deposited by him in St. John's College, Oxford, where it is still preserved. Eleven of these compilations are known to be in existence. Six of them are bound in leather; four in velvet, stamped with various gold ornaments; and one in red parchment, with the four corners and the centres of the two covers decorated with designs in open-work white parchment, pasted in and gilt. All the volumes have had ribands, or 'stately strings,' as Charles I. called them, to tie the covers together, but in every instance they are now wanting. A very interesting account of these books, and of the mechanical means employed in producing them, will be found in two papers by Captain J. E. Acland, which were read before the Society of Antiquaries, and printed in Vol. LI. of the 'Archaeologia.'

In 1647 or 1648 the inmates of the Little Gidding establishment were obliged to save themselves by flight, for the house and church were plundered by Parliamentary soldiers, who wantonly destroyed many valuable works.

Many of the beautiful embroidered bindings of this time have been attributed to the skilful fingers of the so-called nuns of Little Gidding, but not on very substantial grounds; for while several velvet bindings, stamped with gold ornaments, can be proved to be their work, it is somewhat doubtful whether any needle-worked covers of books can be traced to them.

An illustration of a most beautiful embroidered binding will be found on p. 98. It consists of white satin, having on the upper cover a figure of Plenty, with a cornucopia; and on the lower, one of Peace, holding a palm-branch. Both these figures are most exquisitely worked in feather-stitch with coloured silks, and are enclosed with a raised ornamental frame composed of various kinds of silver braid. The corners of the covers are decorated with flowers, which also occur on the panels of the back. A considerable portion of the design has been originally outlined with a fine silver thread, and the edges of the leaves are gauffred with an elegant pattern. The perfect taste and marvellous execution of this charming little binding render it one of the finest of the kind in existence. It encloses 'The Whole Booke of David's Psalmes, Both in Prose and Meter. With apt notes to sing them withall. London, 1635.' English ladies formerly exhibited much taste and remarkable proficiency in the delightful art of embroidering books, and it is to be regretted that it is not more practised at the present time.

King Charles II. added many books to the royal library, but it is to be feared he did not care very much for them. When Rosse, his librarian, vainly advocated the printing in facsimile of the celebrated Alexandrian manuscript of the Bible, given by Cyril Lucar, Patriarch of Constantinople, to Charles I., he told his royal master that 'it would appear glorious in history, after your Majesty's death.' 'Pish!' replied the King, 'I care not what they say of me in history when I am dead.' The bindings of Charles's books, with some few exceptions, bear his crowned cypher between two palm-branches, and are generally of red morocco, of such superior quality that the majority of them are now in almost as good condition as when they left the binder's hands more than two centuries ago. Some of the bindings, however, are of singular beauty, and the example on our first plate is especially remarkable for the good taste of the design, and the admirable execution of the delicate lace-work tooling. This fine binding, which measures $14\frac{1}{2}$ by $9\frac{1}{2}$ inches, is of red morocco, and is adorned with an ornament very distinctly English in its character, known, on account of its shape, as the cottage pattern; a decoration which was for some time a very favourite one, and was frequently employed by the Oxford and Cambridge binders. A book with a similar binding, belonging to Lord Amherst, was included in the Exhibition of Bindings at the Burlington Fine Arts Club, and it contains the following interesting note as to its cost: 'In quires, 5s.; ruling, 4s.; binding, 1l.; strings, 14s.' Samuel Mearn probably executed these handsome bindings, as he was the royal binder from the restoration of Charles until the year 1684, when he was succeeded by Charles Mearn, most likely his son. The earliest intimation that he held this office is found in an advertisement which appeared in the 'Parliamentary Intelligencer' of July 9th, and the 'Mercurius Publicus' of July 12th, 1660:—

'A Leather Portmanteau lost at Sittingbourn or Rochester, when his Majesty came thither, wherein was a Suit of Camolet de Holland, with 2 little laces in a seam, eight pair of white gloves, and a pair of Does leather; about twenty yards of sky-coloured Ribbon twelpenny broad, and a whole piece of black Ribbon tenpenny broad, a cloath lead-colour'd cloak, with store of linnen; a pair of shooes, slippers, a Montero, and other things; all of which belong to a Gentleman (a near Servant to His Majesty) who hath been too long imprisoned and sequestered to be now robbed, when all men hope to enjoy their own. If any can give notice, they may leave word with Mr. Samuel Merne, His Majesties Book-binder, at his house in Little Britain, and they shall be thankfully rewarded.'

Other contemporary binders were Nott, who bound Lord Chancellor Clarendon's library,

and Hugh Hutchinson who was employed by Bishop Cosin, who expended large sums on the ornamentation of his books.

Many imitations of the beautiful delicate tooling of Le Gascon appeared in England during the latter half of the seventeenth century, but they were all much inferior to the masterpieces of that great French artist. Some very good inlaid bindings were also produced during this period, as well as some Scotch work of considerable merit, which extended into the early years of the next century.

A very characteristic example of fine English binding of the commencement of the eighteenth century is given on our second plate. The book, 'A Paraphrase and Annotations upon all St. Paul's Epistles. Done by Several Eminent Men at Oxford, Corrected and Improv'd by the late Right Reverend and Learned Bishop Fell. London, 1702,' is bound in red morocco, with a centre panel, inlaid with the same leather in black. The design is very good, and at the same time quaint and original. The size of the volume is $8\frac{1}{4}$ by $5\frac{1}{4}$ inches. This, as well as the other bindings, of which illustrations appear in this article, is preserved in the library of the British Museum.



BOOK OF COMMON PRAYER. Edinburgh, 1727.
 $4\frac{1}{2}$ in. by $2\frac{1}{2}$ in.

William Churchill and Edward Castle were the royal booksellers, bookbinders, and stationers from about 1700 to 1755; but much of the work of this time was done by Eliot and Chapman, who bound the fine library formed by Robert Harley, first Earl of Oxford. The ornamentation they generally adopted consisted of a handsome centre-piece surrounded by a broad tooled border, since known as the Harleian style. The leather used by them for the Earl's books was of somewhat inferior quality, but for this they were not responsible, as it was supplied to them by their employer. We find them frequently complaining that they were obliged to use 'My Lord's leather,' and Mr. Chapman wanted to buy some of the skins at a cheap rate, but Mr. Wanley, Lord Oxford's librarian, told him that 'My Lord will not turn leather seller, and that he must agree to bind with My Lord's morocco skins, otherwise his Lordship will appoint some other binder to do so.'

Another beautiful example of the cottage pattern will be found on our second plate. The book, which is a copy of Musgrave's 'Antiquitates Britanno-Belgicae, praecipue Romanae,' printed at Exeter in 1719, is bound in a beautiful red morocco, and the sides, which bear the badge and initials of George, prince of Wales, afterwards King George II., are very gracefully and delicately tooled. Both the design and the workmanship of this binding, which measures $7\frac{1}{2}$ by 5 inches, are exceedingly good, and it is much to be regretted that the binder of this fine piece of work is unknown. The charming little Prayer-book on this page, with its red morocco covers tooled with such perfect taste, is an additional proof of the excellence of English binding of this period.

The volumes bound for Thomas Hollis, the eccentric editor of Algernon Sidney's 'Discourses concerning Government,' Neville's 'Parliament of Ladies,' and other works, deserve a passing notice. He employed the medallist, Thomas Pingo, to cut a number of emblematic tools for him, with which he decorated the interiors as well as the bindings of his books. These stamps, which consist of a figure of Britannia, the caduceus of Mercury, the wand of Aesculapius, the cap of liberty, and some others,

appear, however, to have been used on the volumes without much reference to their contents.

James Edwards of Halifax, and afterwards of Pall Mall, London, who was famed for the beautiful paintings with which he decorated the edges of the leaves of his books, about 1785 produced some bindings of a very novel and effective kind. The material used was vellum, which was rendered transparent by a peculiar process, and upon its under-surface drawings were made, or engravings impressed, which could not be defaced.

Roger Payne is better known than any other English binder, but his reputation was certainly greater during his lifetime than it is at present. In the notice of him which appeared in the 'Gentleman's Magazine' at the time of his death, written by the editor, John Nichols, it is stated that 'this ingenious man introduced a style of binding, uniting elegance with durability, such as no person has been able to imitate,' and that 'those who are not accustomed to see book-binding executed in any other than the common manner can have no idea of the merits of the deceased, who lived without a rival, and we fear has died without a successor.' Excellent and tasteful as Payne's binding undoubtedly is, it is not entitled to praise of this extravagant nature, for it is certainly not equal to the work of the best French binders, nor does it possess the charm of the beautiful English bindings of the end of the seventeenth century. He frequently used russia for his bindings, but straight-grained olive morocco, which he called Venetian, was his favourite leather. The backs of his books are generally very elaborately tooled, but the sides are plain, the ornamentation being confined to the corners. He cut his own tools, and did every part of the work himself, which was always of the best kind, carefully and intelligently carried out; the forwarding and the finishing being equally good. A beautiful example of Payne's binding, a Virgil, printed on vellum by Aldus at Venice in 1505, will be seen on this page. The material is blue morocco, the corners of the sides and the panels of the back being decorated with his characteristic fine tooling, and a cameo inserted in the centre of each cover. The binding of a copy of the tragedies of Aeschylus, which he executed for Lord Spencer, is generally considered to be his masterpiece. The bill for this binding has been preserved, and this curious document is worth giving, as it shows the attention and care which Payne bestowed upon the books entrusted to him.



VIRGILIUS, Aldus Venetiis, 1505. 6 in. by 4 in.

'Aeschylus. Glasgae, 1795. Flaxman illustravit.
Bound in the very best manner sew'd with strong Silk, every sheet round every Band, not false Bands; The Back lined with Russia Leather, Cutt Exceeding Large: Finished in the most Magnificent Manner Em-border'd with Ermine expressive of the High Rank of the Noble Patroness (the Dowager Countess Spencer) of the Designs, The

other Parts Finished in the most elegant taste with small Tool Gold Borders Studded with Gold; and small Tool Panes of the most exact Work Measured with the Compasses. It takes a great deal of Time making out the different Measure-ments; preparing the Tools; and making out New Patterns. The Back Finished in compartments with parts of Gold studded Work, and open Work to Relieve the Rich close studded Work. All the Tools except Studded points, are obliged to be Workt off plain first, and afterwards the Gold laid on and Worked off again, and this Gold Work requires Double Gold being on Rough Grain'd Morocco. The Impressions of the Tools must be fitted and cover'd at the bottom with Gold to prevent flaws & cracks—

...	...	...	...	...	...	...	12	12	0
Fine Drawing Paper for Inlaying the Designs	...	...	...	...	...	...	0	5	8
Finest Picket Lawn Paper for Interleaving the Designs	...	...	...	...	...	...	0	1	6
1 Yard & a half of Silk	...	...	...	...	...	...	0	10	6
Inlaying the Designs at 8 <i>d.</i> each—32 Designs	...	...	...	...	...	...	1	1	4
Mr. Morton adding Borders to the Drawings	...	...	...	...	...	...	1	16	0
							£16 7 0'		

Payne died in Duke's Court, St. Martin's Lane, on the 20th of November, 1797, and was interred in the burial-ground of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields.

Mackinlay, for whom Payne worked towards the end of his life, Kalthoeber, Hering, Staggemeier, Walther, Baumgarten, Benedict, Faulkner, and Whitaker, who originated the style termed Etruscan, were all fairly good binders, especially Kalthoeber and Hering, who did some excellent work in Payne's manner; but the best of his imitators was Charles Lewis, who bound for the Right Hon. Thomas Grenville, Earl Spencer, the Duke of Devonshire, Mr. W. H. Miller, and many other collectors. Dibdin, who greatly admired his bindings, says of him in his 'Bibliographical Decameron' that

'the particular talent of Lewis consists in uniting the taste of Roger Payne with a freedom of forwarding and squareness of finishing peculiarly his own. His books appear to move on silken hinges. His joints are beautifully squared, and wrought upon with studded gold; and in his inside decorations he stands without a peer. Neither loaf-sugar paper, nor brown, nor pink, nor poppy-coloured paper are therein discovered, but a subdued orange, or buff, harmonising with russia; a slate or French grey harmonizing with morocco; or an antique or deep crimson tint, harmonizing with sprightly calf: these are the surfaces or ground colours, to accord picturesquely with which Charles Lewis brings his leather and tooling into play.'

Francis Bedford, who worked for Lewis, and, after the death of his master, for some time carried on the business for his widow, was without doubt the first of English book-binders between the years 1850 and 1883, and he well deserved the great reputation which he enjoyed for so many years. Although entirely wanting in originality, his work was always of the highest order, unsurpassed for its thoroughness and finish. He produced many very excellent imitations of the great French binders; and the bindings of Rogers's 'Poems' and 'Italy,' of which he bound several copies in morocco, inlaid with coloured leathers, and covered with minute gold tooling in the style of Padeloup, are exquisite specimens of his skill. These beautiful examples of the binder's art have repeatedly realised upwards of one hundred guineas for the two volumes. Bedford himself considered that an edition of Dante, which he bound in brown morocco, and tooled with a Grolier pattern, was his *chef-d'oeuvre*, and wished it to be placed in his coffin; but his request was not complied with, and it was sold at the sale of his books in 1884 for 49*l.* He died in 1883, in his eighty-fourth year.

Robert Riviere, who died in 1882, was also a binder of much skill and admirable taste, and choice examples of his workmanship are among the most valued of the treasures preserved in the libraries of the great collectors of the day. A word of commendation ought also to be bestowed upon the productions of that excellent craftsman, the late Joseph Zaehnsdorf.

Some good work is being done at the present time, but, except in a few instances, it is not of a satisfactory character from an artistic point of view, consisting, as it does, like all that of the present century, of little else than imitations of the various styles of the old French and English artists. 'Binding,' as Miss Prideaux pertinently remarks in her very able and interesting Introduction to the Catalogue of the Exhibition of Bookbinding at the Burlington Fine Arts Club, 'can never become a fine art unless invention goes hand in hand with the execution which now leaves nothing to be desired. In all departments of decorative art we see the same inability to escape from the traditions of the past, but in none has there been such servile copying of the old models as in the decoration of books.'

WILLIAM YOUNGER FLETCHER.

ASPECTS OF MODERN OXFORD

I



STANDING with one foot in the Middle Ages and the other in a luxuriously furnished Common Room'—such is Oxford life as summarised by a German visitor, who appears to have been a good deal perplexed, like the outer world in general, by the academic mixture of things ancient and modern, and a host who wore a cap and gown over his evening dress. Certainly the University is a strange medley of contraries. It never seems to be quite clear whether we are going too fast or too slow. We are always reforming something, yet are continually reproached

with irrational conservatism. Change and permanence are side by side—permanence that looks as if it could defy time :

'The form remains, the function never dies,'

and yet all the while the change is rapid and complete. Men go down, and are as if they had never been : as is the race of leaves so is that of undergraduates ; and so transiently are they linked with the enduring existence of their University, that, except in the case of the minority who have done great deeds on the river or the cricket-field, they either pass immediately out of recollection or else remain only as a dim and distant tradition of bygone ages. An undergraduate's memory is very short. For him the history of the University is comprised in the three or four years of his own residence. Those who came before him and those who come after are alike separated from him by a great gulf ; his predecessors are infinitely older, and his successors immeasurably younger. It makes no difference what his relations to them may be in after-life. Jones, who went down in '74, may be an undistinguished country parson or a struggling junior at the Bar ; and Brown, who came up in '75, may be a bishop or a Q.C. with his fortune made ; but all the same Brown will always regard Jones as belonging to the almost forgotten heroic period before he came up, and Jones, whatever may be his respect for Brown's undoubted talents, must always to a certain extent feel the paternal interest of a veteran watching the development of youthful promise. So complete is the severance of successive generations, that it is hard to see how undergraduate custom and tradition and College characteristics should have a chance of surviving ; yet somehow they do manage to preserve an unbroken continuity. Once give a College a good or a bad name, and that name will stick to it. Plant a custom and it will flourish, defying statutes and Royal Commissions. Conservatism is in the air ; even convinced Radicals (in politics) cannot escape from it, and are Tories in matters relating to their University. They will change the constitution of the realm, but will not stand any tampering with the Hebdomadal Council. Whatever be the reason—whether it

be Environment or Heredity — Universities go on doing the same things, only in different ways; they retain that indefinable habit of thought which seems to cling to old grey walls and the shade of ancient elms, which the public calls 'academic' when it is only contemptuous, explaining the word as meaning 'provincial with a difference' when it is angry.

There is the same kind of unalterableness about the few favoured individuals whom the spirit of the age has allowed a secure and permanent residence in Oxford; a happy class which is now almost limited to Heads of Houses and College servants. You scarcely ever see a scout bearing the outward and visible signs of advancing years; age cannot wither them, nor (it should be added) can custom stale their infinite variety of

mis-serving their masters. Perhaps it is they who are the repositories of tradition. And even Fellows contrive to retain some of the characteristics of their more permanent predecessors, whom we have now learnt to regard as abuses. Hard-worked though they are, and precarious of tenure, they are, nevertheless, in some sort imbued with that flavour of humanity and *dolce far niente* which continues to haunt even a Common Room where Fellows drink nothing but water, and only dine together once a fortnight.

For times are sadly altered now, and a fellowship is far from being the haven of rest which it once was, and still is to a few. Look at that old Fellow pacing with slow and leisurely steps beneath Magdalen or Christchurch elms: regard him well, for he is an interesting survival, and presently he and his kind will be nothing but a memory, and probably the progressive spirit of democracy will hold him up as an awful example. He is a link with a practically extinct period. When he was first elected *verus et perpetuus socius* of his college — without examination — the University of Oxford was in a parlous state. Reform



THE LIBRARY, MERTON COLLEGE. DRAWN BY ERNEST STAMP.

was as yet unheard of, or only loomed dimly in the distance. Noblemen still wore tufts—think how that would scandalise us now!—and 'gentlemen commoners' came up with the declared and recognised intention of living as gentlemen commoners should. Except for the invention of the examination system—and the demon of the schools was satisfied with only a mouthful of victims then—Oxford of the forties had not substantially changed since the last century—since the days when Mr. Gibbon was a gentleman commoner at Magdalen College, where his excuses for cutting his lectures in the morning were 'received with a smile,' and where he found himself horribly bored by the 'private scandal' and 'dull and deep potations' of the seniors with whom he was invited to associate in the evening. Not much had changed since those days: lectures were still disciplinary exercises rather than vehicles of instruction, and the vespertine port was rarely if ever interrupted in its circulation by 'the



The Deerpark, Magdalen College, Oxford.

man who comes at nine.' Many holders of fellowships scarcely came near the University; those who did reside were often not much concerned about the instruction of undergraduates, and still less with 'intercollegiate competition.' Perhaps it was not their life's work: a fellowship might be only a stepping-stone to a college living, when a sufficiently fat benefice should fall vacant and allow the dean or sub-warden to marry and retire into the country; and even the don who meant to be a don all his days put study or learned leisure first and instruction second, the world not yet believing in the 'spoon-feeding' of youth. Very often, of course, they did nothing. After all, when you pay a man for exercising no particular functions, you can scarcely blame him for strictly fulfilling the conditions under which he was elected. 'But what do they do?' inquired—quite recently—a tourist, pointing to the fellows' buildings of a certain college. 'Do?!' replied the Oxford cicerone—'do? . . . why them's fellows!' But if there was inactivity, it is only the more credit to the minority who really did interest themselves in the work of their pupils. Not that the relation of authorities to undergraduates was ever then what it has since become—whether the change be for the better or the worse. Few attempts were made to bridge the chasm which must always yawn between the life of teacher and taught. Perhaps now the attempt is a little over-emphasised; certainly things are done which would have made each particular hair to stand on end on the head of a Fellow of the old school. In his solemn and formal way he winked at rowing, considering it rather fast and on the whole an inevitable sign of declining morals. He wore his cap and gown with the anachronistic persistency of Mr. Toole in 'The Don,' and sighed over the levity of a colleague who occasionally sported a blue coat with brass buttons. Had you told him that within the present century College Tutors would be seen in flannels, and that a Head of a House could actually row on the river in an eight—albeit the ship in question be manned by comparatively grave and reverend seniors, yclept the Ancient Mariners—he would probably have replied in the formula ascribed to Dr. Johnson: 'Let me tell you, sir, that in order to be what you consider humorous it is not necessary that you should be also indecent!' But there is a lower depth still; and grave dignitaries of the University have been seen riding bicycles.

All this would have been quite unintelligible to the youthful days of our friend, whom we see leisurely approaching the evening of his days in the midst of a generation that does not know him indeed, but which is certainly benefited by his presence and the picture of academic repose which he displays to his much-troubled and harassed successors; a peaceful, cloistered life, soon to leave nothing behind it but a brass in the College chapel, a few Common Room anecdotes, and a vague tradition, perhaps, of a ghost on the old familiar staircase. Far different is the lot of the Fellow *fin de siècle*; 'by many names men know him,' whether he be the holder of an 'official' Fellowship, or a 'Prize Fellow' who is entitled to his emoluments only for the paltry period of seven years. And what emoluments! Verily the mouth of Democracy must water at the thought of the annual 'division of the spoils' which used to take place under the old *régime*: spoils which were worth dividing, too, in the days when rents were paid without a murmur, and colleges had not as yet to allow tenants to hold at half-a-crown an acre, lest the farm should be unlet altogether. But now if a Prize Fellow receives his 200*l.* a year he may consider himself lucky; and remember that if he is not blessed with this world's goods, the grim humours of the last Commission at least allowed him the inestimable privilege of marrying—on 200*l.* a year. After all, it is not every one who receives even that salary for doing nothing.

The 'official' variety of Fellow, or the Prize Fellow who chooses to be a College Tutor, is a schoolmaster, with a difference. He has rather longer holidays—if he can afford to enjoy them—and a considerably shorter purse than the instructors of youth at some great schools. He is so far unfortunate in his predecessors, that he has inherited the reputation of the Fellows of old time; the legend of 'monks,' 'port wine and prejudice,' 'dull and deep

potations,' and all the rest of it, still damages him in the eyes of the general public—witness a recent pronouncement in the 'Contemporary Review.' 'That's — College,' says the local guide to his sightseers, 'and there they sits, on their Turkey carpets, a drinking of their Madeira, and Burgundy, and Tokay.' Such is, apparently, the impression still entertained by the public. Everybody else is working: the Fellow is still a useless drone. As a matter of fact, the unfortunate man is always doing something—working vehemently with a laudable desire to get that into eight weeks which should properly take twelve; or taking his recreation violently, riding forty miles on a bicycle, with a spurt at the finish so as not to miss his five-o'clock pupil; sitting on interminable committees—everything in Oxford is



THE RADCLIFFE. DRAWN BY E. STAMP.

managed by a committee, partly, perhaps, because 'Boards are very often screens;' or sitting upon a disorderly undergraduate. On the whole, the kicks are many, and the halfpence comparatively few. He has the Long Vacation, of course, but then he is always employed in writing his lectures for next term, or compiling a school edition, or a handbook, or an abridgment of somebody else's school edition or handbook, in order to keep the pot boiling—more especially if he has fallen a victim to matrimony, and established himself in the red-brick part of Oxford. It is true that there is the prospect—on paper—of a pension when he is past his work, but in the present state of College finances that is not exactly a vista of leisured opulence. Altogether there is not very much repose about *him*. College Tutors in these days are expected to work. It is on record that a tourist from a manufacturing district on seeing four tutors snatching a brief hour at lawn-tennis, remarked, 'I suppose there's *another shift* working inside?' Such are the requirements of the age and the manufacturing districts.

Nor are beer and skittles unadulterated the lot of the undergraduate either—whatever the impression that his sisters and cousins may derive from the gaieties of the Eights and 'Commem.' For the spirit of the century and the 'Sturm und Drang' of a restless world has got hold of the 'Man,' too, and will not suffer him to live quite so peacefully as the Verdant Greens and Bouncers of old. Everybody must do something; they must be 'up and doing,' or else they have a good chance of finding themselves 'sent down.' I do not speak of the reading man, who naturally finds his vocation in a period of activity—but rather of the man who is by nature non-reading, and has to sacrifice his natural desires to the pressure of public opinion acting through his tutor. Perhaps he is made to go in for honours; but even if he reads only for a pass, the schools are always with him—he is always being pulled up to see how he is growing; or at least he must be serving his College in one way or another—if not by winning distinction in the schools, by toiling on the river or

the cricket-field. Then he is expected to interest himself in all the movements of the last quarter of the nineteenth century; he must belong to several societies; he cannot even be properly idle without forming himself into an association for the purpose. If he wants to make a practice of picnicing on the Cherwell he founds a 'Cherwell Lunch Club,' with meetings, no doubt, and possibly an 'organ' to advocate his highly meritorious views. An excellent and a healthy life, no doubt! but yet one is tempted sometimes to fear that the loafer may become extinct; and then where are our poets to come from? For it is a great thing to be able to loaf well: it softens the manners and does not allow them to be fierce; and there is no place for it like the streams and gardens of an ancient University. If a man does not learn the great art of doing nothing there, he will never acquire it anywhere else; and it is there, and in the summer term, that this laudable practice will probably survive when it is unknown even in Government Offices.

For there is a season of the year when even the sternest scholar or athlete and the most earnest promoter of Movements yields to the *genius loci*; when the summer term is drawing to a close, and the May east winds have yielded to the warmth of June, and the lilacs and laburnums are blossoming in College gardens; when the shouting and the glory and the bonfires of the Eights are over, and the invasion of Commemoration has not yet begun. Then, if ever, is the time for doing nothing. Then the unwilling victim of lectures shakes off his chains and revels in a temporary freedom, not unconnected with the fact that his tutor has gone for a picnic to Nuneham. Perhaps he has been rowing in his College Eight, and is entitled to repose on the laurels of 'six bumps;' perhaps he is not in the schools himself, and can afford to pity the unfortunates who are. And how many are the delightful ways of loafing! You may propel the object of your affections—if she is up, as she very often is at this time—in a punt on that most academic stream, the Cherwell, while Charles (your friend) escorts the chaperon in a dingey some little distance in front; you may lie lazily in the sun in Worcester or St. John's gardens, with a novel, or a friend, or both; you may search Bagley and Powderhill for late bluebells, and fancy that you have found 'high on its heathy ridge' the tree known to Arnold and Clough. Or if you are more enterprising you may travel further afield and explore the high beech woods of the Chiltern slopes and the bare, breezy uplands of the Berkshire downs; but this, perhaps, demands more energy than belongs to the truly conscientious loafer.

Well, let the idle undergraduate make the most of his time now; it is not likely that he will be able to loaf in after-life. Nor (for the matter of that) will his successors be allowed to take their ease here in Oxford even in the summer, in those happy days when the University is to be turned into an industrial school, and a place for the education no longer of the English gentleman but the British citizen. Will that day ever come? The spirit of the age is determined that it shall. But perhaps the spirit of the place may be too much for it yet.

A. D. GODLEY.

THE LETTERS OF JAMES SMETHAM

THE author of these letters* was a painter whose works few people will remember. We may conclude that Mr. Smetham's pictures must have been in some way interesting, as they were admired by Mr. Shields, Mr. Dante Rossetti, and Mr. Ruskin, whilst at the same time we can hardly be wrong in supposing that there must have been some deficiency in him as an artist, since he was unable to make his way in the public contest for success, and retired from it at a comparatively early age. The deficiency, as

* 'The Letters of James Smetham.' Edited by S. Smetham and W. Davies. (Macmillan & Co., London and New York. 1891.)

with so many provincial Englishmen, was probably in technical training, as Mr. Smetham does not appear to have been wanting either in intelligence, industry, or imagination.

However this may be, the human interest of this correspondence is not dependent upon the author's quality as a painter. The letters will not be read for any revelation they may contain about his pictures, but because they reveal a mental history which has its own poignant charm. Perhaps these letters may secure for their writer a degree of relative immortality. They are not likely to live so long as the posthumous self-revelation of Amiel, because they have not so much literary quality, but for our generation and for our own countrymen they are at least equally interesting. The failure of Amiel's life was in the consciousness of natural talents combined with impotence to achieve; the tragedy of Smetham's existence was in an incessant activity, taking so much out of him that nothing was left at last, and yet not leading to any considerable success. This is the peculiar interest of the book. Of brilliant careers we are always certain to hear enough. Mr. Smetham's letters have the advantage of keeping us in that more common condition of things where industry and high aspirations have to be content with a less than moderate reward.

Here is an outline of his biography: He was the son of a Methodist preacher, who often changed his residence, and happened to be at Pateley Bridge, in Yorkshire, when the future artist was born. When a child, he observed nature and began to draw. In very early boyhood he wished to be a painter. At eleven he went to a boarding-school in Yorkshire for the sons of Methodist preachers, and thence to the office of Mr. Willson, an architect at Lincoln, where he met many cultivated men. Mr. Willson was a lover of Gothic and appreciated painting. To exercise his pupil's talents as a draughtsman, he set him to draw all the stone figures about the Minster. Smetham's desire to be a painter led him to ask to have his indentures cancelled. De Wint, the water-colour painter, who came to Lincoln, supported the request, and Smetham's father was already favourable. In those days photography had not yet spoiled the ordinary portrait-painter's little business, so young Smetham went into it at once, and earned enough for his maintenance. In 1843 he became a probationer for the Royal Academy, but did not succeed in winning a studentship. He was a second time probationer, but never a student. The reason for not going forward the second time appears to have been depression of spirits, occasioned by the death of his brother, a Wesleyan minister in London, and soon afterwards his father died.

Mr. Smetham taught drawing to a hundred students, who were in course of training at the Wesleyan Normal School, in order to become teachers. He married one of the mistresses of this school, and, their united salaries being sufficient for their wants, he was independent of his painting, whilst he had plenty of time for it. Besides this, the painting itself brought in as much money as he cared for, so that his existence, though modest, had much independence and a certain degree of prosperity.

Mr. Smetham was not without some literary education, and had been subject to literary influences. His father possessed a good library, and his eldest brother was a superior man with a penetrating intellect. We find James Smetham quoting Shakespeare on his first day at school, and he was one of Tennyson's earliest appreciators. He had a great scheme of culture, which included, besides practical art, both literature and the religious life. In art (unfortunately) he was a solitary student. After giving a list of what he had done, he added the significant words, 'but alone.'

After his marriage, in 1854, he settled in Pimlico, but afterwards went to Stoke Newington, where he lived till 1877. As an artist he found portrait-painting most lucrative, and so made it his bread-winner, but composed some inventive pictures. He exhibited at the Royal Academy eight times: the first in 1851, the last in 1869, when his picture, *The Hymn of the Last Supper*, was hung upon the line. Two other pictures, *Hesper* and *The Women of the Crucifixion*, were rejected in 1871, or at least not hung, and after that his *Dream of*

Pilate's Wife and *Prospero and Miranda* were both rejected, which finally discouraged him and put an end to his struggle for fame.

In 1859 Mr. Smetham tried to make his way in book-illustration, but not very successfully, and then came a project for the publication of etchings, for which I am much surprised to see that he found so many as six hundred subscribers. This went on for three years; afterwards the artist altered his plan, and somehow contrived to substitute an oil sketch or drawing in the place of a set of etchings to forty subscribers a-year—all which, from the commercial point of view, is very curious, but the fact seems to be that he had many kind friends who were willing to do him a good turn. The most generous of these was Mr. James Budgett, of Stoke Park, Guildford, who helped him in business matters with attention and subsidies. Rossetti helped him effectually in 1878 by organizing an exhibition of Smetham's works in his own studio. Five years earlier, Smetham had made a private exhibition, not without profit.

It is evident that from the first there must have been a want of equilibrium in Smetham's mental faculties. In the year 1845 he suffered from intense mental depression, and he said of himself many years later, 'One of my most formidable enemies was a vivid and ill-trained imagination. Against outward and inward evils of this kind there existed a very powerful love of truth and purity, and great approval of and delight in the law of God. *The antagonism of these two forces between the ages of twenty and twenty-six went nigh to threaten my reason.*'

In truth, the danger was always there. His biographer, Mr. Davies, says that in 1857 he had a serious illness, giving intimation of the darker years by which his life was closed. Mr. Ruskin saw the danger several months before, and wrote to him with reference to a drawing:—

'If, indeed, you think any words or thoughts of mine have been ever true to you, pray consider these likely to be the truest, that it is unsafe for you, with your peculiar temperament, to set yourself subjects of this pathetic and exciting kind for some time to come. Your health is not sturdy. You are not satisfied with what you do, and have to do *some* work that is irksome and tedious to you. If your work is divided between that which is tedious and that which tries your feelings and intellect to the utmost, no nervous system can stand it.'

The portrait prefixed to this volume indicates delicacy, mental and physical, rather than strength; the letters themselves are not the expression of a robust mind, but of a sensitive and mobile one with more aspiration than force. The wonder is not that James Smetham should often have been near a mental breakdown, but that it should have been delayed so long. It came at last in 1878, and continued in hopeless incapacity till ended by death in 1889.*

Amongst Mr. Smetham's friendships the one most likely to interest the public is that with Mr. Ruskin, always an attractive personality. Mr. Ruskin's influence was likely to be stimulating to the moral, religious, and intellectual parts of Mr. Smetham's idiosyncrasy, but not so favourable to the artistic, as it would erect the pursuit of detail and over-definition into a sort of virtue, and associate it with moral right as opposed to the moral wrong of a broader synthesis in art. The biographer, Mr. Davies, seems to have understood this; he seems to think that the contact with Mr. Ruskin was one at least of several causes that injured Smetham's individuality.

'Some of his early work indicated an individuality of character rare to behold. It was the outcome of the old broad school, soon to become moribund and finally extinct. His touch was ample and firm, his colour rich, harmonious, and glowing; character well expressed, and the picture always well grasped. Then came the adverse influences—adverse to him, at all events—photography, pre-Raphaelism, and Ruskinism. He had not power to resist these; they bore him down.'

* Amongst other bad signs in the correspondence itself, I notice a preference, openly expressed, for intercourse by letter to personal intercourse, which 'bit into' him too much. It appears from this that the nervous system was scarcely equal to the slight strain of ordinary conversation.

In a letter to his brother, written in 1868, Mr. Smetham says he had perceived the logical and verbal force of Mr. Ruskin's doctrines, and tried to put them into practice, which led him to the discovery that words and pigments are not the same thing, that *absolute* imitation of nature with twelve pigments is impossible, that there was a flaw in the logic about resemblance to nature, and that the true basis of painting was the expression of the feeling of an individual man about nature. Mr. Ruskin's doctrine is concentrated in his statement that the best picture is that which most nearly resembles the reflection in a mirror, a doctrine which if faithfully accepted would permit neither selection nor originality of execution, so that what Mr. Smetham calls 'the feeling of an individual man' could never be expressed at all. His emancipation came at last, but it seems to have come too late for the full development of his own originality. What he wanted was good technical direction, and not compliments like the following from Mr. Ruskin about some drawing-books: 'I am quite amazed, almost awed, by the amount of talent and industry and thoughtfulness shown in these books of yours.' Mr. Smetham was himself by no means destitute of critical good sense. Here is an extract about Stothard, written in 1870, which bears directly upon the mirror theory of painting:—

'We see his wondrous pen trying a variety of attitudes for so small a design as a book plate. The suggestive grace of these deliberate thinkings is bewitching. Next to these come his smaller works; oil paintings about six or eight inches long. In these his sense of colour, the grace of attitude and composition, are seen quite as well as on a large scale, while his deficiency in expanded natural detail is not seen. It is seldom that so refined, sensitive, and contemplative a nature rises into that force of perception of surface detail which marks men like Dickens and men like Meissonier. It cannot come down to be curious about it. It does not care for knuckles and veins. These things also consume endless time, require endless and exhausting labour, and when expressed have little intellectual force or meaning. What has a well-imitated silk stocking, or shoe-buckle, taking a week of consummate toil to realise—what has this to do with such thinking as that of Stothard?'

Many passages in the letters are either directly autobiographic, or else indirectly refer to the writer's own life by comparing it with other lives in outward appearance more successful. Mr. Smetham compared himself with Wilkie and Turner. The following refers to the published biography of Wilkie:—

'It is the most express and detailed painter's life I know anything of. It unfolds the whole secret of success, and the price which must be paid for it, and Wilkie was the absolute type of a man devoted solely to one object in life, and pursuing it with the pertinacity of a bloodhound up to his latest hour on board the steamer from Malta. He was the absolute type of a successful worker. He sowed for what he reaped, and he reaped in full measure that which he sowed. Turner might be placed with him fully in these two respects. . . . What did his (Wilkie's) success cost him? Read his life, and you will have a minute account of the way in which his time was spent daily. He did nothing but paint. What he read was only by the way, and, though his mind, no doubt, was "piercing in its energy of investigation" in its own line, yet he was no better than the average small tradesman out of it.'

Then comes the reference to the writer's own career with his superior breadth of culture, and consequently inferior concentration and smaller professional success. All that need be said on the matter is that no educated man would desire to be a Wilkie or a Turner. A cultivated mind is a better possession than their manual skill, or the money that they earned by it.

There is considerable greatness in one of James Smetham's declarations: 'I utterly disclaim more than a certain amount of regard for technical excellence in any single direction.' He hated the idea of making art a contest in manual cleverness, and declared himself, in his own way, an 'Impressionist.' He did not consider his own life a failure, having intellectual and religious ideals outside of successful picture-making. His most real misfortune was the insufficiency of physical and mental strength, so that his powers did not prove to be fully equal to the strain he put upon them. His life was not wholly sad or unfortunate; it was interesting to him so long as intelligence lasted, and we can only regret the darkness of its long, sad evening—a gloom that our sympathy suffers for, but that it must vainly try to penetrate or imagine.

MAY 1.—Last month we had to record the disappearance of a conspicuous figure among those who practice 'art.' This time a still larger gap has to be noticed in the ranks of men who make the study of 'art' the starting-point for new creations. Mr. John Addington Symonds has followed Mr. Pettie into the undiscovered country, and has done so at a moment when a large accretion of fame had come to him through, perhaps, the most ambitious of his literary undertakings. It was only four weeks ago that his 'Life of Michelangelo,' a monument of intelligence if not a definitive biography, was noticed in these pages, and since then—on the very day of his death, in fact—a new book, 'A Study of Walt Whitman,' has been offered to the world. Mr. Symonds had long been what the French call *poitrinaire*, and for more than twenty years had been compelled to spend most of his days at Davos-Platz, which was in some sort a witness to the influence of his pen. He died at Rome on the 19th of April, the immediate cause of death being an attack of pneumonia.

John Addington Symonds came of a family well known to many readers of THE PORTFOLIO. He was born in 1840, at Clifton, Bristol. His father was Dr. Symonds, of Bristol, and his uncle Mr. Frederic Symonds, of Oxford, whose name was a household word with Oxonians until some five generations—undergraduate generations—ago. Symonds himself was educated at Harrow and Oxford. He entered Balliol in 1858, and, some four years later, crowned his University career by a Fellowship at Magdalen. Besides this, he won the University prize for an English essay, the subject being the prophetic one of 'The Renaissance.' Influenced, perhaps, by the interest excited during the preparatory research implied by this success, he definitely gave himself over to the study of all that hung by the revival of learning. His first book was the 'Introduction to the Study of Dante,' which has lately been republished. It was followed by 'Studies of the Greek Poets,' 'Sketches and Studies in Italy,' 'Italian By-ways,' and the lives of two Englishmen whose personalities would profoundly touch his sympathies, Sidney and Shelley. In 1875 appeared the first volume of his *magnum opus*, the 'History of the Renaissance in Italy.' It was entitled 'The Age of the Despots,' and was followed two years later by the 'Revival of Learning,' and 'The Fine Arts.' In 1881 were published the two volumes on 'Italian Literature,' and in 1886 the two on 'The Catholic Reaction.' These seven volumes will never lose their value, for they contain a mass of information that no English reader or writer will ever be tempted to regret for himself; and so we have called them the *magnum opus* of Mr. Symonds, although, whether judged from the point of view of difficulty, or from that of the possibilities of art, they demanded less unusual gifts than the attempt to paint a picture of Michelangelo which should be at once comprehensive and coherent. After the conclusion of his volumes on the Renaissance, Mr. Symonds gave himself and the public a little treat by the issue of two translations—one of the famous 'Autobiography of Benvenuto Cellini,' the other of the 'Memoirs of Count Carlo Gozzi.' Both books, in their more sumptuous form, are already among the rarities of the booksellers' catalogues. Mr. Symonds, during the intervals of these publications, issued various *parerga*—the most amusing, and the least known, perhaps, being 'Wine, Women, and Song,' in which his faculty for musical versification, as well as for tolerant artistic Bowdlerisation, found a nice opportunity. In 1884 he published a bulky tome on 'Shakespeare's Predecessors in the English Drama,' and somewhat later the most important of his translations, an English version of the poetry of Michelangelo. His last book—putting aside the essay on Whitman—has been so lately reviewed in THE PORTFOLIO that we need do no more than name it here.

THE deaths are also announced of Mr. Vicat Cole and Mr. Claude Calthrop, the former one of the favourites of the English middle class, the latter an Academicist whose work used also to have a certain popularity. We have called Mr. Calthrop an Academicist, because it was only on the Academy walls that his pictures used to be much seen. They dealt often with the interiors of romantic old houses,

such as Knole and Ham, and had an objective interest so long as they were painted with some care and fidelity. Mr. Cole's landscapes, too, were entirely of the objective sort. Their interest lay entirely in the success with which they reproduced the charms of some familiar scene, like *The Thames at Streatley* or *The Pool of London*. As works of creative art, whether from the decorative or the expressive standpoint, they did not exist. Mr. Cole looked at his subject with the eye of the ordinary person, and by dint of some patience and some dexterity, he contrived to put what he saw upon canvas. He was fortunate enough to sell his most ambitious picture to the Chantry Trustees, and so his name, at least, will be carried for a season down the stream of time. His ultimate fate will be that of the Glovers, and Lees, and Creswicks. Mr. Vicat Cole died in his sixtieth year. He was born in 1833. His artistic education was of the kind that is usually supposed to justify the epithet self-taught, for it consisted in study from the works of previous English masters of landscape. He began to exhibit when he was about eighteen, his *début* being made at the British Institution. Some eight years later he was elected a member of the Society of British Artists, an honour which he resigned in 1863, in order to inscribe his name in the candidates' book at the Royal Academy. In 1870 he was elected an A.R.A., and in 1880 a full Academician. Besides *The Pool of London*, already mentioned, his best pictures, perhaps, were *A Surrey Cornfield*, *Autumn Gold*, *Spring*, *Summer Rain*, and *Richmond Hill*.

SOME hundreds of the studies and pictures by Meissonier, which had drawn *tout Paris* to the Galerie de la Rue de Sèze during March, have now come over to London, and are to be seen at the Messrs. Tooth's by all who care to pay two shillings for the privilege. In the present number of THE PORTFOLIO the achievements of Meissonier, and these works in particular, are discussed at some length by the Editor. Here, then, we may only note that, in the Haymarket Gallery, the visitor will find some of the deceased master's most famous pictures, as well as an army of the small *pochades* on which they were founded. *La Rixe*, the picture given by Napoleon III. to the Prince Consort, is here; so is the *Peintre d'Enseignes; Le Portrait du Sergent*, with its clever treatment of the old royal uniform of France, hangs opposite to *La Rixe*; and around it we find studies for arms, legs, and heads, for horses and bits of horses, which read a lesson to the gay nonchalance of the Anglo-Saxon painter-man. In the outer room the large water-colour of '1807' shows what the master could do in his old age with a material that was new to him.

THE one hundred and nineteenth exhibition of the Royal Society of Painters in Water-Colours is not an exciting show. Nothing stands out as conspicuously good; not a few things remain in the mind as remarkably bad; and it is only by the fair average quality of the contributions from what an Irishman might call the 'stand-bys' of the Society that a serious drop below the usual level is avoided. At the last election Mr. Herkomer and Miss Rose Barton were chosen Associates, but by some misunderstanding only the former exhibits. Miss Barton inadvertently broke the Society's rule which requires that the work on which the electors gave their votes shall form part of the Summer Exhibition, and so her name does not as yet appear in the catalogue. This, however, may probably be remedied before the next occasion. Mr. Herkomer's contributions are portraits of Mr. Briton Riviere and Mr. J. W. North. Of the former we may say at once that it is quite as good as anything Mr. Herkomer has done. If we do not like its pendent so much, that is because Mr. North's head, with its introspective look, scarcely gives such an opportunity as the concentration of perceptiveness which is the note of Mr. Riviere's more Latin countenance. Small drawings like these convince one more than ever that Mr. Herkomer was meant by nature for a 'little master.' The emptiness—we might almost venture to say sloppiness—which disfigures too much of his work on a large scale is here exchanged for a dainty precision that reminds one of Freddy Walker. The other Members and Associates all

exhibit themselves in their accustomed paces. Two Scotsmen, Mr. Arthur Melville and Mr. R. W. Allan, treat Eastern themes with a happy boldness and with much of what we might have called originality ten years ago. Unfortunately the 'clever blottesque' is now a familiar style, so familiar that even the Philistine forgets to abuse it for affectation. Mr. Allan's *Masjed of Vazir Khan, at Lahore*, is especially good, and beats the best of Mr. Melville's demonstrations of his own game, which, we take it, is *The Court of Lions, Granada*. Still better, though, is Mr. Allan's *From Shore to Shore*, a simply conceived but most delicately produced drawing, somewhat in the *Lancaster Sands* vein of David Cox. A third Caledonian, Mr. Colin Bent Phillip, sends a capital landscape of the straightforward, non-inquisitive order, in *Mountains of the Val Ferzascas, Locarno, Lago Maggiore*. The landscapists of an older cult are well led by Mr. Thorne Waite—his *Aldborough* is composed like a Colman and painted like a De Wint; by Mr. Eyre Walker's *Afternoon in an Old Wood, near the Blackwater*, which is vastly less topographical than its title; and by Mr. E. A. Waterlow's *Crail, Fife*.

London seems to become more appreciated every day as a sketching-ground, and had Miss Rose Barton not been an absentee, the present Exhibition would have boasted even more numerous pages from the life about us than it does. Her drawings, lately collected at a gallery in Bond Street, dealt, too, with the climate of our capital in a more catholic spirit than is usual. Most of those who translate the familiar streets into colour seem to frequent them only on November afternoons. After all, the sun does sometimes shine in London. The unity given by fog is not the only unity she knows. During the present spring Piccadilly has been turned day after day, and week after week, into a work of art by a bath of sunshine. This aspect of things should not be entirely left to the black-and-white men, to Mr. Pennell and his following. The dexterity which does so much with the scintillating East might turn its attention with advantage to a London May. London in sunshine has scarcely been painted at all. The only important attempt we can remember is Mr. Logsdail's *Royal Exchange*, which was at the Academy a good many years ago. Mr. Herbert Marshall sends eight drawings to the Society; six deal with London, and five of those with London peering through mist or fog. It is unreasonable, and suggests a limitation which other works of his show to be non-existent. Let us have a little exhilaration. Other good things dealing more or less with towns are Mr. Hodson's *Toledo* and *Newgate*, and Mr. R. Little's *Bottega di Marietta, San Remo*. Mr. Albert Goodwin's numerous drawings show a drop from his level of a few years ago. The best, perhaps, is *Amalfi*. As for the pictures in which the figure plays a conspicuous part, the best by a long way is the drawing called *An Impression, Boulogne-sur-Mer*, by Mr. Lionel Smythe. The subject is a little band of fisher-girls working their way along the familiar quay against a head-wind. It is called 'an impression,' we suppose, out of devilment. Mr. J. H. Henshall's *Mary Magdalene* and *A Coquette* could never have been painted had their author not had his *métier* at his finger-ends, but they embody mistaken notions as to the province of water-colour, and they lack taste. Finally, Mr. Holman Hunt's *Sunset in the Val d'Arno* must be seen to be believed.

At the Dowdeswell Galleries, in Bond Street, an exhibition of some eighty little pictures of life in France, Spain, and Morocco, by Mr. Mortimer Menpes, has been opened. It is amusing. Mr. Menpes has made progress in the development of his gift, such as it is. These little panels—they are too small to be dubbed *pochades*—are full of suggestions of the South, and of the influence of the sun on both the minds and manners of men. Technically, Mr. Menpes is too free with his paint. The pigments lie too heavily on the wood, and so, in spite of their brilliance, they are often cold. A light ground and a thin impasto would improve the work immensely, and would allow the real, palpitating air of Seville and Tangier to be more convincingly rendered. A pleasant series of English pastoral landscapes has been arranged in the same gallery. They are the work of Mr. J. H. V. Fisher.

THE exhibition of drawings by Sir James Linton and Mr. Orrock, at the Fine Art Society's Gallery, is well worth a visit. It is supposed to be in illustration of Scott's poems of 'Rokeby' and 'Marmion,' and Mr. Orrock's landscapes do, as a fact, closely cover the ground trodden by Sir Walter's heroes and heroines. But Sir James Linton has taken his theme considerably less seriously. Most of his drawings are studies of pretty women and handsome cavaliers, which might just as well be called anything else as *Lady Heron*, *Lady Clare*, *Marmion*, and *Constance of Beverley*. The fine colour and remarkable power of modelling, which have given the President of the Institute his reputation, are, however, in full force, and it would be difficult to find a better example of the range of water-colour than the head of *Lady Heron* (No. 65), or the figure of the king in *Lady Heron* and *James IV*. In most of these drawings the handling is rather more open, the texture less closely knit, than we have been accustomed to see it in Sir James's work. This is a change to be regretted. Another thing to which the critic cannot be blind is the tameness of the types, the want of force and initiative in the heads. No one can look for a moment at this *Marmion*, or this *James IV*, and be deceived into the belief that such were the men who destroyed the Scots at Flodden, or who chivalrously stood on the slopes over the Till, and allowed the British army to develop its length before delivering their attack. Sir James should seek his models in the border country, where men and women are built on a larger mould than under the smoke of London.

Many of Mr. Orrock's drawings are charming. The first of all—a view, from the west, of the unexplored but famous town of Berwick-on-Tweed—is full of atmosphere and colour, and reproduces with fidelity the sense of romance everybody feels as they cross the long Border Bridge. The strong contrast to this drawing is the large *Smailholm Tower*, *Sandy Knowe Farm*, and the *Cheviots*, a vigorous, rather black, and most faithful landscape. Smailholm, standing out alone upon the hills between Melrose and the Border, belongs, however, more to 'The Eve of St. John,' than to 'Rokeby' or 'Marmion.' Mr. Orrock lingers lovingly about Warkworth, which he paints again and again, and along he coast near Bamborough, and Dunstanborough, and the Holy Island. The *Tweed at Floors*; *Twissel Bridge*, the beautiful span crossed by the English army just before blows were struck at Flodden; *Borthwick Castle*, the scene of Mary's evasion to join Bothwell at Dunbar; *Ford Castle*, where James passed his last night on earth, and which, in our own time, has acquired a new interest as the home of Louisa Waterford, whose fame in the days to come will eclipse even recollections of Flodden as the chief glory of the place; *Norham Castle*, *Linlithgow*, and *Tantallon*—these are all among the better things exhibited. Technically, the weak points of Mr. Orrock's work are a tendency to blackness in his more elaborate drawings, and to yellowness in those which deal with sunlight in haze. If these two faults could be corrected, he would be as good a substitute for David Cox as one has any right to look for. Mr. Frederick Wedmore writes pleasantly in the introduction to the Catalogue, but the excerpts from Scott hit upon an extraordinary number of weak lines.

AMONG the French, German, Italian, and Spanish pictures—Russian ones, too, we fancy—at Mr. McLean's Gallery, hang two by Englishmen that will repay a visit. One is a highland landscape, with the regulation mists and the regulation cattle, by Mr. Peter Graham; the other a breezy day at sea, by Mr. Henry Moore. The Peter Graham is a good specimen of a very familiar sort; the Henry Moore simply the finest rendering of blue water, leaping like a shoal of porpoises under a blue sky, that even he has given us. It is full of life, movement, colour, and even weight. And yet Mr. Moore is not an imitator. His pictures are true renderings. It is by a process of selection and skilful combination that he goes so far to produce illusion. In fact, he is a true impressionist. His work exemplifies all that is good in the impressionistic theories, and turns its back on all their unreasonable developments. Such a picture as that at Mr. McLean's would give interest to a whole gallery of mediocrities.



Stroguez fecit.

Dupardon pinx. sc.

Pope Innocent X.



PORTRAIT OF POPE INNOCENT X.

AFTER THE PICTURE BY VELAZQUEZ AT APSLEY HOUSE

VELAZQUEZ paid two visits to Italy. He went there for the first time in 1629, when he was still in his artistic youth, and had not yet entirely thrown off what we should now call the 'tight' manner of Spagnoletto. His second visit took place twenty years later, at the moment of his greatest capacity. He embarked at Malaga in January, 1649; his travelling companion was Juan Pareja, who had been with him in 1629, and his protector the Duke of Najero, among whose suite he was enrolled. Najero was on his way to conduct the Grand Duchess Mariana of Austria, Philip the Fourth's betrothed, to Spain. The party landed at Genoa, whence the painter visited successively Milan, Padua, Venice, Bologna, Modena, Parma, Florence, Naples, and Rome. At Rome he stayed for more than a year, painting, among other things, the portraits of Donna Olympia Maldachini, Flaminia Triunfi, Girolamo Balbi, and the Pope himself.

The Cardinal Pamphili, or Panfili, was elected to succeed Urban VIII. in the Papal chair on the 15th of September, 1644. He had previously occupied the posts of Advocate to the Consistory, Nuncio at Naples, and Datary to the Embassy of Cardinal Barberini at the courts of France and Spain. His success in the Conclave was one of those unforeseen but inevitable results which arise from the pressure of conflicting claims, resembling in that and some other particulars certain elections to our Royal Academy! It is very difficult to know exactly what kind of person he was. Writers of his own time give most inconsistent accounts of not only his character, but even his appearance. According to some, he was imposing to look at, intelligent to talk to, safe to trust; others call him small, ugly, deformed, malicious, ignorant, and hypocritical! In the presence of statements so diverse, the portrait by Velazquez becomes the best evidence we have of Innocent's appearance, and at least some evidence of his character. It certainly confirms those who call him ugly; to me, it seems to bear out the accusation of malice, and perhaps of hypocrisy. Intelligence and ignorance are not incompatible, and signs of both are to be read in these features. As to deformity, there the painter is neutral. That Innocent had plenty of courage is proved by the story of his proceedings in the matter of the bishopric of Castro. The city of Castro was in the dominions of the Duke of Parma, who was insistent with the Pope that he should appoint a ducal nominee. His Holiness refused, and named a man of his own. The new bishop set out for his see, but was assassinated before he took possession. Innocent at once dispatched his forces against Castro, took it, razed it to the ground, and built on the site a pyramid with this inscription: 'QUI FU CASTRO'—'Here was Castro.' Finally, and in spite of the intervention of the European Powers, he deprived Parma of the Duchy of Castro and joined it to the Holy See. Other events of his reign might be quoted to show that Innocent was at least a man of action, and this is confirmed by the look of strength Velazquez has preserved. 'Nieces' and 'sisters-in-law' played as great a part at the Vatican during the reign of Innocent as during those of his less reputable predecessors, and yet, like Wilkes, he does not look

a lady's man. He died on the 7th of January, 1655, in his eighty-first year, so that when he sat for his portrait he was about seventy-four.

The picture at Apsley House is one of many partial repetitions of the great full-length portrait in the Doria-Pamphili Palace at Rome. It is on record that Innocent gave the painter two or three short sittings only, which makes it quite possible that the Duke of Wellington's replica is the original study, made in the Pope's presence, and afterwards used for the larger portrait. It is certainly the only one of the many versions I know which bears unmistakable signs of being by the hand of Velazquez himself—so far, at least, as the head is concerned. Lord Bute, the Duke of Devonshire, and Lord Lansdowne have inferior repetitions, and there seems to be another in the Hermitage, at Petersburg, with slight variations. Some documentary evidence exists in favour of the notion that the example here reproduced is the study for the Doria picture. It seems to be identical with the 'Innocent X.' sold at the Lebrun Sale, in 1810, for 1050 francs. Now, Lebrun purchased a large part of the collection of Mons. d'Azara, who, according to Ponz ('Viage de España,' Madrid, 1772-94; xiv. 56), owned the first head painted for the famous portrait of 'Leo X.'—clearly a slip for Innocent X.—in the Pamphili Gallery at Rome.

However this may be, the picture is a magnificent example of Velazquez in the particular phase which makes him the master most in vogue to-day.

W. A.

TWO BOOKS ON THE EVOLUTION OF ORNAMENT*



EW more fascinating subjects for study can be found than that of the gradual, often unconscious, changes that have taken place in the designs applied to the decoration of articles of utility. In tracing their growth or their descent, we bring to light forgotten scraps of history, hints at ancient religions long renounced by the existing artists, traces of archaic variations of form long fallen into disuse, and the dumb scroll or the unmeaning row of dots is made to unfold its history, and tell the curious story of how it came to its present form. Nor is the study worthy of being merely the pastime of a *dilettante*, an academic problem, where the result may be *plus* or *minus* without the world being a penny the worse. On the contrary, when such an inquiry is carried on upon sound principles, and these are gradually becoming more generally known, and upon a solid foundation of fact, and, above all, without any strong bias as to what the result should be, then the study will teach us many things, and of no slight value. It will teach us the history of peoples, the range of their commerce, and incidentally, but not the less surely, the history of their art. It will be obvious, however, from the nature of the subject, that a superficial treatment of so involved a theme is likely to end either in hopeless confusion, or, what is worse, the ignorance of essential facts may result in a position diametrically opposed to the true one. For this reason a vast collection of facts in history, mythology, religion, and folklore must be gathered and stored in the mind, as an essential preliminary to any serious attempt to deal with the evolution of ornament. Though it is thirty-seven years since Owen Jones wrote his 'Grammar of Ornament,' the subject is still in its infancy; but that it is attracting attention is shown by the titles of the two volumes before us, and Mr. Balfour has placed at the end of his small volume a list of five-and-twenty books and articles dealing with the matter.

* (1) 'The Evolution of Decorative Art. An Essay upon its Origin and Development, as illustrated by the Art of Modern Races of Mankind.' By Henry Balfour. (Percival & Co. 1893.)

(2) 'The Birth and Development of Ornament.' By F. Edward Hulme. (Swan Sonnenschein & Co. 1893.)

Mr. Balfour's modest treatise, dealing almost entirely with the simple art of primitive races, might seem at first sight scarcely worthy of more than passing mention in the pages of *THE PORTFOLIO*. But his peroration shows how the principle of evolution is as true when applied to complex as to simple art. He says: 'From a study of the condition of art as occurring especially amongst the less cultured modern races of mankind . . . we may at least arrive at some general conclusions as to the actual origin and growth of Decorative Art, and form our conjectures as to the dawns of an art which has played so important a part in beautifying our surroundings, and in subduing the monotony of a too matter-of-fact existence. The changes which we see taking place in the arts of the present day are but the magnified reflection of what has gone before during long ages.' And again (p. vi.), 'The art of Design must, we know, have had a continuous history, and have grown up gradually from simple beginnings, at first by easy stages involving but slight intellectual efforts, steadily progressing until it has become an essential element in our surroundings, absorbing a vast amount of complex reasoning, the result of the accumulation and combination of simple ideas which are the outcome of experience during countless ages.' This is obviously true, and shows conclusively that the relation between the art of a primitive people and that of our own time is as intimate as that between a tottering infant and a man in his prime.

Mr. Balfour's training in biology has been of great use to him in his work at the Pitt-Rivers Museum at Oxford, of which he has been for some years in charge. General Pitt-Rivers (formerly Lane-Fox), the founder of the Museum, was probably the first to make a systematic collection of objects for the purpose of demonstrating, by its arrangement, the evolution of patterns, form, and ornament, and his contributions to the literature of the subject are not few, though they are mostly entombed in scientific journals. The main points of his contention can, however, be found in John Collier's 'Primer of Art,' an admirable and most compact little work. That a collection arranged in this fashion has great practical value is generally admitted; it has, at any rate, the eminently useful virtue of making people think for themselves, and that is no slight benefit to humanity. But whether the principle of evolution is the only one that should govern the arrangements of a museum is a far more doubtful position, and we trust it may be long before we see our great public collections desert their cherished systems of arrangement by countries or periods. It must be borne in mind, moreover, that a museum arranged to show evolution only, must of necessity be a collection of *selected* objects, and that no place would exist for a large proportion of the productions of the races of the past, because they do not illustrate evolution, and must therefore be rejected. This difficulty does, of course, exist under all systems, but it would be greatly increased under the arrangement by evolution. Again, in nine cases out of every ten, the demonstration need not take the form of a clinical lecture, but can be put with equal, if not greater, force by description and diagram than by examination of the objects themselves. In either case, elaborate explanation is a necessity, and Mr. Balfour's work is in itself the best proof of how successfully the demonstration can be made without bringing into evidence the objects themselves. Let us not, however, seem ungrateful to General Pitt-Rivers for the signal service he has rendered to science—science in its primary sense of knowledge—by the formation of the admirable museum that bears his name, and which he may safely leave to the care of its present guardian while he pursues the not less important investigations that now occupy his undiminished energies.

Though the scheme of Mr. Balfour's book does not carry us very far beyond the art of primitive races, the principles are capable of extension to all art, and may with equal propriety and advantage be applied to Fijian clubs or Doric capitals. The first half of the book divides decorative efforts into stages, thus: (1) Adaptive, where natural effects

are observed and accentuated by art; (2) Creative, the artificial production of *similar* effects where these do not occur; and (3) Variation, divided into 'conscious' and 'unconscious.' With regard to this terminology, we would only suggest that 'Creative' might be better expressed by the word 'Inventive,' as being more comprehensive. It would not be fair, even if we had the space, to tell Mr. Balfour's best tales; but to illustrate one of his methods, it will be of interest to describe one of the series of designs showing 'Unconscious Variation.' This forms Plate I., and consists of fourteen figures. The first figure is a well-drawn representation of a snail crawling over a twig; this is given to A, who, though not a skilled draughtsman, produces a copy of it, fairly accurate in general aspect. The copy made by A is then given to B, who has not seen the original, and he in turn makes his copy—again, of course, slightly varying. B's copy then serves as the model for C, and C's for D. When the unfortunate subject had thus passed



FIG. 10.—CARVED DESIGNS ON SOLOMON ISLAND SPEARS.

through ten different minds, and had lost all semblance of its original form, it was then put into the hands of an artist, that he might 'interpret' it. This he did, into firm, decided lines, but keeping carefully its general appearance. The result was astonishing, for 'the next copyist, not being able to make anything of the design when viewed the right way up, reversed it, and proceeded with satisfaction to copy it upside down,' and produced a fairly good picture of a goatsucker! The charm of this 'unconscious variation' series can only be appreciated fully by following the slight changes which serve to produce so curious a final result. But the point it enforces is this: that if so vast a change from the prototype is produced by people of average culture in the space of two days, what might not result on the same lines during, say, a century or two, and with the intervention of peoples of varying intelligence? At present our means of answering this question are not so ample as they should be, but there can be little question that such slight involuntary changes, due either to want of skill or want of observation, form one of the most powerful factors in the production of what is commonly called conventional ornament.

What is meant by conscious variation is seen in Mr. Balfour's Fig. 10—a series of designs taken from the shafts of Solomon Island spears. Here the artist deliberately



FIG. 46.—PORTION OF BASKET WITH SNAKE DESIGN, BRITISH GUIANA.



FIG. 47.—PORTION OF BASKET WITH MONKEY DESIGN, BRITISH GUIANA.

varies the details of the design, which began its existence with some resemblance to a human figure, and ends in a series of chevrons, a symbol for the human form which could only obtain currency among a people who do not study anatomy.

Conventional designs are, however, not due only to variation, either conscious or unconscious. The necessary limitations of the material or the method have equally to be reckoned with. Mr. Balfour's two figures—46 and 47—taken from South American basket-work, show plainly how this comes about; and there can be little doubt that he has fathomed the mystery of what animals are there represented.

The influence of weaving and plaiting upon ornament is a very curious subject, and

is exhaustively treated by Mr. W. H. Holmes in 'A Study of the Textile Art in its relation to the Development of Form and Ornament' (Washington, 1888). The material he has used is almost entirely of American origin, but the principle applies equally to other civilisations, and the illustrations are excellent. It is from this source that Mr. Balfour has obtained his figures of an Indian and a European standing hand in hand. This is a portion of a 'wampum' belt, formed—as most of them are—of beads of white and purple shell, and it shows probably the lowest depths to which rectangular representations of humanity can sink.

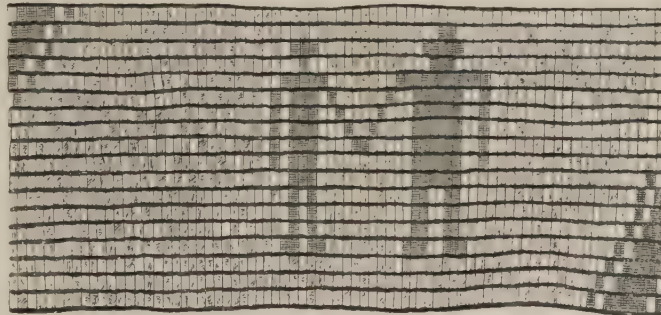


FIG. 45.—PORTION OF WAMPUM BELT, NORTH AMERICA.

Mr. Balfour's book is an interesting and useful contribution to our knowledge; it is lucidly written, is well printed, and the illustrations are good, with one or two exceptions. Two faults, however, we find in it. One is that it is too short; but we trust that this may be remedied by the appearance of another volume; and the second is that it wants an index, a serious omission.

Mr. Hulme's name is not an unfamiliar one in the literature of decorative art, more particularly with regard to the adaptation of plant-forms to ornament. The title-page of the present work gives a list of seven works of which he is the author, three of them treating of plant-life or its decorative aspect, while three others deal with the 'History, Principles, and Practice' of Heraldry, Symbolism, and Ornamental Art, respectively. Such an apprenticeship as this would imply ought to preserve an author from many of the faults that beset a beginner, from whom the public would expect less method than from the practised hand. Mr. Hulme entitles his present work, 'The Birth and Development of Ornament,' but we have searched from end to end of it without finding more than a few incidental observations to justify the title. 'Chats about Art' would have led one to expect precisely what the book contains, a series of desultory chapters, arranged professedly in chronological sequence, containing chiefly historical disquisitions upon the nations of antiquity, interspersed with long poetical quotations and references to the Old Testament. This may be set down to want of method, but we have a right to demand from a writer of Mr. Hulme's standing that the principles he lays down should at least be sound. One instance in illustration will suffice. On p. 3 he says (the italics being ours), 'Decorative art and fine art merge imperceptibly into each other, and *the same thing may receive one or other name according to circumstances*. If, for example, we see a group of lilies painted on canvas, put into a gold frame, and hung on the wall, we call the result a picture, an example of fine art, the work of an artist; but if the same flowers, equally well painted, are placed in the panel of a door, *the result is a decorative design*.' Surely this is entirely opposed to all principles of decorative law. A picture must remain a picture whether on the door or on the wall; and would Mr. Hulme maintain the converse of his proposition, that a decorative design becomes a picture when framed in gold and placed on the wall? Curiously enough, in a note to this very paragraph, Mr. Hulme quotes with approval Palgrave's definitions of pictorial and ornamental art, not having observed apparently that it is in absolute opposition to his own. The plates in a work of this character should be the backbone of it, for if the examples be not well selected and systematically arranged the book must fail of its purpose. It would be grateful to be able to say something in praise of the plates before us, but we confess our inability

to understand most of them. This is the more extraordinary, for Mr. Hulme is evidently a frequent visitor both to the British and South Kensington Museums, two institutions surely containing enough excellent material for a score of books on the growth of ornament. Yet the plate to illustrate Japanese *ornament* is composed of fourteen purely naturalistic drawings of animals and birds. It is, perhaps, too much to expect that every one should recognise a square Chinese 'seal' character at sight, but Mr. Hulme is unfortunate in having selected six of these as examples of 'irregular frets' on his second plate.

One point in the book is excellent—the descriptions of technical processes, *e.g.* enamelling on metal on p. 244, are very lucid; and a certain proportion of the illustrations are well drawn and engraved. Indeed, the book as a whole is very well got up, so far as print and paper are concerned, but its perusal leaves a strong impression that its author has attempted a task for which he has few qualifications.

C. H. READ.

ASPECTS OF MODERN OXFORD

II

FELLOWS of Colleges who travel on the continent of Europe have, from time to time, experienced the almost insuperable difficulty of explaining to the more or less intelligent foreigner their own reason of existence, and that of the establishment to which they are privileged to belong. It is all the worse if your neighbour at the *table d'hôte* is acquainted with the Universities of his own country, for these offer no parallel at all, and to attempt to illustrate by means of them is not only futile but misleading. Define any college according to the general scheme indicated by its founder; when you have made the situation as intelligible as a limited knowledge of French or German will allow, the inquirer will conclude that '*also* it is a monastic institution,' and that you are wearing a hair shirt under your tourist tweeds. Try to disabuse him of this impression by pointing out that colleges do not compel to celibacy, and are intended mainly for the instruction of youth, and your Continental will go away with the conviction that an English University is composed of a conglomeration of public schools. If he tries to get further information from the conversation of a casual undergraduate, it will appear that a *Ruderverein* on the Danube offers most points of comparison.

Fellows themselves fare no better, and are left in an—if possible—darker obscurity. That they are in some way connected with education is tolerably obvious, but the particular nature of the connexion is unexplained. Having thoroughly confused the subject by showing inconclusively that you are neither a monk, nor a schoolmaster, nor a *Privat Dozent*, you probably acquiesce from sheer weariness in the title of *Professor*, which, perhaps, is as convenient as any other; and, after all, *Professoren* are very different from Professors. But all this does nothing to elucidate the nature of a College. To do this abroad is nearly as hard as to define the function of a University in England.

For even at home the general uneducated public, taking but a passing interest in educational details, is apt to be hopelessly at sea as to the mutual relation of Colleges and Universities. In the public mind the College probably represents the University: an Oxonian will be sometimes spoken of as 'at College'; University officials are confused with heads of houses, and Collections with University examinations. That foundation which is consecrated to the education of Welsh Oxonians is generally referred to in the remote fastnesses of the Cymru as Oxford College. As usual, a concrete material object, palpable and visible, is preferred before a cold abstraction like the University. Explain to the lay mind that a University is an aggregate of Colleges: it is not, of course, but the

definition will serve sometimes. Then how about the London University, which is an examining body? And how does it happen that there is a University College in Oxford, not to mention another in Gower Street? and that Trinity College across the water is often called Dublin University? All these problems are calculated to leave the inquirer very much where he was at first, and in him who tries to explain them to shake the firm foundations of Reason.

It may be a truism, but it is nevertheless true—according to a phrase which has done duty in the Schools ere now—that the history of the University is, and has been for the last five hundred years, the history of its Colleges; and it is also true that the interweaving of Collegiate with University life has very much complicated the question of the student's reason of existence. We do not, of course, know what may have been the various motives which prompted the bold baron, or squire, or yeoman of the twelfth or thirteenth century to send the most clerkly or least muscular of his sons to herd with his fellows in the



EVENING ON THE RIVER.

crowded streets or the mean hostleries of pre-collegiate Oxford; nor have we very definite data as to the kind of life which the scholar of the family lived when he got there. Perhaps he resided in a 'hall;' according to some authorities there were as many as three hundred halls in the days of Edward I.; perhaps he was master of his own destinies, like the free and independent unattached student of modern days—minus a Censor to watch over the use of his liberties. But what is tolerably certain is that he did not then come to Oxford so much with the intention of 'having a good time' as with the desire of improving his mind, or, at least, in some way or other taking part in the intellectual life of the period, which then centred in the University. It might be that among the throngs of boys and young men who crowded the straitened limits of mediaeval Oxford, there were many who supported the obscure tenets of their particular Doctor Perspicuus against their opponents' Doctor Inexplicabilis rather with bills and bows than with disputations in the Schools; but every Oxonian was in some way vowed to the advancement of learning—at least, it is hard to see what other inducement there was to face what must have been, even with all due allowance made, the exceptional hardships of a student's life. Then came the Colleges—University dating from unknown antiquity, although the legend which connects its foundation with Alfred has now shared the fate of most legends; Balliol and Merton, at the end of the thirteenth century; and the succeeding centuries were fruitful in the establishment of many other now venerable

foundations, taking example and encouragement from the success and reputation of their earlier compeers. In their original form colleges were probably intended to be places of quiet retirement and study, where the earnest scholar might peacefully pursue his researches without fear of disturbance by the wilder spirits who roamed the streets and carried on the traditional feuds of Town and Gown or of North and South. By a curious reverse of circumstances the collegian and the '*scholaris nulli collegio vel aulae ascriptus*' of modern days seem to have changed characters. For I have heard it said by those who have to do with college discipline that their *alumni* are no longer invariably distinguished by 'a gentle nature and studious habits'—qualities for which, as the Warden of Merton says, colleges were originally intended to provide a welcome haven of rest, and which are now the especial and gratifying characteristics of that whilom roisterer and boon companion, the Unattached Student.

We have it on the authority of historians that the original collegiate design was, properly speaking, a kind of model lodging-house; an improved, enlarged, and strictly supervised edition of the many hostels where the primitive undergraduate did mostly congregate. Fellows and scholars alike were to be studious and discreet persons; the seniors were to devote themselves to research, and to stand in a quasi-parental or elder-brotherly relation to the juniors who had not yet attained to the grade of a Baccalaureus. Very strict rules—probably based on those of monastic institutions—governed the whole body: rules, however, which are not unnecessarily severe when we consider the fashion of the age and the comparative youth of both fellows and scholars. Many scholars must have been little more than children, and the junior don of the fifteenth century may often have been young enough to receive that corporal punishment which our rude forefathers inflicted even on the gentler sex.

‘Solomon said, in accents mild,
Spare the rod and spoil the child;
Be they man or be they maid,
Whip 'em and wallop 'em, Solomon said’

—and the sage's advice was certainly followed in the case of scholars, who were birched for offences which in these latter days would call down a 'gate,' a fine, or an imposition. Authorities tell us that the early fellow might even in certain cases be mulcted of his dress, a penalty which is now reserved for Irish patriots in gaol; and it would seem that his consumption of beer was limited by regulations which would now be intolerable to his scout. Some of the details respecting crime and punishment, which have been preserved in ancient records, are of the most remarkable description. A former Fellow of Corpus (so we are informed by Dr. Fowler's History of that College) who had been proved guilty of an over-susceptibility to the charms of beauty, was condemned as a penance to preach eight sermons in the Church of St. Peter-in-the-East. Such was the inscrutable wisdom of a bygone age.

Details have altered since then, but the general scheme of college discipline remains much the same. Even in the days when practice was slackest, theory retained its ancient stringency. When Mr. Gibbon of Magdalen absented himself from his lectures, his excuses were received 'with an indulgent smile;' when he desired to leave Oxford for a few days, he appears to have done so without let or hindrance; but both residence and attendance at lectures were theoretically necessary. The compromise was hardly satisfactory, but as the scholars' age increased and the disciplinary rule meant for fourteen had to be applied to eighteen, what was to be done? So, too, we are informed that in the days of our fathers undergraduates endured a Procrustean tyranny. So many chapel services you must attend; so many lectures you must hear, connected or not with your particular studies; and there was no relaxation of the rule; no excuse even of 'urgent business' would serve the pale student who wanted to follow the hounds or play in a cricket match. Things, in fact, would



Coaching the Eights, Oxford.

have been at a deadlock had not the authorities recognised the superiority of expediency to mere morality, and invariably accepted without question the plea of ill-health. To 'put on an *aeger*' when in the enjoyment of robust health was after all as justifiable a fiction as the 'not at home' of ordinary society. You announced yourself as too ill to go to a lecture, and then rode with the Bicester or played cricket to your heart's content. This remarkable system is now practically obsolete; perhaps we are more moral.

Modern collegiate discipline is a parlous matter. There are still the old problems to be faced—the difficulty of adapting old rules to new conditions—the danger on the one hand of treating boys too much like men, and on the other of treating men too much like boys. Hence college authorities generally fall back on some system of more or less ingenious compromise—a course which is no doubt prudent in the long run, and shows a laudable desire for the attainment of the Aristotelian 'mean,' but which, like most compromises, manages to secure the disapproval alike of all shades of outside opinion. We live with the fear of the evening papers before our eyes, and an erring undergraduate who has been sent down may quite possibly be avenged by a newspaper column reflecting on college discipline in general, and the dons who sent him down in particular. Every day martinets tell us that the University is going to the dogs from excess of leniency; while critics of the 'Boys-will-be-boys' school point out the extreme danger of sitting permanently on the safety valve, and dancing on the edge of an active volcano.

In recent years most of the 'Halls' have been practically extinguished, and thereby certain eccentricities of administration removed from our midst. It was perhaps as well; some of these ancient and honourable establishments having during the present century rather fallen from their former reputation, from their readiness to receive into the fold incapables or minor criminals to whom the moral or intellectual atmosphere of a college was uncongenial. This was a very convenient system for colleges, who could thus get rid of an idle or stupid man without the responsibility of blighting his University career and his prospects in general; but the Halls, which were thus turned into a kind of sink, became rather curious and undesirable abiding-places in consequence. They were inhabited by grave and reverend seniors who couldn't, and by distinguished athletes who wouldn't, pass Smalls, much less Mods. At one time 'Charsley's' was said to be able to play the 'Varsity Eleven. These mixed multitudes appear to have been governed on very various and remarkable principles. At one establishment it was considered a breach of courtesy if you did not, when going to London, give the authorities some idea of the *probable* length of your absence. 'The way to govern a college,' the venerated head of this institution is reported to have said, 'is this—to keep one eye shut,' presumably the optic on the side of the



NEW COLLEGE, OXFORD.

offender. Yet it is curious that while most of the Halls appear to have been ruled rather by the *gant de velours* than the *main de fer*, one of them is currently reported to have been the scene of an attempt to inflict corporal punishment. This heroic endeavour to restore the customs of the ancients was not crowned with immediate success, and he who should have been beaten with stripes fled for justice to the Vice-Chancellor's Court.

Casual visitors to Oxford who are acquainted with the statutes of the University will no doubt have observed that it has been found unnecessary to insist on exact obedience to all the rules which were framed for the student of four hundred years ago. For instance, boots



IN THE BODLEIAN.

are generally worn; undergraduates are not prohibited from riding horses, nor even from carrying lethal weapons; the *herba nicotiana sive Tobacco* is in common use; and, especially in summer, garments are not so 'subfusc' as the strict letter of the law requires. Perhaps, too, the wearing of the academic cap and gown is not so universally necessary as it was heretofore. All these are matters for the jurisdiction of the Proctors, who rightly lay more stress on the real order and good behaviour of their realm. And whatever evils civilisation may bring in the train, there can be no doubt that the task of these officials is far less dangerous than of old, as their subjects are less turbulent. They have no longer to interfere in the faction fights of Northern and Southern students. It is unusual for a Proctor to carry a pole-axe, even when he is 'drawing' the most dangerous of billiard-rooms. The Town

and Gown rows which used to provide so attractive a picture for the novelist—where the hero used to stand pale and determined, defying a crowd of infuriated bargemen—are extinct and forgotten these last ten years. Altogether the streets are quieter; models, in fact, of peace and good order: when the anarchical element is loose it seems to prefer the interior of Colleges. Various reasons might be assigned for this: sometimes the presence of too easily defied authority gives a piquancy to crime; or it is the place itself which is the incentive. The open space of a quadrangle is found to be a convenient stage for the performance of the midnight reveller. He is watched from the windows by a ring of admiring friends, and the surrounding walls are a kind of sounding-board which enhances the natural beauty of 'Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay' (with an accompaniment of tea-tray and poker *obligato*). Every one has his own ideal of an enjoyable evening.

A. D. GODLEY.

OLD ENGLISH POTTERY

I.—*Slip-ware*

STRICTLY speaking, the old English vessels of which I am about to speak should be designated as 'earthenware,' for the term 'pottery' embraces every kind of fictile ware, and includes even porcelain. Earthenware and porcelain, on the other hand, are mutually exclusive terms, and between them comprise all varieties of plastic materials



which have been fashioned into form and hardened by heat. It is not necessary on the present occasion to classify these varieties, but it is quite possible to do so by taking into account the composition of the raw materials employed for the body, the nature of the glaze, and the temperature of firing. Great help in such classification is afforded by the microscopic study of thin sections of the several finished wares—a study which reveals very striking peculiarities of texture. This remark applies, however, in a less marked degree to ordinary earthenwares than to those products of the potter's kiln which are usually known as stoneware and as porcelain.

There is no difficulty in choosing, from amongst the many and various kinds of earthenware made in England, certain types which are eminently national. The original and native element in such wares is not necessarily found in their forms and decorative treatment only, for sometimes it may be traced, especially in the later periods of manufacture, to the introduction of an entirely novel material into the paste. An instance in point is furnished by the exquisite jasper-ware invented by Josiah Wedgwood, which contains barytes as a considerable and essential constituent. Still, it is to form and to decorative treatment or ornamentation that we must look for the characteristic features of the wares noticed in the present paper. There is in them no peculiarity as to the materials employed—these are the most ordinary clays, while the glazes and the colouring oxides are those in use everywhere for the same purpose. But the shapes of the vessels and the devices they bear present original features worthy of note.

None of the extant pieces of the wares now under consideration can be assigned to an earlier period than the first decade of the seventeenth century. About this time the pots in question, generally tygs with two or more handles, set at equal distances round the body, so that several persons might drink from different parts of the rim, were made of a common clay which when burnt in the kiln became of a dull reddish-brown hue. The glaze consisted of powdered galena, the native sulphide of lead, to which additions were occasionally made of an iron ore or an ochre and of wad, an earthy ore of manganese—sometimes, but rarely, of copper scale. These additions served to darken and enrich the yellow colour of the glaze produced by galena when used by itself. But this yellow colour is not obvious when the body of the vessel was made of an impure clay, appearing of its proper hue only when the glaze was fired upon a surface of white clay. Thus it happens that the lead glaze served to deepen and develop the brown hue of the ordinary clay when burnt, just in the same way that a lump of dry pigment, such as umber or ochre, acquires a deeper colour if it be wetted. When, however, the glazed parts of these old vessels are very much darker in colour than the unglazed, and especially when they are almost black, the presence of oxide of iron and sometimes of oxide of manganese in the glaze may be suspected. There are a few examples of this kind both in the British Museum and in the Museum of Practical Geology. The decoration is simple and the effect rich, but the processes of colour-printing and photography fail to render satisfactorily the peculiar unctuous quality of the hue and its depth. When, however, we reach that further development of the potter's art in which clays of two or more different colours were associated in the same vessel, a fair reproduction of the character of the ornamentation is attainable. Before describing the illustrations which accompany the present article, a few words may be introduced concerning the technique involved in the production and decoration of the pieces represented.

Of the clays used for the body of these wares something has already been said. One kind, a sort of pipeclay, retained, when burnt, its white colour, or became a pale buff or warm grey; but, as it was invariably glazed with lead ore, it always assumed on the surface the yellow hue proper to oxide of lead. Another group of clays, varying in colour from yellow to red or brown, but sometimes of a dark grey, contained much iron and even manganese. These, when fired, assumed a dark hue, occasionally becoming almost black, but generally acquiring either the reddish colour of a common flower-pot or a less pronounced

brown tint. These *body-clays*, as we may call them, having been worked up with water to a due consistency, were employed for the manufacture of pottery in two forms, namely, the lump and the bat. The lump was used for wares which were to be 'thrown' on the potter's wheel or whirler by the aid of the hands of the workman; the bat or slab was usually prepared for vessels which were not circular or round in outline, but occasionally for dishes, the bat of clay in the latter case being pressed into a 'form' or mould. Dishes thus moulded are distinguished by the presence of hollows on the reverse.

The decoration of the body of these wares was accomplished by means of applied clays of another colour. At first, small lumps of clay were made to adhere to the body, and were impressed with various designs by means of a stamp or mould, or else ornamented in intaglio by scratching with a pointed stick. But the native potter soon adopted a method of ornamentation which admitted of a far more extended class of effects. He prepared a series of coloured clays—white, orange, red, and chocolate—in a liquid condition. These clays, having about the consistency of cream, could be poured in drops, or trailed upon the surface of the ware in flowing lines. They could also be used to fill up depressions in incised and moulded wares, the borders of these depressions serving the same purpose as the *cloisons* in enamel-work, namely, to limit the area of the decorated spaces. These liquid clays are known as *slips*; they were poured or dropped by means of a quill fitted into a small vessel having an air-vent, which could be closed by the finger. In this way the size of the drops or the continuity of the stream could be regulated at will. Another mode of using these slips was in the production of combed or marbled ware. It will be understood how these semi-liquid clays could be distributed on the surface of a piece of pottery in curved or straight lines by means of a comb dragged in various directions over the still wet surface. In this way a dark-coloured slip might be associated with the light-coloured body. It should be mentioned that the use of slip or engobe in the decoration of pottery may be traced back to early times. In the Romano-British pot-works of Durobrivæ (now Castor) in Northamptonshire, vessels of black ware with white slip in elegant patterns upon them were abundantly produced. The art was, doubtless, subsequently lost in this country.

Several places of manufacture of these old English slip-wares are known, although the provenance of a large number of individual extant specimens remains a matter of conjecture, Staffordshire was not the only home of this industry, for a very large and interesting series of these wares may be traced to Wrotham in Kent, while others are assigned to Cockpit Hill and to Tickenhall in Derbyshire. The names of several of the Staffordshire makers of slip-ware are fortunately preserved. Among these the best known is Thomas Toft, whose pot-works were situated at a spot still called Tinker's Clough, in a lane between Shelton and Newcastle-under-Lyme. He seems to have begun making the highly decorated ware, on which his fame rests, soon after the middle of the seventeenth century. The names of Ralph Toft, Joseph Glass, Ralph Simpson, T. Johnson, William Taylor, and John Wright, occur, with several others, on extant examples of Staffordshire slip-ware. There is a strong family likeness between the productions of these potters, so that, were it not for the makers' names which appear in conspicuous letters upon many specimens, it would not be unreasonable to conclude that the majority of these old pieces originated in the same workshop. The most imposing, and perhaps the most frequent form assumed by these Staffordshire slip-wares of what we may call the *Toft School*, was the large round dish or platter, intended rather for the ornamentation of the dresser than for actual daily use. These platters have a broad rim decorated with a kind of lattice or trellis-work in orange and brown slip, but interrupted in one part in order to afford space for the potter's name, or for that of the person for whom the dish was made. The central portion bears a quaint device, such as a double-headed eagle, a highly conventionalised mermaid, a stag, a standing figure intended for a royal personage, such as Charles II. or the Duke of York, a pelican in her piety, a crowned

lion, a lion and a unicorn, or a floral design. The body of the dish is of coarse, marly clay, but it has received a wash of fine light buff clay. On this the outlines of the subject were indicated by means of a brown slip spotted more or less continuously with white dots. The spaces within the outlines of the design were often filled in with an orange slip. The ultimate origin of these designs may perhaps be traceable to the coins and medals, or to the embroideries and bookbindings of the day; but the homely potter, in translating the patterns before him into clay, has imparted to them an air of quaint simplicity which has a charm peculiarly its own. The range of hues at his disposal was too restricted to allow of any trying chromatic contrasts, and the general colour-effect was harmonious, sober, and rich. An Englishman is perhaps prejudiced in favour of these examples of an old and curious native art, but it is satisfactory to find that his estimate is confirmed by the opinion of a wholly competent foreign authority. M. Solon, the artist from Sèvres, whose exquisitely wrought creations in *pâte sur pâte* have constituted for many years past the choicest productions of Messrs. Minton's kilns at Stoke-upon-Trent, is an enthusiastic collector of old English slip-ware, and has devoted a most interesting chapter to the subject in his sumptuous book, 'The Art of the Old English Potter.' He thoroughly appreciates the originality of these slip-wares, uncouth in style and rough in execution as their decoration may be. And he justly remarks: 'Do not forget that the maker never anticipated that he was working for you or me, the sensitive and squeamish children of a refined century, and that he might one day have to undergo our criticism.'

Although the large platters, to which several references have been already made, constitute the most conspicuous and numerous relics of the Staffordshire slip-ware of the seventeenth century, three or four other forms not infrequently occur, such as many-handled tygs and posset-cups, money-boxes of three stories surmounted by a hen and chickens, and cradles. Perhaps, however, the most richly decorated tygs are those which were made at Wrotham, of which an excellent example is seen in the first of the coloured plates, while on Plate II. will be observed one of the Cockpit Hill moulded dishes, bearing a pleasing design of conventional foliage associated with a couple of birds; another bird is also shown apparently in the grasp of a highly conventionalised human hand. On dishes of this type it is not unusual to find a motto, a date, and the initials of the maker. The specimen figured in the plate belongs to the year 1726, and shows to what a late period this archaic style survived. The motto here, 'One burd in The hand is Worth Two in the bush,' has an obvious reference to the design on the dish, while the initials 'S.M.' may be those of the potter (S. Mier), for a potter of the same family name is known to have been working at Cockpit Hill at about this time.

I have chosen as an example (Plate I.) of the platters of the 'Toft School' a remarkably fine example (it is about 16½ inches across) in the British Museum. The name 'Margere Nash' on the border cannot in this case be assumed to be that of the potter, but must be regarded as that of the person for whom the piece was made. Such inscriptions are by no means infrequent, although they are often confined to initials, such as those of a married pair. In many cases, however, there are two sets of initials, one being those of the potter, the other those of the owner of the piece. For illustrative examples of this perplexing custom reference may be made to Mr. J. E. Hodgkin's invaluable *catalogue raisonné* of inscribed or dated 'Examples of Early English Pottery.' In his account of specimens attributed to Wrotham there will be found several pieces bearing the same initials, 'I. L.,' and dated in the years 1612, 1621, 1627, and 1638. Then a change of letters occurs, and one finds a series belonging to the years 1642, 1650, 1651, 1653, and 1659, on which the letters 'G. R.' are embossed. Many of the examples belonging to both series bear also other and varying initials or names as well, so that we may reasonably assign the fixed initials, 'I. L.' and 'G. R.,' to potters, while the variable letters or names may

be attributed to the persons for whom the pieces were made, or to whom they were presented.

The cups or mugs, some large and some small, to which the term *tyg* (compare the words *tegula* and *tigel*) was given have been already described. Their handles vary in number from two up to a dozen, but four or six are frequently present. These handles offer many varieties of construction, but they commonly consist of two, three, or four solid loops, each one of which is firmly fixed to the body of the vessel. Figs. 1 and 2 in the text—one dated 1627, the other 1638—are four-handled *tygs* of an early type. But in the coloured Plate I. a *tyg* of a rarer kind is shown; a further complication has been here introduced, and we have the vessel known as a *puzzle-tyg*. In vessels of this kind one of the handles is hollow—is, in fact, a pipe communicating with the bottom of the *tyg*,



FIG. 1.—FOUR-HANDLED TYG.

by means of a hole in the interior, and ending in an opening at the top of the handle. By applying the lips to this upper opening the contents of the vessel can be easily withdrawn by suction. There would not, however, be much of a puzzle in this contrivance, and so the ingenious potter added one or two further devices to baulk the would-be toper. In the *puzzle-tyg* we find that the vessel has an inner shell; into the space between this and the outer casing the liquor finds its way on tilting the cup to drink from it. But generally the potter made a number of large, and often ornate, perforations in the upper part or neck of the vessel, so that its contents could not be poured out or withdrawn in the usual way, and in many examples we find that more than one of the handles is hollow (see in Plate I. the *puzzle-jug* of the 'Toft School'); or that in the

single tube, if there be no more than one, there is not only a hole at the bottom and another at the top, but a third hole at an intermediate point. In all these cases it is necessary, before the beverage can be drawn up by suction, that every additional opening be firmly closed, by means of the fingers judiciously applied during the imbibing process, otherwise the liquid will not rise in the tube, and nothing but air will enter the pipe or find its way to the mouth. The inscriptions which often occur on these *puzzle-jugs* usually relate to the difficulty of getting at their contents; the following is an example of the most usual type:—

‘From Mother Earth I claim my birth,
I’m made a Joke for man;
But now I’m here, filled with good cheer,
Come taste me if you can.’

Similar inscriptions are cited by Mr. Solon in the work already mentioned. Their merit as verse may not be of a high order, but they are interesting variants on one theme, and their rough style of diction and inaccurate spelling are at least in accord with the crude productions on which they are found. Here are three of them:—

‘Here gentlemen come try your skill
I’l hould a wager if you will
That you don’t drink this liquor all
Without you spill or let some fall.’

'If this be ye first that you have seen
I'll lay the weager which you please to pay
That you don't drink this liquor all
Without you spill or let some fall.'

'Within this can there is good liquor
'Tis fit for parson or for vicar
But how to drink and not to spill
Will try the utmost of your skill.'

The notion of this odd contrivance occurred to the English potter in the early days of his art, for there is a puzzle-jug, constructed in the way just indicated, which is attributed by good authority to the thirteenth century. It is of green glazed earthenware, and is preserved in the British Museum. The making of these jugs survived without break down to the beginning of the present century. Those decorated with designs in slip are, however, comparatively rare, but many specimens are extant in stoneware, in English delft, and in other varieties of earthenware. Doubtless they gave rise to much merriment of a mild kind in the country ale-houses for which they were originally manufactured.

Leaving these eccentric specimens of the potter's handicraft, attention may now be directed to a useful article of domestic furniture, the candlestick. The example figured on Plate II. is almost certainly of Wrotham manufacture. It is dated 1651, and bears the letters 'S. A. S.' in addition to the initials



FIG 2.—FOUR-HANDLED TYG.

of the maker, 'G. R.' To the same place of manufacture may be attributed the similar but less ornate candlestick in the Museum of Practical Geology, which is two years earlier in date. There is another candlestick, of the year 1656, in the British Museum, having six nozzles; but large and important specimens of this kind are far from common. Doubtless many simpler pieces of smaller size were in general use in the seventeenth century, but specimens are now rare. A number of examples were, however, unearthed a few years ago in the Martyrs' Old Buildings, King's College, Cambridge. They were made of a coarse, light yellow clay, but the upper surface had been washed all over with a white slip, upon which, on the flat rim, about ten blobs of dark slip the size of a threepenny-bit had been dropped; the upper surface only is glazed. These candlesticks or taper-stands are small, being about three inches in diameter. Were they used by the gyps or by the undergraduates of the period?

In the coloured Plate I. a rather late example of a tyg or posset-pot is shown. It is interesting as bearing the name of its owner, Ann Draper, and the date of manufacture, 1707, very conspicuously in dark slip on a light ground on the upper part. The lower part, including the handles, is washed over with a dark slip, upon which a conventional floral ornament is traced in light-coloured slip. This important specimen of slip-ware was formerly the property of Mr. Henry Willett, of Brighton, who ceded it with a large number of other interesting examples of early English pottery to Mr. Franks for the British Museum.

Mention has been made of cradles, tygs, puzzle-jugs, posset-pots, and candlesticks. Jugs in the form of bears and of birds were sometimes made of slip-ware: the head of the animal could be removed and used as a drinking-cup. A vessel of this type is shown in Plate II.

In this instance the mode of decoration employed is that to which reference has already been made under the term 'combing.' When the liquid clay had been distributed in more or less irregular lines by means of a toothed implement, the piece was allowed to dry, then dusted with galena and fired. The yellow glaze produced by this ore of lead brought all the hues of the decorated surface into harmony, softening and blending them together without obliterating the characteristic figuring on the surface produced by the comb. The larger and less precise patterns known as 'marbling' were obtained by a similar process of manipulation. Good specimens of both marbled and combed ware may be studied in the Jermyn Street Museum, where also may be seen several vessels partly decorated by these methods and partly by means of dots and lines of trailed slip.

The curious fancy of the old English potter is shown in certain groups of small cups communicating with one another, and having intertwined handles; of these a few examples survive. A small specimen from the British Museum is given in Fig. 3. This piece is made of light-coloured clay and has the usual lead glaze, but there are a few splashes of green here and there upon the surface. The year 1736 seems rather a late date for the creation of so primitive a vessel, but the student of old English pottery is never surprised at the survival of such archaic forms.



FIG 3.—A TRIPLET OF CUPS.

It will have been observed that I claim for the old English slip-ware—to which the chief part of this article is devoted—a very decided measure of originality, a general harmony and richness of sober colouring, and a certain playfulness of invention as to design and adornment. As Mr. Solon justly remarks, these wares are not seen to proper advantage on the crowded white shelves of a public museum. In the homely, low-ceiled, and dimly lighted rooms for which they were originally made, they must have been in complete harmony with their surroundings. And it must be remembered that the majority of the specimens to which reference has been made in the present paper were by no means every-day productions, but constituted the *chefs-d'oeuvre* of the humble potter, who now and then made a special effort in favour of a friend or patron—a farmer, maybe, or a yeoman, or an ale-house keeper. For some important occasion—a wedding, or a birth, or a christening, perhaps—the tyg, or caudle-cup, or cradle, was designed with all the art and ingenuity of which the craftsman was capable. It was duly inscribed with name and motto and date, and acquired the rank of a family heirloom. Its charm lay in its domestic simplicity and in the absence of any false note of exotic culture. It was spontaneous and untaught, yet wholly congruous with the life of the day. One must not be surprised if it appears uncouth and bizarre by the side of a cup of jewelled Sèvres or a vase of Wedgwood's choicest jasper-ware. But we may still look with affectionate regard upon these productions of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, and may still appreciate the sentiment which inscribed upon them such words as,

'The Gift is small; Goodwill is All.'

Or,

'I drink to you with all my hart;
Mery met and mery part.'

A. H. CHURCH.



A NOTE ON MANNERISM



THE Baconian 'Homo additus naturae' is a definition of art, for art is, on a final analysis, a revelation of personality. Even in literature, with its wider range, it may be said with more or less confidence that the real biography of the given master is deducible from his work alone, without adventitious aid. With respect to art, there needs no hesitation. In literature, indeed, there are cases in which the character of the man is greatly at variance with the character of his writings, in which it would almost seem that the talent acted independently. A few writers have even appeared to be objective—to be as impersonal and impartial as nature. But this apparent objectivity always yields before criticism, even in cases where the impartiality seems inevitable and immediate. It would seem at first sight, indeed, that landscape-painters, and especially English landscape-painters, might escape this rule, for many, either from lack of character or from deep reverence and admiration, have sought to efface themselves before nature, content to reproduce as far as might be the spectacle that enchants them. But in these would-be reproductions there is of necessity choice and simplification; and the manner of choice and simplification—nay, even their omissions—betray them at once. 'Man is the measure of all things,' said Protagoras, and each artist is a distinct and different measure; each artist has his own 'personal equation,' his special and individual vision. As each man is revealed to other men by a distinctive body, a pitch of voice, a special handwriting and set of gestures, which he can only modify within certain limits, so each painter produces work which is in as necessary a relation to its author as is a definite fruit to a definite tree. But while there are many specimens of the same species of tree, each painter is a species by himself. Nor is there any need to fear that such a doctrine would inevitably land us on the shoals of determinism, or involve us in the theories, say, of M. Taine; for, after all, a man can only sing with his own voice, and freewill is no less free for being limited. And, as for environment, 'le milieu,' and the race, a man must be born some time and somewhere. No one escapes the influence of his epoch, circumstances, and training. Any expert in art can tell you at once, if not the actual painter, at least the school and approximate date of a given work of art. When Coleridge exclaimed, on reading a few lines of Wordsworth, that he would have recognised their author as Wordsworth had he met them 'running wild in the desert of Arabia,' he merely expressed in a forcible way the fact that mannerism is inevitable.

But mannerism is used as a term of reproach; to say that a painter has a mannerism is seemingly an excuse for slight and speedy dismissal. Yet critics take great pains to trace the development of mannerisms, and are delighted when they have established to their own satisfaction the three manners of youth, maturity and decline—of tentative, complete harmony, and exaggeration, which can be signalised in vigorous cases. 'Manner' has not the connotative depreciation of 'mannerism,' yet how can there be a manner without a mannerism? The many artists whose manner changed little in the course of their career have still their mannerisms. The difficulty of the critic who is not content to point out, for example, the greyhound of Veronese, the fruit of Crivelli (which are, so to speak, merely a kind of signature), is precisely to express this mannerism in words. As Leonardo wrote, 'Thirst shall parch thy tongue, and thy body shall waste through lack of sleep and sustenance, ere thou canst describe in words that which painting immediately sets before the eye;' and

Goethe often laments in his art criticisms that his literary translations of pictures can convey little to those who have not the actual pictures before them, even though, in some cases, he endeavours to reproduce the impression of the pictures in verse. One is not much furthered by talking of 'the Correggiosity of Correggio,' or by resorting to the expedient of a 'je ne sais quoi.' Take the distinctive substantives, or substantives with defining epithets, which you find scattered about in criticisms of the Italian masters, such as profundity, purity, gravity, simplicity, suavity, and the like. The help to a non-spectator is not very great. Even if the picture be present, to point out the manner of Rubens to a novice before a single example would probably enable him to identify at a glance many other Rubenses, and even possibly to distinguish him from Jordaens; but it would be no easy task to differentiate to him before actual example the manners of, say, Karel Dujardin and Berghem, or of Netscher, Dow, and Mieris—men of one school and, so to speak, one subject. It has been possible for a German musical theorist to analyse and differentiate the manners and mannerisms of musical composers by grouping excerpts from their scores. Would it not be possible, also, by means of outlined selections from painted compositions, by means of careful statements of their favourite keys and harmonies of colour, to do something of the kind for painting? But, it must be confessed, the musical theorist has an easier task, for if the melody can be regarded as equivalent to the drawing, and the harmony as equivalent to the colouring, he can immediately and completely present both to the student.

Goethe has treated on this subject in an article inserted in the 'Kunst und Alterthum.' He has endeavoured to define the words, Imitation of Nature, Mannerism, and Style, in their application to painting, and to establish an order of precedence. The lowest order of painters are those who content themselves with simple imitation of 'still life.' Above these rank the mannerists—those more ambitious painters who exercise the faculty of choice, and are compelled to create for themselves a language in which to express the relations of objects. As the mannerist has often to repeat the same forms, he is induced to trust his recollection without controlling it by the actual object each time. Last and highest are the stylists, who, by means of a profound and exact study of objects, finally attain to a clear comprehension of the cycle of forms and the power of expressing their universal knowledge, so that 'they rest on the deepest foundations of knowledge, on the essence of things, in so far as it is permitted to us to recognise it in visible and comprehensible form.' But Goethe is compelled to admit that these three degrees of art overlap each other; as, for instance, a simple imitator, like Van Huysum, is so thoroughly acquainted with his botany that he can lay claim to style. While Goethe, like so many others, bows in homage to the mystic word 'Style,' he dismisses Mannerism as the mode of comprehension and representation appropriate to light and facile natures, prone to catch the superficial aspect of things and to dwell on the brilliant and showy. But he adds that the more Mannerism, 'with its light method, approaches true imitation, and the more zealously, on the other hand, it seeks to apprehend the characteristics of objects and to express them comprehensively, the more it unites both through a clear, lively, active individuality, so much the more does it become higher, greater, and more respectable.' To this piece of aesthetics, German in its abstract profundity, we might remark that Goethe seems to mean, in brief, by Style, objectivity, and by Manner, subjectivity. But there is no more conspicuous example of inevitable subjectivity than Goethe himself, whose every work, little or great, is a self-confession, as he allows. Yet Goethe is in the first rank of creators, and is a stylist. He agrees that Manner and Style overlap, and we can maintain without fear that the stylist is always mannered. When he tells Eckermann, in the 'Conversations,' that 'the mannerist is always in a hurry to finish, and finds no delight in the working out of his subject,' we at once perceive that he unnecessarily confines Mannerism to second-rate art, against which it is permitted to accumulate depreciations.

Perhaps the readiest way to detect the mannerism of a great painter is to study the works of his disciples; for disciples have commonly the habit of copying, not the excellences, which are purely personal, so much as the mannerisms of the master. Nor is this to be wondered at, for they see nature through their master's eyes. From the alphabet of nature the master has fashioned a language of his own, and his disciples employ his language henceforth. The personal conception of the master is gradually formulated by himself and his disciples into a *genre* with fixed laws; indeed, facility of imitation is the punishment of mannerism in literature and art. Boileau decided the controversy about the respective value of the manners of Balzac and Voiture by successfully imitating the manners of both in contrasted letters. The fact that they could be so perfectly imitated proved immediately and conclusively that there was no depth of thought in either; but this was the *tour de force* of a master who had a distinct style of his own, and does not apply to disciples. When a master is studying, not criticising, the result will be somewhat like Rubens's copies of, or variations on, the Italians, which bear throughout the stamp of Rubens, and fall far short of the resemblance to be found in copies or variations of disciples. Thus it comes about that so many school paintings have passed for thoughtless works of the master, to be accepted or rejected by critics according as they think the given picture is worthy or not of the master—surely a very subjective criterion. The tyranny of the example of the master is great, and his strong conviction is an article of faith to the weak-minded, docile pupil. Originality in art is analogous to character in morals; and disciples, because they are disciples, are almost characterless till such time as they dare to view the world with their own eyes. Goethe, in the serenity of his old age, looked with amused pity on his stormful, stressful disciples, children of Werther; and Coleridge quotes Sir Joshua Reynolds as having judged that it is the greatest geniuses who corrupt the public—*i.e.*, his disciples. The remark of Michelangelo about his own disciples is in every memory.

Yet it is difficult, if not impossible, not to commence by being a disciple. The young painter is attracted to a given master, who is not always his official master; he copies his style—in a word, studies rhetoric under him. Critics properly trace the various influences on a painter till he stands self-centred and develops his own mannerism. Mannerism—because art is a necessary convention, and each artist has his own conventions. But how is the young painter to enforce on the public a recognition of his qualities? Nowadays, and probably at all times, young painters have had to force their notes to attract attention, to make the public hear them amid the crowd of competitors. And when once they have secured attention they are unable to cease the use of the forced note, or revert to their natural range of voice. Hence it so often happens that they continue to produce, year after year, variations on the first picture which won them fame. Having once 'fired a pistol-shot,' as the French say, to attract attention, they continue to fire similar shots to the end of their days. They commence by eccentric mannerisms, by being bizarre, by insisting on certain traits and details at the expense of the whole, and their bizarreries become in time a second nature. Their exaggerations become mechanical, and at last a grimace. Art becomes a set of recipes. It often happens, indeed, that the painter is conscious of his mannerisms, and would gladly escape them, but the public will not let him. He has discovered a *genre* which pleases them, and they demand that he shall restrict himself to his speciality. Age, also, has a tendency to confirm mannerism; the painter grows inclined to spare himself the trouble of new invention and new study of nature, and finds it easier to copy himself than to copy nature, to design 'de chic,' and allow his hand to follow its wonted course. Nature seems almost a hindrance, and is consulted less and less. As Wordsworth would say, 'his eye is off the object.' Moreover, the fountain of inspiration flows more slowly and intermittently, and the painter works without waiting for inspiration, works in the manner of his early inspiration. With age, also, sentiment gives way to science, and if the artist

seeks to vary his subjects, the 'difficulté vaincue,' that is, the application of his manner to recalcitrant, unwonted material, has great charms for him. Above all, the necessity of over-production leads men to repetition of themselves.

There is an instinctive feeling that mannerism is opposed to sincerity. But sincerity is by no means incompatible with mannerism. The manner of Marivaux was so conspicuous that the word 'Marivaudage' was created to express it; but Marivaux was completely sincere. Indeed, one might say that he would have been affected if he had tried to be simple. The curious example of Perugino might be quoted against this sincerity of mannerism, for we find the manner of his rapturous devotion continued when he grew older and indifferent, if not sceptical. But this is readily explained on the foregoing principles, namely, that his manner had grown to be a second nature, which he could not shake off with age and changed convictions. For another proof of this, Delacroix might be cited; with maturity, his theory, as he expressed it in conversation and in the few essays he wrote on art, was utterly opposed to his practice. But his temperament, the fatality of his temperament, was insuperable—he could not change his manner. Even if the public and the critics are not alienated by a suspicion of insincerity, they are assuredly hard to satisfy. On the one hand, they will not notice a painter until he has discovered a manner; and, on the other hand, if the artist has won fame by a mannerism, he may congratulate himself if his works are not pirated (we hear, for example, of Canaletti and Corot manufactories), or if he does not suffer the fate of Aristides, in consequence of too constant praise, or fall a victim to reaction and the desire for novelty.

It might be said that it is the most mannered painters which win the most devoted admirers. But such admiration has a tendency to become an esoteric cult, for the devotee is compelled to recognise the fact that the objects of his cult are caviare to the general public. He may be eager to profess the faith that is in him, but he must choose an audience of the fit and few. To discuss such coterie-admiration would lead to the difficult question of the respective values of the judgments of minorities and majorities. The judgment of a minority often precedes and directs that of the majority. On the other hand, the painters who are not conspicuously mannered command only lukewarm admirers; take, for example, Paul Veronese. M. Taine considers that in comparison with him all other painters copy themselves. But there seem to be no fervent admirers of Paul Veronese, in spite of the frequently expressed opinion that his *Marriage of Cana* is perhaps the greatest glory of the Louvre. The kingdom of art is to the forceful and excessive, and thus painters and critics merely salute Veronese in passing, content to call him supremely decorative.

Finally, mannerism is more conspicuous at the beginning and end of an epoch in art than in its meridian. At the beginning the mannerism is not so much personal as impersonal; the early painters of a school are slow to differentiate themselves, or to venture beyond the imposed limits of a tradition. The end of an epoch is a decadence, and with decadence comes complexity and attempted fusions of disparate elements. Decadence implies sentiments too complex for the ordinary language to express, and an excessive refinement of spirit and manner is inevitable. Young painters of a decadence are drawn this way and that in swift succession; they are eclectics and cosmopolitans, and, as often as not, their earliest mannerisms are derived from the latest manner of a chosen master, not necessarily contemporary. They begin where Beethoven or Velazquez left off. But their *tapage* grows quieter as they discover themselves, and the word decadence is a very depressing and prejudiced term. Would it not be more philosophical to translate decadence by transition, and thus regain new hope and confidence? Nature is ever with us, and the 'personal equation' eternal. In all ages there are men who are gifted with new visions of nature, and with the power to reveal their visions.

GARNET SMITH.

JUNE 1.—At the end of the first hour spent in the galleries at Burlington House on the 26th of last April, the present writer's impression was that never before (allowing for the general movement of things) had there been such a bad Academy. With a little patient seeking, however, that idea modified itself. Gradually it became evident that the amount of good work present was not much less than usual, especially among the younger men. The poor *coup d'oeil* was simply the result of bad hanging. It is the fashion, of course, to abuse the hanging committee, but this year they really deserve it. Never before has the large room made such a disagreeable impression as it does now. The peculiar rhythm which a good hanger is able to get out of the varying shapes and sizes and dominant tones of a collection of pictures is entirely absent, and in its place we have a cacophony of antagonistic tints, and a most disagreeable succession of forms. Even the very simple rule of taste which forbids the placing of a portrait in such a way that the sitter is looking into a corner has been violated, and so one of the best things in the whole show has lost much of its effect. Bad hanging, no doubt, must always be on the cards when little more than chance rules the selection of those who hang, but it need not be passed over in silence for all that.

We shall take the Exhibition as it comes, and note its more remarkable contents. The first thing before which we feel inclined to stop is Mr. Stanhope Forbes's *Portrait of a Lady*, imagined with simplicity, and painted with equal breadth and refinement. Refinement, again, is the note of the small picture by Mr. Orchardson, which the hangers have hidden away in a corner of this first room. Never before, perhaps, has he been quite so tender in his colour, so subtle in histories, as here, and so it was all the more wanton to give him so bad a place. *Waiting for Low Tide* is not a bad Colin Hunter, but it is entirely eclipsed by the *Lady Agnew* of Mr. John Sargent, which hangs near it. A more delightful combination of fine art and female charms it would be difficult to name, even in the work of Gainsborough. *Robert and Susan to the Rescue* seems a funny title for the launching of a life-boat at night, as depicted by Mr. W. L. Wyllie; the subject is ill-chosen, and the result confused. In the second room Mr. Hamilton Macallum's *Gulf of Salerno* has been cruelly skied. Though not a first-rate Macallum, it is vastly better than many things below it. 1588—*News of the Spanish Armada* requires too much explanation to be satisfactory. All that Mr. Seymour Lucas gives us is an old gentleman at his prayers, with a group of deferential attendants in the background. The call on the spectator's own imagination is too great; the picture seems naked and starved. Passing on, we come to one of the best male portraits of the year in the *Lord Trayner* of Sir George Reid, the President of the Royal Scottish Academy. Lord Trayner is a Lord of Session—i.e., a Scottish judge, and his official robes look strangely foreign in an English exhibition. A dark purple gown besprinkled with red crosses gives, however, a better opportunity to the colourist than the scarlet and ermine of an English 'Mr. Justice.' Sir George Reid is not exactly a colourist, but he does not want for taste, and for the particular quality in a painter which answers to scholarship in a writer. It is not every President, of the Scottish or any other Academy, who can so well justify his elevation. The picture may be accepted as atonement for the hasty words which caused so much commotion a few weeks ago. Another good portrait by a Scot is Mr. Robert Gibbs' *Peter Glendinning, Esq.* Good in design and brushing, it fails in colour. Mr. Waterhouse's *Hamadryad*, which acts as its pendant, fails in the opposite direction. It is ill drawn to a degree which leads us to suspect some mysterious intention in its disproportions. In conception it is only excelled by a second Waterhouse, of which we shall have to speak presently. *Hit* is the best of Sir Frederick Leighton's contributions. The boy's whole figure is charming in design, while his expression is truer, perhaps, to nature than anything else of the sort Sir Frederick has done. With the help of his mentor the boy has sent his arrow straight to the mark, and his features show the mixture of pleasure and bewilderment felt by a very young child when he succeeds in something without quite knowing how.

Passing into the large room, we just glance with moderate approval at Mr. Walter Spindler's *Mme. Sarah Bernhardt*, and then, after a long look at Mr. Frank Dicksee's *Funeral of a Viking*, we come to the conclusion that, for work which depends upon intelligence rather than genius, it is singularly good. The whole scene is well organized. It has probability as well as dramatic force. Everything is well drawn and thoroughly carried out. All that is wanted is inspiration, the touch of vitalising fire which brings conviction with it, and turns every brush-stroke into a note in a pictorial symphony. Again we may point our remarks by a contrast. The *Belle Dame sans Merci* of Mr. Waterhouse has exactly what Mr. Dicksee's picture lacks, and *vice versa*. Mr. Waterhouse has a pictorial as distinct from a literary imagination. It is not by his closeness to Keats that he makes his picture produce the same kind of effect upon us as the ballad. That he does by virtue of the gift which enables him to see the parallels to sound in colour and in design. He invents in one art on the same lines as Keats invented in another, and by his combination of tint and mass re-stirs the emotions aroused by the marvellous verse of the poet. His success is all the more striking in that he trusts to no accident—such, for instance, as beauty in his model. She is insignificant enough superficially. Sir Frederick Leighton's *Rizpah* is not a success, and, indeed, few really good pictures have found their way into this, the most important room of all. Among them is Mr. Orchardson's *Lord Rookwood*, an excellent presentment of a typical English gentleman, and the picture to which we alluded when we spoke of the hangers' perversity in turning the legs of a portrait into the corner. The centre of this wall is weakly occupied by Mr. Calderon's *Elizabeth Woodville parting with her Son, the Duke of York*, which is, however, better painted than that other Elizabeth over which folks made such a fuss two years ago. *Good Liquor, duty free*, is an average Hook; *Pensive* and *Merry* two Millais of a stamp now familiar. Mr. Alma Tadema's *Comparisons*, Sir F. Leighton's *Corinna of Tanagra*, Mr. G. D. Leslie's *Barbara*, Mr. Wells's *Lady Blomfield*—are all exactly what might be expected; while Mr. Watts's new version of the *Endymion* myth is far inferior to the one he painted some ten or twelve years ago.

The fourth room is scarcely richer than the third. The best things in it are the *Hove to for a Pilot* of Mr. Henry Moore; *Mrs. Elliot Lees*, by Mr. Luke Fildes; and *An Autumn Morning*, by Mr. Arthur Lemon. Mr. Jacob Hood's portrait of Mr. Seymour Haden has good qualities, however, and Mr. Boughton surpasses himself in *The Vision at the Martyr's Well*. The figure of the kneeling girl is full of the right sort of beauty—beauty that is fit and probable; the vision of the martyr is not over-insisted on, and the whole thing has a balance and coherence not always to be seen in Mr. Boughton's work.

Mr. Stanhope Forbes's chief picture has been bought by the Corporation of Manchester, the announcement of the purchase being some set-off, in the studios, against the abstention—*pro hac vice*—of the Chantry Trustees, *alias* the President and Council of the Royal Academy. The trouble with *The Lighthouse*, as Mr. Forbes calls his work, is that it can scarcely be called a creation. It conceals art with rather too much success. The design is too accidental, the arrangement of the parts too exclusively governed by a desire for the probable. There is a difference between the art which conceals art and a mere acceptance of facts. The great actor is the man who makes the necessary conventions of the stage tell as truth to nature, not the man who actually behaves on the stage as he would in his own drawing-room. And so it is in painting. *The Lighthouse* is merely truth, and the technical proficiency that truth implies. However, in these days we should, perhaps, be too thankful for thoroughness of workmanship to criticise its results, and Mr. Forbes is certainly a workman. Mr. Edgar Bundy's *Antonio Stradivari* has its good points; so has *Till Death us do part*, by Mr. W. H. Y. Titcomb; and in *Mrs. Mirrielees* Mr. Oulless gives us one of his excellent if unexciting portraits. Another good portrait is signed Maurice Greiffenhagen; Mr. Denholm Armour's *The End of a Steeplechase*

has style and tone; Mr. Brett's Sicilian seascape neither; while Mr. Arthur Hacker has rather overleapt himself in *The Sleep of the Gods*. It is a disastrous temptation, that which so often overcomes the young and very clever artist, to paint something because it is difficult rather than because it is essentially pictorial. In course of time we shall reach a picture by Mr. Hacker in which, with a comparatively small outlay of skill, a far better effect is produced, and that simply because the result aimed at was in its nature picturesque. *The Sleep of the Gods* is all carried out in high tones. Light is everywhere relieved on light. The illumination is a bath of diffused daylight, casting no strong shadows and creating no high lights. All this required more knowledge to carry out than it did to set a gleaming, naked Circe against a background of shadow. Painters may call this latter effect cheap if they like; it is essentially effective, and affords a chance for richer harmonies than a scheme entirely in high tones. Moreover, the latter has been too much for Mr. Hacker. In the *Circe* he succeeds completely; in *The Sleep of the Gods* he shows how near, being very clever, he can come to success, but nevertheless he fails.

Much more disastrous, however, is the failure of Mr. Collier in *A Glass of Wine with Caesar Borgia*. Mr. Collier is one of those not unfrequent people who don't know their own limits, or perhaps he may be one of those into whom the delusion that failure with a high aim is better than success with a low one has been unhappily instilled. Any one can fail to hit the moon; it takes a marksman to hit a cat in the next garden. There is only one good thing in the Caesar Borgia picture, and that is the head of the Pope. Even there, however, he leaves himself open to criticism of a very fatal kind. The truth is, of course, that in choosing such a subject he disabled himself from the first. When Caesar Borgia went about to poison people, he did it in such a way as to avoid exciting their suspicions; for Mr. Collier's purpose it was essential that he should do it in a fashion that would not delude the greenest victim of the confidence trick, otherwise how would the dear public know what it was all about? It is pretty safe to assume that, barring the clothes, Mr. Solomon's *Your Health!* shows much more correctly how the trick was done. The strongest card in Mr. Collier's hand is his sense of female beauty. Why does he play it so seldom? High up in this room two pictures have been hung as pendants to one another, which only the prejudiced will pass with a laugh. One is *Le Passant*, by Mr. Rupert Bunny; the other, *Angels entertaining the Holy Child*, by Mrs. Adrian Stokes. Both are a little harsh and positive, as well as very unusual in colour, but in each there is a touch of imagination, and for that much must be forgiven. Mr. Oulless's portrait of Sir Charles Tennant is excellent, as a portrait; Mr. Chevalier Tayler's *Summer Dinner Party* rather cheap and wanting in research. A much better study of difficult illumination is Mr. La Thangue's *Punch: a study by Lamplight*, in which three girls in a drawing-room, laughing over 'Punch'—the 'Punch' of Bouverie Street—are well seen and very well painted. Another good picture in this corner is Mr. Gabriel Nicolet's *Orphans of Amsterdam*, a number of girls in parti-coloured dresses of red and blue, busy sewing in a large, finely illuminated room.

In Gallery No. 8, an ambitious picture from the French Revolution strains the resources of Mr. Blake Wirgman, who falls into some confusion through the variety of the emotions with which he attempts to grapple. In La Vendée the Royalist women had the choice given to them either to surrender their children to the Republicans, or to see them die at their sides. Mr. Wirgman paints the moment of parting, and although his work is not without probability, it fails for want of concentration, or rather organization. Mr. Shannon's portrait of Mrs. Carew O'Brien is, except the *Children of Lord and Lady Granby* at the Grafton Gallery, his best work for the year. Still stronger, however, is Mr. Solomon's *Mrs. William T. Armistage*, while Mr. Lavery's *Mrs. J. J. Cowan and Laura*, cruelly hung, is more fascinating than either. A large part of the main wall in this room is taken up by Mr. David

Murray's huge *Hampshire*, a landscape conceived somewhat on the lines of Claude, and painted with considerable delicacy and knowledge.

The small 'cabinet' room is always a trial. The pictures are invariably so hung that, even when good things occur among them, they are difficult to find and impossible to enjoy. The effect would be infinitely better if this room were treated in the same way as the others, except that anything very large should, of course, be excluded. As it is none but the most patient of critics can toil through the 180 pictures arranged in four tiers which cover its walls. The best bits of work we have contrived to find in it are Mr. Denholm Armour's *The Lap of Luxury*; Mr. Gregory's *The Spoils of Opportunity*; Mr. Lomax's *Where Thieves break through and steal*; Mr. Gow's *Pursued and A Spanish Highway*, 1812; and Miss Gayton's *Rev. C. R. Bacon*; the last damaged, however, by an inharmonious background. One of the best pictures of the year is in Gallery X., a picture which came very close to winning the A.R.A.-ship for its author. We allude to Mr. Frank Bramley's *After Fifty Years*. It is curious how often the same idea strikes two painters at once; for we are loth—neither is it necessary—to imagine that one borrows from the other. Mr. Watts and Mr. Crane both hit upon *Neptune's Horses*, no doubt, by pure accident; so, too, was it by accident that Mr. Bramley and Mr. William Rainey both chose to paint a *Golden Wedding* on the same lines in one important particular. In both their pictures the old couple are congratulated by a pair of juvenile, bucolic females, carrying bouquets. Mr. Bramley, however, has set his scene out of doors, as became a 'plein-airist.' The little feast goes on near the margin of the sea. On our left Darby and his Joan are enthroned on a garden seat, before them stand the two awkward little girls, while a few yards away a table is spread and young people sit about it. The pictorial motive is excellent, and, on the whole, well carried out. It lies in the contrast between the foreground figures, which are all in the cool shadow cast by some house or cliff, and the brightly lighted sea with ships upon it in the distance. Here and there Mr. Bramley has failed to quite convincingly model the flesh in this cool diffusion, but on the whole the difficult task he set himself is carried successfully through. *Girls Bathing*, by Mr. William Strang, has not commended itself to the hangers, and yet in its way it is a remarkable production. Mr. Strang has never troubled himself about beauty, and certainly these nymphs are not distinguished by grace. They are painted, however, with a fine sense of the charm which lies in almost brutal health, and the grey tones employed are used with consummate skill. Mr. Strang's is just the sort of work that is better understood in Paris than here. At the Salon it would not have been skied. The large landscape below it by Mr. Alfred East is scarcely up to that gentleman's mark; it is heavy and painty in parts, and without spontaneity in conception. Mr. Lorimer's *Evening*—a number of children about a teatable—has a charm of its own; while Mr. Frank Brangwyn's *Slave Market* is perhaps the most audacious thing that the Glasgow theories have yet led to. Mr. Brangwyn is a *ci-devant* Newlynite, and, like all converts, he threatens to carry his new-found principles farther than their inventors. Certainly it is difficult to see how colour could be accepted with greater frankness than it is here. An Eastern slave market, with an assortment of 'black ivory' ranged beneath the walls, glaring with sunlight, of some Saracenic castle, and overlooked, sold, and bought by gentlemen in robes that dazzle the eye with their scarlets—such is the scene. The reflections on the bare skins of the unhappy negresses strike one as a little cold and blue, otherwise the colour, vociferous as it is, seems perfectly harmonious. In the last room containing pictures, scarcely anything is better than the landscape which Mrs. Stanhope Forbes calls *Moorland Princesses*, the name being suggested, presumably, by the calves rather than by the children. Mrs. Forbes's pictures are always well conceived, and rightly, if somewhat lightly, painted. This one has strength as well. We have already had occasion to allude to Mr. Solomon's *Your Health!*—the large picture of a dinner party, in which many portraits may

be spotted. In some ways it is the best thing Mr. Solomon has yet done. In the first place it shows that his peculiar ideas of colour were not so deeply rooted as one feared. In the second, it shows a power of concentration among confusion not to be discovered in his earlier productions. Near it hangs the best thing Mr. John Reid has exhibited for some time. In *Poor are the Friends of the Poor* the figures are little more than accessories. It is to the wintry landscape that one's eye turns with most interest. Mr. Reid has seldom painted anything at once so reticent and so strong. Mr. Fred Roe's *Trial of Joan of Arc* shows a piquant touch in the conception of Joan herself, a gamine facing the tribunal with the half-affected recklessness of a school-boy. The last picture we need mention is Mr. Arthur Hacker's much-talked-of *Circe*. Begun originally as a *Temptation of St. Anthony*, Mr. Hacker changed the motive for pictorial reasons. The result is one of the most unequivocal successes of the year. The picture has charm as well as power. *Circe's* naked back is a beautiful thing, as a back as well as from the standpoint of painting; the roses strewn about her enrich the colour chord, by carrying one of its notes into the richer part of the scale; the background is not only just in tone, the forms in it complete the arabesque. As we said earlier in these notes, the problem here does not compare for difficulty with that attempted in the *Sleep of the Gods*; but then it has been solved with a far more complete success.

In the water-colour room we need not linger. Few of its contents reach any high level of accomplishment, and those few are lost through the system of arrangement. It will be enough to note that among the contributors to this part of the show are Mr. Walter Osborne, Mr. E. J. Gregory, Mr. W. L. Wyllie, and Mr. J. R. Weguelin.

The sculpture, though not so good as last year, speaks of no falling off in the now high standard which marks that section of the English school. Mr. Alfred Gilbert is unhappily an absentee; but Mr. Onslow Ford, Mr. Thornycroft, and Mr. Brock among the insiders; Mr. Frampton, Mr. Pegram, Mr. Pomeroy, and Mr. Goscombe John among those still in the cold shade of aspiration, keep up our hopes. Mr. John's nude figure of a girl twisting up her hair is particularly happy in movement, and requires only a little revision of the legs—at present too soft and stocky—to be equally fine in modelling. M. Gérôme's bronze and ivory *Bellona* is a monument of technical skill, contrivance, and patience, rather than a creation of artistic genius. It is absolutely devoid of imagination.

THE Exhibition at the New Gallery is a strong contrast to that at Burlington House. It is on the whole well hung, and although not many things of any exceptional merit are shown, the general level is higher than usual, and it has the picture of the year. This, of course, is Mr. John Sargent's full-length portrait of Mrs. Hugh Hammersley. Painted in neo-Velazquezian style of Carolus Duran, it excels the work of the Frenchman in design, balance, and control, and, to our minds, touches the farthest point yet reached by the particular development to which it belongs. The *Mrs. George Lewis*, which hangs as its *vis-à-vis*, is infinitely inferior, not through any falling off in the vital parts, such as the head, but through the absence of spontaneity in the conception as a whole. The background especially is bad, and looks like a makeshift. In both these portraits, however, as well as in the *Lady Agnew* at Burlington House, there is promise of better colour than Mr. Sargent once seemed likely to give us. If during the next ten years he progresses in this particular at the same rate as during the last ten, he will become, after all, a colourist. The other good portraits at the New Gallery are not very numerous. Mr. Shannon's *Mrs. Prideaux Bunse* is an average example of his skill; Mr. Collier's *Mrs. Charles Darling* is good; Mr. Herkomer's *Jock and Charlie*—a sort of pasticcio on the junior A.R.A.—very bad. Mr. Arthur Hacker's *Percival Hoare* is pleasantly conceived but rather too green, and the *Alfred Morrison, Esq.*, of Mr. Philip Burne-Jones one of the most formidable likenesses lately perpetrated. Some of the landscapes are

very good. Mr. Arthur Lemon's *A Passing Gleam* shows his large, stylistic treatment to great advantage, and those good qualities are echoed in the modest little canvas which Mr. Denholm Armour calls *Brer Rabbit*. *Rosy Morn*, by Mr. Henry Moore, now R.A., is as good as usual, and Mr. La Thangue paints flickering sunlight with great force and skill in *Cuckoo Lambs* and *In the Orchard*. *Autumn Afternoon* is one of the best things Mr. Ridley Corbet has yet done; *A Beautiful Day in England*—why not?—a good Costa. *By Summer Seas*, Leslie Thomson; *The Labourer's Cottage*, Edward Stott; *Changing Pastures*, same painter; *Labour and Rest*, Alfred East; and *Breezy Pastures*, Adrian Stokes—are all good, and all give promise for the immediate future of this branch of art in England. As for those poetic imaginings which are supposed to be the speciality of the New Gallery, they are, perhaps, less frequent than usual. Two scenes from his *Romaunt of the Rose* cycle hardly show Mr. Burne-Jones at his best, although the one numbered 66, *The Heart of the Rose*, embodies a fine harmony of colour. On the other hand, Mr. Watts's *Neptune's Horses* is exquisite in its way—is the best inspiration, perhaps, he has had since he painted *Hope*. More ambitious than any of these is Mr. Frank Brangwyn's adoration of the Magi; he calls it *Gold, Frankincense, and Myrrh*. From realistic studies of life at sea to a picture like this is a long step, and one that could scarcely be taken for the first time without signs of faltering. We find accordingly that Mr. Brangwyn has not contrived to *celare artem*: his picture is too still; his Magi, his Virgin and Child, and his Joseph, are unusual models, or rather draped lay figures, watched and laboriously set down, but not inspired with even potential life. The result is a good bit of decoration, a good pattern, but nothing more. Other things on which we might wish to dwell had we the space are Mr. E. Matthew Hale's *Sun, Wind, and Sea*, Mr. Boughton's *From Sunlight to Shadow*, Mr. Richmond's *Maid of Athens*, Mr. Collier's *A Tramp*, Mr. Gotch's *Portrait of a Lady* in water-colour, Mr. Britten's *Spring and Summer*, and the fascinating little idyll which Mr. Waterhouse calls *A Naiad*.

The sculpture includes a number of the best men's *parerga*, but nothing of any great moment. It serves well enough to give point to the nicest vestibule in London.

THE third Exhibition of the Society of Portrait Painters is a very interesting show. It includes a large number of representative works by foreign artists, as well as not a few things by Englishmen, painted years ago, which we are glad to see again. The Society has come to some agreement with the directors of the Grafton Gallery, which gives them the 'call' of these pleasant rooms, and were it not for one thing, good fortune would seem to be secured. The one thing is the difficulty, which seems sure to present itself, of getting a sufficient number of what we may call standard portraits to leaven the mass of contemporary production. As time goes on the Society will have to depend more and more on the year's work of its members, and then, perhaps, the interest will wear off. At present, however, there are no signs of such a consummation. The third exhibition is better than either the first or the second, and quite as instructive as the display of some of the newest 'isms' which it immediately follows.

The foreign exhibitors are numerous. They include Carolus Duran, Bonnat, Dagnan-Bouveret, Gervex, Cormon, Jules Lefebvre, Boldini, Lenbach, Portaels, Roll, Fantin-Latour, Bontet de Mouvel, Vehnoppf, and the gentleman who is now adding a touch of Anglicism to his Russo-Frankish personality, Prince Trubetzkoi. The last-named of all these sends a portrait of Mr. S. J. Solomon, on horseback, in the sunlight and the Row, painted with much paint and not a little cheapness of observation. It has life, however, and in that particular excels the more accomplished work of Roll, whose manner Prince Trubetzkoi follows. *Mme. Jane Hading*, by the former, is not a good specimen, however. Of all the French portraits here, the most fascinating is the half-length of Alfred Stevens, the Franco-Belgian master, in a high hat and a cigarette. It is not a very recent production, but M. Gervex, its author,

has never seen anything much better in his artistic dreams, nor has he painted with more assurance, at least since he became almost famous. Dagnan-Bouveret sends his portrait of Courtois, a painter whose characteristics are singularly unlike those we should look for from his appearance; M. Knopff, the eccentric Belgian, a charming child-portrait; and M. Bontet de Mouvel, whose designs have been a feature of French illustration for the last few years, a series of drawings and pictures which show his peculiar methods with sufficient completeness. From the studio of M. Carolus Duran, or rather from the walls of his patrons, or clients, or whatever they should be called, come the portraits of Mrs. William Astor and of Mme. Palitzer. Mrs. Astor is a beautiful woman, but more interest will be felt for the moment in the other portrait, for it has a considerable similarity, in its colour motive, with Mr. John Sargent's *Mrs. Hugh Hammersley*, of which all the world is talking at present. In both cases a mass of pinkish velvet is set among a *cortège* of greys. The Frenchman's work is stronger than Mr. Sargent's, but it has neither his beauty of design, nor his lightness of hand, nor his subordination of unimportant things to the head. The extravagantly overrated art—if so it may be called—of M. Bonnat is represented by a single hard, meticulous, unsympathetic head; and the Flemish mannerism of M. Portaels by a ropily handled half-length of M. Paul Deroulède, painted nearly twenty years ago. The last French thing we need refer to is M. Fantin-Latour's group of artists—in different kinds—assembled about the portrait of Delacroix. This, again, is a veteran picture, with its presentments of Whistler, Baudelaire, Manet, and Bracquemond, to name only these, as they were before death or old age had overtaken them. This canvas ought to go into some historical gallery, although, like most of Fantin's performances, it betrays absolute helplessness in the matter of composition. Signor Boldini's *Portrait of a Boy* is a fair example of his work, and the same may be said of the *Gladstone* and *Bismarck* of Professor Lenbach.

Turning to those contributors who are either English or the next thing to it, much of our praise—most of it, perhaps—must be given to old acquaintances. Mr. Whistler's *Sarasate*, a most difficult picture to hang, again makes a great impression; so do Sir John Millais' sketchy but most vivacious *Mrs. Jopling* and his fine *Mrs. Stibbard*; so, too, but in a different way, does Sir Frederick Leighton's most strange and frank *Sir Edward Ryan*. This last is the property of the Dilettanti Society, which has now made its home in one of the private rooms of the Grafton Gallery. The *Whistler, when a Boy*, of Sir Wm. Boxall will be examined with interest, and one or two other long-forgotten productions with a sharp sense of surprise that their authors could once paint so well. Among the later things, the harvest of the last year or two, many of those before which one cares to stop are by the 'Boys of Glasgow.' Mr. Lavery's *Rhoda*, a young girl in a conservatory, is an experiment in the style, more or less, of Manet. Mr. Lorimer's *Col. Anstruther-Thompson*, in hunting dress, is good; so are Mr. Walton's *Miss Aitken* and Mr. James Guthrie's *Major Richard Hotchkiss*. Other things marked with the stamp of the moment are Mr. Glazebrooke's *A Portrait*; Mr. Maclure Hamilton's heads of Mr. Ridley Corbet and Professor Tyndal; Mr. Moreat Loudan's *A Portrait*; and Mr. Melton Fisher's *Mrs. Val Prinsep*. The brilliant portrait of Mr. Walter Lethbridge, by Pettie, agrees but uneasily with the large picture by Mr. Shannon, near which it hangs. In spite of a touch of 'cheapness' in parts, this group of Lord and Lady Granby's children is one of the best things Mr. Shannon has done. It is decorative, and full of the spontaneity required by the subject. The only thing we find to object to in the conception is the pose of the little lady Marjorie. She looks rather too much as if it were a case of cold in the head and mustard and water. A number of portrait drawings by Lady Granby are interesting, although they have trying neighbours in the series of studies by J. F. Millet, after Dupré, Diaz, Barye, and Rousseau, which hang close by.





Vittoria.



VITTORIA

FROM A STUDY IN OIL BY SIR FREDERICK LEIGHTON, BART., P.R.A.

THE title we have given to this study is the name of the model, a Roman woman, who sat also to Hébert for the principal figure in a well-known picture of a girl standing at a fountain, whilst a very old woman was squatting by her side, the two representing the antithesis between youth and age.

Sir Frederick Leighton's study and Hébert's picture were both painted in a little garden studio which the French artist occupied on the walls of the French Academy in Rome.

SEBASTIANO DEL PIOMBO



NOT one of the great Italian masters of the Renaissance at its apogee passed through phases so widely divergent, or showed himself so undisguisedly an eclectic, as Sebastiano Luciani; afterwards, in the years of his maturity, *Frate del Piombo*, and by this official designation best known to the world. In saying this we remember Raphael himself, first influenced through Timoteo Viti by the Francia-Costa school of Bologna; next, for a space absorbed and metamorphosed by Perugino and Pinturicchio; then, in Florence, affected and further transformed by Fra Bartolommeo, Leonardo, and Michelangelo; and finally bursting into full maturity and complete originality under the impetus given by the sublime creations of the last-named master in the Sixtine Chapel. If we accept as Raphael's the famous *Violin Player* of the Sciarra Gallery—the chief of the masterpieces for the unauthorised sale of which, outside the Italian kingdom, the head of that family has been sentenced by the Roman courts—we must deem Raphael to have even undergone the influence of Sebastiano himself in his Giorgionesque phase; but as to this we shall have something to say later on. Still, the appropriate simile for the transcendent genius of the divine Sanzio is rather the broad, onrushing stream, formed and coloured by, but finally absorbing, all tributaries; while in the case of Del Piombo we are reminded rather of the river taking its colour from the lake through which it first flows, and then again, by coalescing with a mightier stream, acquiring yet another, and this time a definitive character. But, again, it should be understood that Luciani's eclecticism was not that lower and more artificial kind which overcast with a frozen conventionality the learned art of the Caracci—not an eclecticism like the futile endeavour to weld into a homogeneous whole Venetian breadth and splendour, Correggiesque grace, and Raphaellesque suavity. It was, on the contrary, the unique power of assuming in succession, and not only wearing with consummate ease, but developing with perfect naturalness, the art of the three most marked individualities of our master's time—Giorgione, Raphael, and Michelangelo.

Born in 1485, and destined by his father to adopt the profession of music, the young Luciani would appear, nevertheless, to have found his way early into the studio of Giovanni Bellini, and there to have been placed under the more immediate supervision of Cima da

Conegliano, who at that time may well have been, as has been suggested, the director of Bellini's workshop. The extant evidence for this is the curious *Pietà* in the collection of Sir Henry Layard at Venice, which was bought from the Manfrin Gallery as a Cima. When the panel was cleaned the forged inscription on the *cartellino*, with the signature of the last-named master, disappeared, and beneath it appeared the inscription 'Bastian Luciani fuit discipulus Johannes Bellinus' (*sic*). The genuineness of this also has been doubted by Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselle, but without sufficient reason, seeing that its very uncouthness and the unexpected way in which it is formulated are *pro tanto* evidence of its authenticity. The panel itself is absolutely in the style of Cima, though warmer and more forcible in tone. It is on this ground that it has appeared just possible to the present writer that a remarkable *Ecce Homo* purchased for the National Gallery from the Perkins collection in 1890 (No. 1310), and in its new home assigned to the 'School of Bellini,' might be a work of Luciani's Bellinesque time. The treatment is here again entirely that of Cima—especially in the mode of representing the hair, in the brilliant blue of the robe, in the peculiar form of the halo; but the modelling is less accurate, less hard than that to which the latter master has accustomed us, and the conception a larger and more passionate one than his. It is only fair to point out that this supposition has as yet received no further corroboration, and that it rests as yet on mere hypothesis. From the workshop of Bellini the young painter passed into that of Giorgione, with whom, as painter and musician, he may well have felt a double bond of sympathy. Save Lorenzo Lotto in some of his early pieces, Titian in the exquisite *Three Ages of Man* of the Bridgewater Gallery, and perhaps Torbido in one or two portraits, no painter has approached so near to Barbarelli as did Sebastiano in the beautiful altarpiece, *St. John Chrysostom with male and female saints*, still in the church of S. Giovanni Crisostomo at Venice. Indeed, no work of the early Venetian prime is at once so markedly Giorgionesque and so little imitative in the lower sense of the word as this; and we are led to wish fervently, though perhaps unreasonably, that Luciani had never taken that journey to Rome which re-shaped and diverted from its original course his entire career as a painter, but had rather remained in his fair native city, there to develop his art side by side with Titian, Pordenone, Palma, and the Bonifazi. Few things, even in Venice, are more beautiful than the group in this picture of *The Magdalen with St. Catherine and St. Agnes*—three sumptuous Venetian beauties, depicted with all that Giorgionesque subtlety which tempers what might otherwise appear the too uncompromising sensuousness of the type. A female portrait in the collection of Sir Francis Cook at Richmond, sadly damaged yet still lovely, closely resembles in style the head of the Magdalen, and is a connecting link between that figure and the splendid *Fornarina* of the Tribuna, presently to be mentioned. To the Venetian period are very generally assigned, yet not altogether without question, the four life-size figures of St. Bartholomew, St. Sebastian, St. Sinibald, and St. Louis, in the church of S. Bartolomeo al Rialto at Venice; and besides these a female portrait, No. 222 in the gallery of the Pitti Palace—there still ascribed to Giorgione—and a *Venus and Adonis* in the Uffizi.

Sebastiano left Venice in 1511 or 1512—that is, either just before or just after the premature death of Giorgione—attracted by offers of employment received from the famous Sienese financier, Agostino Chigi, then superintendent of the papal treasury, and first in riches as in generosity among those who at that time played the Mæcenas in Italy. Chigi was causing to be decorated, with the aid of the greatest artists then available, the beautiful casino or villa known as the Farnesina, and Sebastiano on his arrival, while he still retained his Giorgionesque style and methods, was set to work to fill with mythological subjects nine lunettes below the ceiling, which Baldassare Peruzzi had adorned, or was still adorning, with some remarkable neo-classic designs. To Sebastiano has been assigned by some the colossal head in chiaroscuro painted in one of these same lunettes, and traditionally assumed—perhaps on account of its colossal size—to be an improvisation, or visiting card, of Michelangelo

paying a call to his friend Bastiano at the Farnesina. The distinguished Milanese critic, Dr. Gustavo Frizzoni, has, however, on sufficiently convincing grounds, assigned this vast head to Peruzzi himself, with whose style, notwithstanding its gigantic proportions, it certainly presents greater affinities than with that of either the one or the other of the more illustrious contemporaries to whom romantic anecdote has attributed it.

Now comes the moment when our painter, before permanently coming within the shadow of Buonarroti's mighty personality, acquires by contact with Raphael, or by contemplation of his works, a measure of his suavity and serene charm, which marry well with the still Venetian standpoint and method of Giorgione's pupil. To this period belong some four or five of the most admired portraits of the sixteenth century, all of them at some time or other ascribed to Sanzio, some still bearing his name. It has by this time become a truism to state that the famous portrait, bearing Raphael's name, in the Tribuna of the Uffizi, and still misnamed the *Fornarina*, is by Sebastiano—so much of a trusim, indeed, that a noted German art-historian, by way of saying (*quand même*) something new, has thought fit to restore the picture to Sanzio. To the same class belongs the hardly less beautiful *Dorothea*, or *Fornarina*, a work much too fine to have been allowed, as it was allowed, to pass from the Blenheim collection into the Berlin Gallery, instead of being secured, as it might and should have been, by our own national establishment. This is already sharper and less fused in



THE SO-CALLED FORNARINA. BY SEBASTIANO DEL PIOMBO.

colour—a shade more Roman and less Venetian. It is hard to resist the conviction that Giovanni Morelli is right in placing in the same category with these pictures—that is, in giving to Sebastiano—the celebrated *Violin Player*, still almost universally ascribed to Raphael, and until lately the pearl of the Sciarra collection at Rome. It is certainly more nearly akin to such works as the authentic portraits by Giorgione, in the galleries of Florence, Berlin, and Buda-Pesth, than to any similar performance of the Urbinate with which we are acquainted. We would not be understood to deny that in this strangely fascinating presentment of the young musician, sumptuously clad and holding a violin-bow wreathed with laurel, there is superadded an air of intellectual disdain, of conscious reticence, savouring rather of Florence and Rome than of simpler and more downright Venice. Still, environment must be allowed its influence in art as in science, and the gifted Venetian was, as we know, easily moulded by artistic individualities of greater force and distinctness than his own. If we accept the work as Luciani's we must consider as apocryphal the date 1518, since at that later time Sebastiano had already definitively adopted his final Michelangesque development. He had then, so far as in him lay, cast off the seductions of Venetian colour, and renounced that attractive

semi-sensuousness, tempered by a vein of sadness, of which he, like Giorgione, had the secret. The present writer would like to add, tentatively, to this list, two other portraits of great celebrity, both of them even now, though with many notes of interrogation, ascribed to Raphael. The one is the *Portrait of Carondelet with his Secretaries*, which has long been in the possession of the Duke of Grafton, in which, apart from the character of the figures, the vista of landscape is so absolutely Giorgionesque as to leave little, if any, doubt as to the true authorship of the painting. Again, in the collection of Prince Czartoryski at Cracow is the much-discussed portrait of a singularly handsome, if too effeminate young man,



PORTRAIT OF A YOUNG NOBLEMAN, ATTRIBUTED TO RAPHAEL. IN THE COLLECTION OF PRINCE CZARTORYSKI AT CRACOW.

wearing unusually long hair crowned by a velvet cap, in the modelling of whose clear-cut features a strong Raphaellesque influence is beyond question apparent. This picture—recently very well reproduced in that useful publication, the *Klassischer Bilderschatz*—has been variously ascribed to Sanzio, and—by some who detected in it a certain Venetian element—to Palma Vecchio. This very conjunction of styles is, however, just what we find in Sebastiano at this moment of transition, and to him the splendid performance probably belongs. To him also is now by general consent given the so-called *Portrait of Tebaldeo* in the Galleria Scarpa at La Motta, once ranked among the genuine productions of the Urbinate. Another happy conjecture of Morelli's is the attribution to our master of the *St. John the Baptist* in the Long Gallery of the Louvre, there put down to Raphael. The great Italian critic has pointed out its resemblance to Buonarroti's

often-reproduced nude figures of youths in the ceiling of the Sixtine Chapel, and suggests that it may have been painted in competition with the *St. John* of Raphael, of which a school copy, assuming to be an original, exists in the Tribuna of the Uffizi. Here, again, the treatment of the tree-trunks and foliage, making up a background which is rather forest than desert, is as little like Raphael as it is possible to be, while it approaches very nearly to the Venetian mode. Another curious instance is furnished by the splendid *Madonna covering the Divine Infant with a Veil*, in the Naples Museum, in which the motive is that of Raphael's lost *Madonna di Loreto* and of his still extant *Vierge au Diadème* in the Louvre, while the physical form of the personages is, in its robust grandeur, already quite Michelangelesque, and the leaden, monochromatic tone that proper to Sebastiano's definitive Roman manner. Works in which the Venetian element has not yet been eliminated, yet the influence is already Michelangelo's rather than Raphael's, are the Earl of Northbrook's *Holy Family with a Donor*, the great *Pietà* in the Hermitage at St. Petersburg, and the *Madonna watching the Dead Christ* in the church of S. Francesco at Viterbo.

There is the less temptation to discuss here the exact nature of Sebastiano's relations with his friend and protector Michelangelo, since the tale is a thrice-told one, and the subject, so far as it ever can be, has been threshed out. While we may dismiss as unproved the allegation that the misanthropic Florentine, whose *terribilità* was not limited to his art, deliberately went to work to equip Luciani as a competitor and rival to the radiant Umbrian, it cannot be denied—since the extant correspondence proves it—that Buonarroti and his Venetian *protégé* were close business friends, one main bond between whom was their dislike and jealousy of the young master upon whom Fortune was then, almost unsolicited, showering her choicest favours. Full of Michelangelesque force, if lacking in the pictorial charm of the former style, is the *Martyrdom of St. Agatha* in the Pitti Palace, and akin to this, though less graceful and as little charming, the *Visitation* in the Louvre. Still, Luciani's genius here asserts itself in the vigour and vitality of the art which he develops from that of Buonarroti; so much more truly Michelangelesque and so far less imitative in mere externals is this than that of Daniele da Volterra, Marcello Venusti, or those others of less note who brought the mighty master's style into disrepute and ultimate neglect. England possesses in the *Raising of Lazarus*, painted for the artist's chief patron, Cardinal Giulio de' Medici (afterwards Clement VII.), in competition with Raphael's *Transfiguration*, the great typical example of this period. Overcrowded though it undoubtedly



CHRIST BEARING HIS CROSS. IN THE MADRID MUSEUM.

is with figures, it must rank as one of the noblest altarpieces of the great period to which it belongs; as a more homogeneous and a more legitimately evolved work than the famous *Transfiguration* itself, which is rather an agglomeration of superlatively fine academic figures than a true conception worked out normally from within, as are the best of the great Cartoons and the frescoes of the Stanze.

Michelangelo's exact share in the *Raising of Lazarus* cannot with certainty be defined, though there are ascribed to him drawings at Oxford and in the British Museum for the Lazarus and other figures in the central group. It may safely be assumed, however, that both the general conception and the greater part of the working out are Luciani's own, seeing that the composition is of a less agitated and tormented character, the conception one of a sedate pathos than would have marked an invention of Buonarroti's based on the same theme. Other typical works of this time are the powerful *Christ's Descent into Limbo* and *Christ bearing His Cross* at Madrid, of which latter picture a repetition—not from the master's hand, and by Morelli deemed to be a Flemish copy—is in the Dresden Gallery. Fragments of a fine mural painting executed by Luciani in the Church of the Pace at Rome,

and removed to make room for Bernini's Chigi monument, are now at Alnwick Castle. The reproduction here given is that of a much smaller and quite distinct *Christ bearing His Cross*, also in the Madrid Museum, in which, though the treatment to a marked degree betrays the influence of Buonarroti, there is a something at once searching and simple in the quality of the pathos which recalls Bellini and the earlier Venetians from whom the master sprung. The Berlin Museum possesses a colossal *Pietà*, marked by much of that tremendous energy and physical exaggeration which are associated with Buonarroti, and go to make up one side, but that only the external one, of the famed *terribilità* to which we find ourselves always alluding. No invention of Sebastiano's is more widely known through constant reproduction by the brush and the burin than the *Scourging of Christ*, which is the central portion of a scheme of monumental decoration carried out by our master in a chapel of S. Pietro in Montorio at Rome. Here he wears with perfect freedom the vesture, and with it a measure of the true spirit of Michelangelo: we feel that the once suave Venetian, although he has not completely shaken off his artistic nationality, not only seems thus, but is thus, at this stage of his career; that any return to the Giorgionesque or transitional phases of his art would thenceforth be impossible.

To the third and definitive section of Sebastiano's career belong many noble portraits, more than one of them worthy to be ranked with the finest performances which even the Renaissance at this point of perfect achievement has produced. Among these are two of his patron, Clement VII., one in the Naples Museum, still misnamed 'Alexander VI.,' the other now or lately in Lord Taunton's collection, more quaintly misnamed 'Amerigo Vespucci.' Belonging to the later years of the master is the great *Portrait of Cardinal Pole*, at the Hermitage in St. Petersburg, long assigned, like so many of Del Piombo's works, to Raphael. It is sufficient to mention the famous portrait of Andrea Doria, the unaffected majesty and tempered truth of which are in the strongest contrast to the audacious realism that distinguishes the not less famous *Innocent X.* of Velazquez, its rival in the Doria Gallery at Rome. High rank in this particular series must be accorded to our own *Portrait of a Lady as St. Agatha* (sometimes styled *Giulia Gonzaga*), which, especially since it has been cleaned, stands forth a typical and superb example of the master's maturity. It was in 1531 that Sebastiano obtained that comfortable sinecure, the semi-clerical office of *Frate del Piombo*, from which he derives the name by which he will always be best known. This office he retained until his death, becoming rosy of complexion and rotund of person in well-salaried idleness, of which evidence is furnished by the paucity of his productions during these years. We have, on the other hand, no proof that the quality of such works as he did produce at all deteriorated, but rather proof of the contrary. Sebastiano died in 1547 of a fever, and was buried in the beautiful church of Santa Maria del Popolo, in the Chigi Chapel of which he had, after the death of Raphael, executed some important monumental decorations.

CLAUDE PHILLIPS.

ASPECTS OF MODERN OXFORD

III

WHATEVER the theory of their founders, it is at no late period in the history of colleges that we begin to trace the development of the modern undergraduate. It was only natural that the 'gentle natures and studious habits' of a select band of learners should undergo some modification as college after college was founded, and comparative frivolity would from time to time obtain admission to the sacred precincts. The University became the resort of wealth and rank, as well as of mere intellect, and the gradual influx of commoners—still more, of 'gentlemen commoners'—once for all deter-

mined the character of colleges as places of serious and uninterrupted study. Probably the Civil War, bringing the Court to Oxford, was a potent factor in relaxation of the older academic discipline; deans or sub-wardens of the period doubtless finding some difficulty in adapting their rules to the requirements of undergraduates who might from time to time absent themselves from chapel or lecture in order to raid a Parliamentary outpost.

But perhaps the most instructive picture of the seventeenth-century undergraduate is to be found in the account-book of one Wilding, of Wadham (published by the Oxford Historical Society), apparently a reading man and a scholar of his college, destined for Holy Orders. The number of his books (he gives a list of them) shows him to have been something of a student, while repeated entries of large sums paid for 'Wiggs' (on one occasion as much as 14s.—more than his 'Battles' for the quarter!) would seem to suggest something of the habits of the 'gay young sparks' alluded to by Hearne in the next century. On the



PARSON'S PLEASURE.

whole, Master Wilding appears to have been a virtuous and studious young gentleman. Now and then the natural man asserts himself, and he treats his friends to wine or 'coffea,' or even makes an excursion to 'Abbingtton' (4s.!). Towards the end of his career a 'gaudy' costs 2s. 6d., after which comes the too-suggestive entry, 'For a purge, 1s.' Then comes the close: outstanding bills are paid to the alarming extent of 7s. 8d.; a 'wigg,' which originally cost 14s., is disposed of at a ruinous reduction for 6s.—the prudent man does not give it away to his scout—and J. Wilding, B.A., e. Coll., Wadh., retires to his country parsonage—having first invested sixpence in a sermon. Evidently a person of methodical habits and punctual payments; that had two wigs, and everything handsome about him; and that probably grumbled quite as much at the 10s. fee for his tutor as his modern successor does at his 8l. 6s. 8d. But, on the whole, collegiate and university fees seem to have been small.

After this description of the *vie intime* of an undergraduate at Wadham, history is reserved on the subject of the junior members of the University; which is the more disappointing, as the historic Muse is not only garrulous, but exceedingly scandalous in recounting the virtues and the aberrations of eighteenth-century dons. Here and there an occasional notice throws some light upon the ways of gentlemen commoners; but, for the most part, the undergraduate seems to be regarded as the least important element in Oxford. On the

other hand, his successor of the present century—the era of the Examination Schools—occupies so prominent a place in the eyes of the public that it is difficult to speak of him, lest haply one should be accused of frivolity or want of reverence for the *raison d'être* of all academic institutions.

His own reason of existence is not so obvious. It was, as we have said, tolerably clear that the mediaeval student came to Oxford primarily for the love of learning something, at any rate; but the student *fin de siècle* is one of the most labyrinthine parts of a complex civilisation. Of the hundreds of boys who are shot on the G.W.R. platform every October to be caressed or kicked by Alma Mater, and returned in due time full or empty, it is only an insignificant minority who come up with the ostensible purpose of learning. Their reasons are as many as the colours of their portmanteaus. Brown has come up because he is in the



CRICKET IN THE PARKS.

sixth form at school, and was sent in for a scholarship by a head-master desiring an advertisement; Jones, because it is thought by his friends that he might get into the 'Varsity eleven; Robinson, because his father considers a University career to be a stepping-stone to the professions—which it fortunately is not as yet. Mr. Sangazur is going to St. Boniface because his father was there; and Mr. J. Sangazur Smith—well, probably because *his* father wasn't. Altogether they are a motley crew, and it is not the least achievement of the University that she does somehow or other manage to impress a certain stamp on so many different kinds of metal. But in this she is only an instrument in the hands of modern civilisation, which is always extinguishing eccentricities and abnormal types; and even Oxford, while her sons are getting rid of those interesting individualities which used to distinguish them from each other, is fast losing many of the peculiarities which used to distinguish it from the rest of the world. It is an age of monotony. Even the Freshman, that delightful creation of a bygone age, is not by any means what he was. He is still young, but no longer innocent; the bloom is off his credulity; you cannot play practical jokes upon him any more. Now and then a young man will present himself to his college authorities in a gown of which the superfluous dimensions and unusual embroidery betray the handiwork of the provincial tailor; two or three neophytes may annually be seen perambulating the High in academic dress with a

walking-stick ; but these are only survivals. Senior men have no longer their old privileges of 'ragging' the freshman. In ancient times, as we are informed by the historian of Merton College, 'Freshmen were expected to sit on a form, and make jokes for the amusement of their companions, on pain of being "tucked," or scarified by the thumb-nail applied under the lip. Again, on Candlemas Day every freshman received notice to prepare a speech to be delivered on the following Shrove Tuesday, when they were compelled to declaim in undress from a form placed on the high table, being rewarded with "cawdel" if the performances were good, with cawdel and salted drink if it were indifferent, and with salted drink and "tucks" if it were dull.' This is what American students call 'hazing,' and the German *Fuchs* is subjected to similar ordeals. But we have changed all that, and treat the 'fresher' now with the respect he deserves.

Possibly the undergraduate of fiction and the drama may have been once a living



SAILING ON THE UPPER RIVER.

reality. But he is so no more, and modern realistic novelists will have to imagine some hero less crude in colouring and more in harmony with the compromises and neutral tints of the latter half of the nineteenth century. The young Oxonian or Cantab of fifty years back, as represented by contemporary or nearly contemporary writers, was always in extremes :—

‘ When he was good he was very, very good ;
But when he was bad he was horrid,’

like the little girl of the poet. He was either an inimitable example of improbable virtue, or abnormally vicious. The bad undergraduate defied the Ten Commandments, all and severally, with the ease and success of the villain of transpontine melodrama. Nothing came amiss to him, from forgery to screwing up the Dean and letting it be understood that some one else had done it ; but retribution generally came at last, and this compound of manifold vices was detected and rusticated ; and it was understood that from rustication to the gallows was the shortest and easiest of transitions. The virtuous undergraduate wore trousers too short for him and supported his relations. He did not generally join in any athletic pastimes, but when the stroke of his college eight fainted from excitement just before the start, the neglected sizar threw off his threadbare coat, leapt into the vacant seat, and won his crew at once the proud position of head of the river by the simple process of making four bumps on the same night, explaining afterwards that he had practised in a dingey and saw how it

could be done. Then there was the Admirable Crichton of University life, perhaps the commonest type among these heroes of romance. He was invariably at Christ Church, and very often had a background of more or less tragic memories from the far-away days of his *jeunesse orageuse*. Nevertheless he unbent so far as to do nothing much during the first three and a half years of his academic career, except to go to a good many wine parties, where he always wore his cap and gown (especially in female fiction), and drank more than any one else. Then, when every one supposed he must be ploughed in Greats, he sat up so late for a week, and wore so many wet towels, that eventually he was announced at the Encaenia, amid the plaudits of his friends and the approving smiles of the Vice-Chancellor, as the winner of a

Double-First, several University prizes, and a Fellowship; after which it was only right and natural that the recipient of so many coveted distinctions should lead the heroine of the piece to the altar.

Possibly the Oxford of a bygone generation may have furnished models for these brilliantly coloured pictures; or, as is more probable, they were created by the licence of fiction. At any rate the 'man' of modern times is a far less picturesque person—unpicturesque even to the verge of becoming ordinary. He is seldom eccentric or *outré* in externals. His manners are such as he has learnt at school, and his customs those of the world he lives in. His dress would excite no remark in Piccadilly. The gorgeous waistcoats of Leech's pencil and Calverley's '*crurum non enarrabile tegmen*' belong to ancient history. He is, on the whole, inexpensive in his habits, as it is now the fashion to be poor; he no longer orders in a tailor's whole shop, and his clubs are generally managed with economy and prudence. If, however, the undergraduate occasionally dis-



RINGOAL IN NEW COLLEGE.

plays the virtues of maturer age, there are certain indications that he is less of a grown-up person than he was in the brave days of old. It takes him a long time to forget his school-days. Only exceptionally untrammelled spirits regard independent reading as more important than the ministrations of their tutor. Pass-men have been known to speak of their work for the schools as 'lessons,' and, in their first term, to call the head of the College the head-master. Naturally, too, school-life has imbued both Pass and Class men with an enduring passion for games—probably rather a good thing in itself, although inadequate as the be-all and end-all of youthful energy. Even those who do not play them can talk about them. Cricket and football are always as prolific a topic as the weather, and nearly as interesting, as many a perfunctory 'Fresher's breakfast' can testify.

The undergraduate, in these as in other things, is like the young of his species, with whom, after all, he has a good deal in common. Take, in short, the ordinary provincial

young man; add a dash of the schoolboy and just a touch of the *Bursch*, and you have what Mr. Hardy calls the 'Normal Undergraduate.'

It used to be the custom to draw a very hard-and-fast line of demarcation between the rowing and the reading man—rowing being taken as a type of athletics in general, and indeed being the only form of physical exercise which possessed a regular organization. Rumour has it that a certain tutor (now defunct) laid so much emphasis on this distinction that men whose circumstances permitted them to be idle were regarded with disfavour if they took to reading. He docketed freshmen as reading or non-reading men, and would not allow either kind to stray into the domain of the other. However, the general fusion of classes and professions has levelled these boundaries now. The rowing man reads to a certain extent, and the reading man has very often pretensions to athletic eminence; it is in fact highly desirable that he should, now that a 'Varsity 'blue' provides an assistant master in a school with at least as good a salary as does a brilliant degree. Yet, although the great majority of men belong to the intermediate class of those who take life as they find it, and make no one occupation the object of their exclusive devotion, it is hardly necessary to say that there are still extremes—the Brutal Athlete at one end of the line and the bookish recluse (often, though wrongly, identified with the 'Smug') at the other. The existence of the first is encouraged by the modern tendency to professionalism in athletics. Mere amateurs who regard games as an amusement can never hope to do anything; a thing must be taken seriously. Every schoolboy who wishes to obtain renown in the columns of sporting papers has his 'record,' and comes up to Oxford with the express intention of 'cutting' somebody else's, and the athletic authorities of the University know all about Jones's bowling average at Eton, or Brown's form as three-quarter-back at Rugby, long before these distinguished persons have matriculated. Nor is it only cricket, football, and rowing that are the objects of our worship. Even so staid and contemplative a pastime as golf ranks among 'athletics;' and perhaps in time the authorities will be asked to give a 'Blue' for croquet. These things being so, on the whole, perhaps, we should be grateful to the eminent athlete for the comparative affability of his demeanour, so long as he is not seriously contradicted. He is great, but he is generally merciful.

Thews and sinews have probably as much admiration as is good for them, and nearly as much as they want. On the other hand, the practice of reading has undoubtedly been popularised. It is no longer a clique of students who seek honours; public opinion in and outside the University demands of an increasing majority of men that they should appear to be improving their minds. The Pass-man pure and simple diminishes in numbers annually; no doubt in time he will be a kind of pariah. Colleges compete with each other in the Schools. Evening papers prove by statistics the immorality of an establishment where a scholar who obtains a second is allowed to remain in residence. The stress and strain of the system would be hardly bearable were it not decidedly less difficult to obtain a class in honours than it used to be—not, perhaps, a First, or even a Second; but certainly the lower grades are easier of attainment. Then the variety of subjects is such as to appeal to every one: history, law, theology, natural science (in all its branches), mathematics, all invite the ambitious student whose relations wish him to take honours, and will be quite satisfied with a Fourth; and eminent specialists compete for the privilege of instructing him. The tutor who complained to the undergraduate that he had sixteen pupils was met by the just retort that the undergraduate had sixteen tutors.



The relation of the University to the undergraduate is twofold; it is 'kept'—as a

witty scholar of Dublin is fabled to have inscribed over the door of his Dean, 'for his amusement and instruction'—and if the latter is frequently formal, it is still more often and in a great variety of ways 'informal,' and not communicated through his tutor. Not to mention the many college literary societies—every college has one at least, and they are all ready to discuss any topic, from the Origin of Evil to bimetallism—there are now in the University various learned societies, modelled and sometimes called after the German *Seminar*, which are intended to supplement the deficiencies of tuition, and to keep the serious student abreast of the newest erudition which has been 'made in Germany,' or anywhere else on the Continent. Then there is the Union as a school of eloquence for the political aspirant; or the 'private business' of his college debating society, where a vote of censure on Ministers is sometimes emphasised by their ejection into the quadrangle, may qualify him for the possible methods of a future House of Commons.

A. D. GODLEY.

BELLINZONA, FROM THE ROAD TO LOCARNO

ETCHED BY FRANK SHORT, FROM THE WATER-COLOUR DRAWING BY J. M. W. TURNER, R.A.



HIS rich, intricate, and lovely composition is one of at least three sketches or impressions of Bellinzona belonging to the same period, which form part of the Turner Bequest to the National Gallery. This is supposed to be taken from the road to Locarno, and is the only one of the three which shows the bridge over the Ticino. Bridge, river, hills topped with towers, with mountains behind, and a long stretching town on the plain below, the whole crowned with clouds of complex form; nothing is wanting to make the drawing as characteristic of the master as to form and subject as it is undoubtedly in colour and execution. The latter is of the slightest and most masterly, the colour pure and infinite in its quality. The key is high, the darkest dark consisting of the reflections in the stream and the shaded slopes of the hills on the left, and these are in blue, almost as transparent and ethereal as a summer sky. This drawing, though not specially mentioned by Mr. Ruskin in his catalogue of the drawings exhibited in the National Gallery, belongs to the group (VI.) of which he writes:—

'Fifty sketches on his late Continental journeys, made in pencil outline only on the spot, and coloured from memory. Of the finest quality of pure Turnerian art, which is in sum, as explained in my various University lectures over and over again, *the true abstraction of the colour of Nature as a distinct subject of study*, with only so much of light and shade as may explain the condition and place of the colour, without tainting its purity.'

Mr. Ruskin adds, 'In the modern French school, all the colour is taken out of Nature and only the mud left. By Turner all the mud is taken out of Nature, and only the colour left.' This is epigrammatic, but is it logical? The mud with which some French (and not only French) artists sully their pictures comes not from Nature, but from the palette. Nature's 'light and shade'—or rather shade—lowers colour, but it does not kill it or make it muddy. One might as well say that a bass voice must be thick.

Still, many, like Turner and Mr. Ruskin, love the higher notes of colour as others prefer the higher keys of music; they seem to them more immaterial—more pure. They are, indeed, nearer to the light—farther from the darkness, and such lovely semi-prismatic drawings as this of Bellinzona will always seem examples of triumphant skill to the artist, and appeal to poetical natures as specially exquisite and spiritual.

C. M.





A HUNTSMAN.

FLORA.

MELEAGER.

OLD ENGLISH POTTERY

II.—*Dwight's Stoneware*

STONEWARE differs from those more ordinary kinds of pottery which are usually called earthenware by its greater compactness and hardness. These qualities, with others equally valuable, are imparted to the ware partly by the nature and proportions of the materials used in making the body or paste, partly by the high temperature at which it is fired. European stoneware is moreover glazed by a process which differs entirely from that employed for any other ceramic product. The appearance of this glaze is generally quite unmistakable, for it is characterised by a number of minute depressions which give the surface the aspect of a piece of morocco leather or of the skin of an orange. This peculiarity is caused by the high fusing-point of the glaze, and by its having been *formed* on the ware itself, and in part out of its constituents. Other glazes are applied in a liquid or solid form to the body of the ware before firing, but salt-glazing is effected in the kiln itself. Towards the end of the firing, when the pieces have acquired a very high temperature, moist common salt is thrown into the oven. It is volatilised, and reacting with the water-vapour present is decomposed into hydrochloric acid gas, which escapes, and into soda, which, attacking and combining with the silica of the clay in the body, forms with it a hard glass or glaze of silicate of soda, in which a little alumina is also always present. This glaze varies in *grain* within wide limits, sometimes even on different parts of the same piece of ware. When the body was nearly free from iron, and wood was the fuel used for heating the kilns, the salt-glaze might be colourless; coal and ferruginous clays gave it a buff or brown hue. A good salt-glaze combines perfect efficiency as a protective coating with that exquisite half-gloss which brings out completely the form and the decoration of the surface on which it has been formed. But it should be noted that stoneware does not invariably receive a glaze, that the Chinese and Japanese products of this class are frequently coated with a felspathic mixture, and that a few of these fabrics of European origin have evidently been treated with an alkaline wash before firing.

The earliest salt-glazed stoneware known to have been made in England was produced at Fulham about the year 1671. Soon after 1688 a similar ware may have been made by a Dutchman, John Philip Elers, in the neighbourhood of Burslem; in Nottingham a fine brown salt-glazed stoneware was certainly produced as early as 1700, probably a few years before that date. In the present paper we are concerned only with the ware made at Fulham by John Dwight.

We should have formed a very imperfect notion of John Dwight's ceramic achievements had we possessed no evidence on the subject save the casual and imperfect notices of his labours recorded by his contemporaries, Dr. R. Plot and John Houghton, F.R.S. Fortunately two collections of authentic productions of his kilns were brought to light during recent years. The first and more important of these collections was acquired from the last representative of the Dwight family, and came into the possession of Mr. Baylis of Prior's Bank in or about the year 1862. It was shortly afterwards purchased by Mr. C. W. Reynolds, who disposed of it, along with a large and important series of foreign and English specimens of earthenware and porcelain, at Christie's. The sale took place in 1871, and lasted four days. On the second day, May 30th, the Fulham pieces were sold. These included seventeen busts and statuettes of brown or of fine greyish-white stone-

ware, as well as four wine flasks or jugs: of several of these specimens I shall say something presently.

The second collection of Fulham pottery was discovered in 1866 in a walled-up arched chamber of the works. It contained no busts or statuettes, but several cruches of the greybeard and Bellarmine types, evidently imitated from foreign examples. Some of these were fragmentary, and others obviously wasters.

The two collections of Fulham ware just mentioned have served a double purpose. They have enabled connoisseurs to appreciate the high degrees of technical and artistic excellence which the pottery of Dwight had attained, and at the same time they have furnished criteria by means of which several pieces of stoneware, previously not assigned to any particular factory, have been adjudged to Fulham. Among such pieces may be named—a pair of small jugs with globular bodies and cylindrical ribbed necks, mounted with silver rims bearing the date 1682 and the initials S.S.; these are in the Schreiber



FIG. 1.—STONEWARE JUG.

collection in the South Kensington Museum: another jug of the same kind and a small mug with straight sides, the upper part ribbed and mounted in silver, in the British Museum: in the British Museum there is also another small jug similar in form to those mentioned, but having the globular portion coated with a bright brown glaze, through which a design comprising foliage, flowers, and birds has been cut by means of the lapidary's wheel, so as to show a light pattern in intaglio on a dark ground. This piece might have been assigned with reason to Nottingham, where similar brown-glazed stoneware was made at least as early as 1700, had not a close examination of the substance and of the form of this vessel justified its being placed among the early productions of the Fulham pot-works. This beautiful bit of stoneware—the texture, the glaze, the design, and the colour of which are alike excellent—is represented in Fig. 1.

Although very much interest attaches to the works of John Dwight, very little exact information has been yet disclosed concerning his personal history. Enough, however, is known for us to be able to dismiss as quite unfounded two statements which have been repeated over and over again by writers on English ceramics. One of these statements will be found in Miss Meteyard's *'Life of Wedgwood'* (vol. i., p. 108), where the following passage occurs:—*'Dwight had made his first experiments in Oxfordshire, where his family had settled, and as early as 1640 had succeeded in making a few pieces of imperfect porcelain.'* The second statement refers to the date of Dwight's death, and will be found in the *'Catalogue of British Pottery and Porcelain'* in the Museum of Practical Geology (third edition, p. 260). We read there, *'On the death of John Dwight, which must have happened about the year 1737 . . .'*

Now, in order to control these dates, which are of importance in the history of English pottery, we have many separate, though small, items of trustworthy information. These, arranged in order of time, are the following:—

- 1661. John Dwight, of Christ Church, Oxford, proceeds December 17th to the degree of B.C.L.
- 1671. He takes out, on April 13th, his first patent for the manufacture of 'porcelaine and stoneware.'
- 1673. This date occurs on the recumbent effigy of Dwight's daughter Lydia.
- 1677. In this year was published Dr. Robert Plot's *'Natural History of Oxfordshire,'*

in which an account is given of John Dwight's new manufacture at Fulham of stoneware vessels and statuettes.

- 1683. On the 2nd of July in this year, George, son of John Dwight of the city of Chester, matriculated from Christ Church, aged 18.
- 1684. On the 12th of June, John Dwight's second patent is granted.
- 1687. On the 12th of July, Samuel, son of John Dwight of Wigan, Lancashire, matriculated from Christ Church, aged 18.
- 1689. On the 17th of June, Philip, son of John Dwight of Wigan, matriculated from Christ Church, aged 18. This date occurs in one of Dwight's recipe-books discovered in 1870 in the office of the Fulham works.
- 1691. A note-book in John Dwight's autograph contains entries under this year.
- 1692. On the 2nd of July, Edmund, son of John Dwight of Fulham, matriculated from Christ Church, aged 16.
- 1695-8. One of Dwight's note-books has entries between these two years, both inclusive.

If we assume that John Dwight entered the University, as three of his sons did, at the age of eighteen, we may set down the year of his birth as 1737, for he could not have proceeded to the degree of B.C.L. until the seventh year from his matriculation. This argument effectually disposes of the statement that Dwight had made porcelain as early as 1640, for he could not then have been much over three years old! And it is not likely that he can have lived on to the year 1737, for he would then have attained the age of 100, while the personal records contained in his autograph note-books are not carried down into the eighteenth century. It was, in fact, his son Samuel, practising at Fulham as a physician, who died in the year 1737. Another son, the Rev. Dr. Philip Dwight, died in 1729, at the age of fifty-eight, having been Vicar of Fulham from the year 1708 until his death. We conclude from

the Oxford matriculation records above quoted that John Dwight was resident in Chester in 1683, in Wigan from 1687 to 1689; and that he was living at Fulham at least as early as the year 1692, if not before. These dates are compatible with the assertion that he was Registrar to three successive Bishops of Chester, Brian Walton, Henry Ferne, and George Hall, who occupied the episcopal throne from 1660 until 1668, when Bishop Hall died, and was buried at Wigan. On the other hand, Dwight's patent of 1671, the dated effigy of his daughter, and Dr. Plot's statement, suffice to prove that in the year just named he had commenced the making of stoneware at Fulham, where, no doubt, in or soon after 1689 he permanently resided.

Besides the two current mistakes as to the personal history of John Dwight, which have just been discussed, there exists a third error, as to a certain Margaret Dwight, which needs correction. In the Jermyn Street Catalogue (*loc. cit.*) we are told that about the year 1737 the Fulham pot-works passed into the hands of John Dwight's 'daughter Margaret, who entered into partnership with Thomas Warland; but some years afterwards these proprietors became insolvent. Subsequently Miss Dwight married a Mr. White, and the works long remained in the possession of their descendants.' I have shown elsewhere ('English Earthenware,' p. 44) the extreme improbability of this Margaret having been a daughter of John Dwight, the youngest of his children of whom we have any



FIG. 2.—EFFIGY OF LYDIA DWIGHT.

record having been born in 1676. I suggested that Margaret Dwight was a granddaughter of the founder of the Fulham works: this conjecture is made a certainty by a passage in Faulkner's 'History of Fulham,' in which she is called 'a niece of Dr. Dwight, vicar of Fulham.' This Dr. Dwight, as I have shown, was Philip, a son of John Dwight; one of the brothers of Philip was, therefore, the father of Margaret.

It seems, from the MS. note-books of John Dwight, that he had a second daughter called Lydia, who was born many years after that sister of the same name who died in 1673. I incline to think that the statuette of a girl in the South Kensington Museum represents the same Lydia as the recumbent effigy, and that the apparent discrepancy of age between the two figures is accidental; she may have been about six years old at the time of her death. If so, the birth-years of the five children of John Dwight, of whose

history we possess any definite particulars, may be set down approximately as—(1) George, 1665; (2) Lydia, 1667; (3) Samuel, 1696; (4) Philip, 1671; (5) Edmund, 1676. The inclusion of these details of family history in the present paper is, I think, warranted, for they help us to fill in the outlines of the portrait of a very remarkable man.

We can now picture to ourselves the Oxford graduate, learned in the natural science of the day, the friend of John Houghton, F.R.S., and the contemporary of Elias Ashmole, F.R.S., and of Dr. Robert Plot, sometime Secretary of the Royal Society. Plot was Keeper of the Ashmolean Museum and Professor of Chemistry in the University of Oxford; Houghton was the author of 'Papers on Husbandry and Trade;' while Ashmole, the founder of the Museum which bears his name, was a diligent searcher after curiosities new and old. One can imagine how each of these men, in his own particular way, must have been interested in the doings of John Dwight;



FIG. 3.—FEMALE BUST.

in his studies of clays and of glazes, of German stonewares, of Dutch delft, and of Chinese porcelains; in his employment of raw material of 'English growth, not much applied to other uses;' and in his replacement by a native product of a foreign importation. Doubtless, though residing for many years mainly at Chester or Wigan, Dwight would have frequently visited Oxford, for to his own college there he sent four sons in succession. But, at the latest, some nine years after his graduation as B.C.L., Dwight must have been occasionally working at Fulham, although it would seem that he did not take up his permanent abode there until some time in the year 1689. There it appears he became a person of local importance, and there one of his sons subsequently practised medicine, while another son held the parochial cure of souls. John Dwight must have been a wealthy man: he may have made money by the manufacture of his 'useful' wares; certainly he lost a good deal in his constant search for the secret of hard porcelain and in the making of his busts and statuettes. He had the strange habit—perhaps not so strange in the last decade of the seventeenth century as it appears to us now—of hiding his money in queer places about the Fulham pot-works. We read in his note-books, among other similar memoranda, under the date of November,

1693, of 460 guineas in a pair of covered stone gorges concealed in two holes under the fireplace on both sides of the furnace in the 'old Labouratory'; of 240 guineas in a wooden box under the fireplace in the garret; and of two boxes full of milled money 'in two holes of that great furnace running in almost to the oven.' Dwight is good enough to tell us that these two boxes may be drawn out with a long crooked iron standing behind the kitchen door. We should like to know whether some of these moneys were the produce of Dwight's contract with the Company of Glass-sellers of London, who had agreed, at least as early as 1676, to buy only his English-made bottles, jugs, and noggins, and to refuse the foreign. That Dwight was not satisfied with the results of his more artistic efforts might be argued from the not improbable family tradition that he purposely stowed away in a secret place all the implements and materials which he had employed in the production of his ornamental wares, in order that his successors might not be beguiled into resuming his unremunerative experiments.

Original as are the busts and statuettes of John Dwight, their originality is, of course, of an entirely different rank to that of the quaint and picturesque slip-wares described in the preceding paper. They are the serious work of an accomplished modeller. The best of them are instinct with individuality and strength, yet reticent with the reticence of noble sculpture. There is, moreover, about some of them a charming sense of grace, while in the recumbent half-length effigy of Dwight's little daughter, Lydia, asleep in death, with a bunch of white lilies clasped within her folded hands, there is an exquisite tenderness of feeling, which Mr. Solon justly remarks is to be traced to the loving care of a bereaved father, and which shows itself in the sympathetic rendering of the features of the dead child, and in the minute perfection with which the accessories of embroidery, lace, and flowers are rendered. This



FIG. 4.—EQUESTRIAN FIGURE OF THE DUKE OF CUMBERLAND.

beautiful figure is in the South Kensington Museum, having been acquired at the Reynolds sale, where it brought 150*l*. Thanks to Mr. Solon and to Messrs. Bemrose, the publishers of 'The Art of the Old English Potter,' I am enabled to introduce here Mr. Solon's study of this fine work (Fig. 2). There is in the South Kensington Museum another figure which is believed to represent Lydia Dwight: she is standing wrapped in a shroud and with a skull at her feet. It is also from the Reynolds sale, where it brought 30*l*.; the bust labelled James II. in the same Museum was sold for the same sum.

The magnificent life-size bust of Prince Rupert (born 1619, died 1682) in the British Museum is a most effective and masculine example of portraiture. Its high merit may be appreciated on reference to Plate I. Sumptuous, dignified, and impressive, it is indeed a triumph of the modeller's and the potter's art. The touches of gilding upon it are judiciously distributed and enhance the beautiful fawn-colour of the ware. This figure, also from the Reynolds sale, was bought for the sum of thirty-eight guineas. It is the largest and, in its own way, the finest piece of stoneware known to have been produced by Dwight.

There are a number of other important pieces of Fulham stoneware in the British Museum. Of these the bronze-coloured *Meleager* attracts attention by its classic beauty. Mr. Solon speaks of it and of the *Jupiter* in the Liverpool Museum as 'worthy of an Italian

sculptor of the time of the Renaissance.' One of the best of these brown-glazed statuettes represented Saturn devouring his child. This was bought at the Reynolds sale for 10*l.* by Mr. Henry Willett, of Brighton, and given to the author of the present paper. Unfortunately it perished, along with a beautiful female bust of the same manufacture, in the disastrous Alexandra Palace fire of June 9th, 1873, which consumed over two thousand choice specimens of old English earthenware and porcelain.

The *Flora* of the British Museum (see Plate II.) is obviously a portrait in the character of the Goddess of Flowers. Although the marked individuality and strength of character shown in the features of the model is somewhat out of place, the figure is cleverly modelled, and reveals the same hand that wrought the *Prince Rupert* and the *Lydia Dwight*, as well as the greater number of the busts and statuettes in the British and South Kensington Museums. One of the pieces of the same character is shown in Fig. 3, a bust which has been conjectured to be that of Mrs. Samuel Pepys, but which it is, perhaps, safer to leave

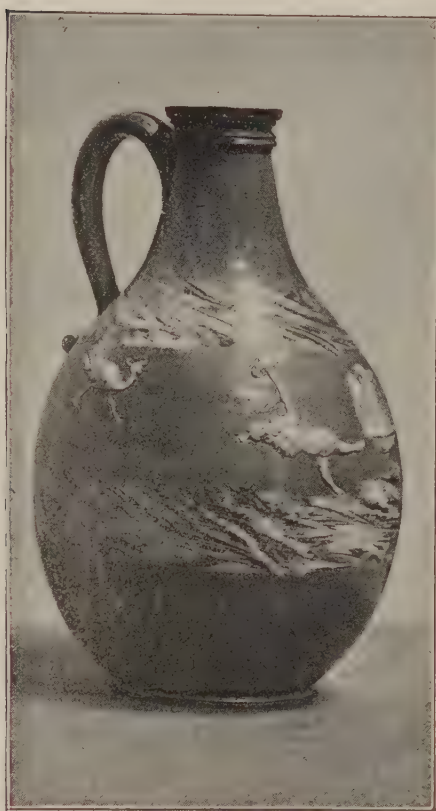


FIG. 5.—STONEWARE JUG.

anonymous. The equestrian figure of the Duke of Cumberland (Fig. 4) belongs to a later time, and possesses a very moderate degree of merit. It bears a mark 'W.D.,' which may belong to a member of the Dwight family. The *Huntsman* and the draped *Meleager* in the British Museum are represented in Plate II. These statuettes are characteristic examples of the finer and whiter kind of stoneware made by Dwight.

Of Dwight's stoneware cruches or jugs for domestic use there are a few specimens of known provenance in the Schreiber collection at South Kensington. They and other examples elsewhere are direct imitations of the German and Flemish vessels which they were designed to supplant. The four jugs in the Reynolds collection, one of which is represented in Fig. 5, possess greater originality. The grey body of an artificially coloured clay, the bands of black and white marbling, and the applied ornaments, have a distinctive character of their own. Besides the illustration I have borrowed from his 'Art of the Old English Potter' (second edition), Mr. Solon has admirably etched the large nude *Meleager* in the British Museum and a stoneware jug in his own collection, while woodcuts of the first of these pieces, of the *Prince Rupert*, of the statuette of *Lydia Dwight*, of a

greybeard, and of a small silver-mounted mug, will be found in my South Kensington Handbook—'English Earthenware.'

A few words, in conclusion, as to the supposed manufacture of porcelain by John Dwight. His patent of 1671 was granted not only for the 'misterie of the stoneware, vulgarly called Cologne ware,' but also for the 'mystery of transparent earthenware, commonly known by the names of porcelaine and China.' And Dr. Plot, writing in 1676 (his book was published in the following year), distinctly affirms that John Dwight had in three or four years' time brought the manufacture of stone or Cologne ware to great perfection; that he made Hessian wares for chemical vessels; and that he had 'found ways to make an earth as white and transparent as porcellane, and not distinguishable from it by the eye or by experiments that have been purposely made to try wherein they disagree.' And Plot goes on

to state that Dwight had at his disposal the 'colours usual in coloured china ware, and divers others not seen before.' However, he admits that the 'glazing of the white earth hath much puzzel'd the Projector.'

Here it should be remarked that in Dwight's own note-books the term porcelain is applied to many wares which are opaque and of the nature of stoneware. One of these was 'opacous red porcelain'—doubtless similar to a certain fine hard red stoneware produced in China, and afterwards successfully imitated in Staffordshire by John Philip Elers, which was generally included with porcelain in Dwight's time. Still, Dwight's use of the adjective 'transparent,' and the frequent references in his MS. notes to recipes for securing transparency (we should rather say *translucency*) in the products of his kilns, point to his recognition of one of the chief peculiarities of true porcelain. When authentic specimens of Dwight's wares are carefully examined, it will be found that none of them can be definitely classed with the true porcelains. Some are fawn-coloured or pale brown, others a dull white—several of the latter are in a measure translucent. When a thin slice of one of these latter specimens was examined under the microscope, it presented a structure which in most of its features closely approached those of the true, hard porcelain of China; yet there were differences, rather of degree, however, than of kind, showing that Dwight had not entirely succeeded in bridging the interval which separates porcellaneous stoneware from true porcelain. The cause of his partial success is probably traceable to the imperfect kaolinisation of some of the clays which he employed, these still retaining traces of the felspar from which they had been formed, and without which, or its equivalent, true porcelain cannot be made. But, though it cannot be admitted that Dwight discovered the mystery of true porcelain, all credit must be given to him for his acknowledged achievements in stoneware. The chief kinds of body which he made are alike excellent—the dark stoneware of his *Meleager*, *Jupiter*, and *Saturn*; the lighter-toned pastes of his *Prince Rupert* and of the recumbent effigy of his daughter; and the semi-porcellaneous substance of which most of the smaller busts and statuettes were made. True, many of his pieces have sunk in the firing or suffered other injuries, doubtless because he employed too high a degree of heat; but nothing can detract from the exceptional artistic merit of his best extant works, which experts are agreed in considering as entirely the product of his own hands. They stand alone; nothing in Old English Pottery can bear comparison with them.

A. H. CHURCH.

THE MÉDAILLE D'HONNEUR



THE Medal of Honour, voted by a majority of French artists already recompensed to the author of what they consider to be *the picture of the year*, has been won this year by M. Roybet for his picture entitled *Propos Galants*. The choice of this work for so distinguished an honour is of extreme interest and importance at the present time, when a new school is battling vigorously for the establishment of its own principles, both in practical art and in criticism. The medal in question requires an absolute majority of votes, consequently, more than half the electors must

agree about the supreme merits of some particular performance, and when we consider the variety of opinions amongst artists, it is surprising in any case that so many of them can ever be brought to agree about any work of art whatever. In this instance the wonder is increased by recent divisions in the art-world, and by what has been somewhat hastily and prematurely proclaimed as the triumph of the New Criticism. It may be interesting to inquire whether M. Roybet's picture is executed in conformity with the principles that the New Criticism is endeavouring to impose upon us all.

There are two pictures by this master in the Salon. One is an enormous canvas, on the grand staircase, that had been intended for Chicago, but the painter had inadvertently exceeded even the very liberal dimensions tolerated there, namely, four mètres each way. The subject of this picture is the massacre in the church of Nesles in the presence of Charles the Bold of Burgundy, who ordered it as an act of vengeance for the slaughter of a herald, and sat safely on horseback in his armour whilst unarmed citizens of both sexes and all ages were butchered mercilessly before his eyes. This painting, horrible and magnificent at the same time, was executed four years ago on the technical principle of relieving strong lights against intense darks, thereby attaining, with Roybet's powerful handling, an effect of striking, though very artificial brilliance. The artist, too, made the utmost of the abundantly rich material in costume and architecture; but it is unnecessary to dwell longer on this work except to observe that its principle of strong oppositions was abandoned in the more recent and smaller picture, painted last winter, and entitled *Propos Galants*. Here M. Roybet contented himself with a daylight effect for the two principal figures, relieving one of them against the relative obscurity of an interior, and though this relief is quite strong enough for all reasonable artistic purposes, it is by no means violent or excessive. First, for the reader's convenience, let me describe the picture as works of art are described in catalogues.

The scene is the interior of a rude but picturesque inn. To the left the buxom hostess is seated on a bench against a screen of rough boards. She is occupied in plucking a fowl. In the middle of the picture is a strong table on which leans a cavalier, his right knee on a stool or bench. He wears a rich green cloak with embroideries and a red lining visible near a brass trumpet that hangs over his shoulder. His boots are of buff leather, with spurs, and his broad-brimmed soft felt hat hangs on the corner of the table. He is talking humorously to the woman, who laughs merrily. These two figures are in light. In the comparative obscurity of the background are two smokers, one of whom is lighting his pipe, and a third personage is sitting at a table.

There are several qualities in this picture which are contrary to the principles of the New Criticism. In the first place, there is a subject which might easily be described as of literary interest. It is exactly one of those subjects that literature can deal with as successfully as painting. Though the picture is of first-rate excellence, a page or two by Scott would, on the whole, have been equal to it, for though the verbal description of the scene, however vivid, would have been inferior to the painting, we should have had the very words that were spoken, and we should have known exactly what the woman was laughing at. Yes, there is a subject, and a literary subject. Again, the artist has given the utmost thought and care to his composition, which is as good as that in the best Dutch pictures, whereas, according to the principles of the new school, composition is one of the signs of an intellect behind the age, one of the marks of what is *démodé*. The subject is full of costume, and it is not of the present day. If we examine further into the nature of the technical work itself, we find that everything is strongly and honestly made out, without any flinching from labour, though we live in an age when the most evanescent and suggestive treatment is held to be a sign of genius. There is no slightness in M. Roybet's work, and there are none of those great empty spaces which in so much recent painting seem as interesting as deserts in a map. Besides these old-fashioned qualities, the picture is full of life and character, and is not by any means simply dependent on technical performance, though that is wonderful enough. In short, it has every one of those elements of interest that the New Criticism looks upon as commercial concessions to the evil spirit of Philistinism, and yet this picture is chosen by a powerful majority of artists as the most distinguished picture of the year. It makes no pretension to be a study of 'values,' yet the values are plainly right; it makes no particular display of execution, but shows far more genuine manual power than is to be found in the most pretentious French art; it is full

of knowledge, yet it is so little pedantic that it seems painted only for the amusement of the spectator, whilst during the first week or two of this year's Salon nobody seemed aware that a great artist had produced his masterpiece. When it came, however, to the voting, the painters settled two things at the same time. They fixed the rank of M. Roybet and his picture, and besides that they proclaimed the eternal superiority of certain powers and accomplishments which are neither new nor common. For there is no novelty in M. Roybet's picture. Other artists before him have understood human nature, other painters have composed and painted well. The cause for rejoicing in this instance is that once again the sound old principles have triumphed over the vanities and affectations that sometimes win a little temporary notoriety.

P. G. HAMERTON.

COUNTESS WEIR



IN his book, entitled 'The Rivers of Devon,' lately published, and which in part appeared in our pages, Mr. J. Ll. W. Page recalls to us a bit of old Devonshire history connected with the bridge over the Exe which forms the subject of our illustration.

'Flowing through rich meadows,' he says, 'the river soon comes to the hamlet of Countess Weir and the bridge built on the site of that weir, constructed by strong-minded and most appropriately named Isabella de Fortibus, countess of Albemarle and Devon, some six hundred years ago. There are so many versions of what this lady did that it is difficult to arrive at the truth—at any rate in details. The common story is

that the Mayor or Portreeve—or whatever he was in those days—denied the Countess's right to the first selection of some salmon in Exeter market. For this very trivial offence—at least it seems so to us—the haughty lady threw a weir across the river, thus closing the navigation to the city, till then a seaport. These may or may not be the bare facts, but Devonshire wit has made more of the story. They say that it is called Countess' Weir—they pronounce it *Ware* about Exeter—because the masculine Countess swore at the mayor when he refused to hand over the salmon. Countess'(s) Weir is certainly about as appalling a pun as any anathematised by the great Doctor. But whatever the true state of the case, this high-handed proceeding proved most disastrous to the city. Not that its fathers sat down quietly under the insult. Every effort was made to get the obstruction removed, and the right of navigation was admitted; but the Courtenays were too powerful, and it was not till the reign of Henry VIII. that the authorities were able to cut the present canal, which at first commenced at Topsham, but has since been extended to Turf.

'And now, "if I be not wearisome," you shall have the other principal version, which I gather from Mr. Worth's "History of Devon." He says that Isabella "having quarrelled with the citizens, as the readiest means of injuring them, threw what has since been called Countess Weir Bridge across the Exe. The citizens appealed to the law, which was clearly on their side, and at length an opening was made in the weir through which ships could pass." A quarrel some years later was, he says, the cause of the cutting of the canal. One day there were three "pots" of fish only for sale at the market, and the caterers of the Earl and the Bishop each wanted them. The Mayor being appealed to, gave one to each, and kept the third for the public—a very righteous division—whereupon, says Izacke, "the Earl in his mighty displeasure destroyed the haven—a mighty matter about a pott of fish." Now you have all that I can tell you, and must choose between common report, old Westcote, and a more modern historian. Which is right I know not. The bridge is rather a fine one, and the country about it rich and pastoral—bright green meadows shaded by tall elms, past which the river winds seawards. In the foreground, over against the bridge, a few poles support a beam, whereon are spread the salmon nets, which may nowadays be drawn and their contents disposed of without fear of incurring the wrath of any one—Countess or otherwise.'

Westcote's account of the matter is as follows:—

'This river was navigable from Exmouth, where it falls into the sea (being eight miles distant), until the time of Baldwin the 4th and Baldwin the 5th of that progeny, Earls of Devon. After whose death

Isabella (daughter of the first and sister and heir of the last), married to William de Fortibus, Earl of Albemarle and Lord of Holderness, and of him named Isabella de Fortibus, having her manors of Exminster and Toppisham, one on the east and one on the west side of the river, erected certain wears thwart the river for the benefit of her mills, which to this day bear the name of Countess Wears, leaving yet between the wears a convenient length of thirty feet for barks and other such vessels to pass to and from the city. This was about the year of our salvation 1250, and thus it continued unto the time of Hugh, the second of that name, Earl of Devon, about the year 1313, who, taking displeasure at the city, stopped the main current of the stream, to the great and continual detriment of the city. Edward, his grandson, proceeded yet further, and made two other wears at St. James and Lampreford, across the river, building a quay or pier at his town of Toppisham (three miles from the city), for the landing of all merchandise, to the great gain of the inhabitants for portage and otherwise. There was no hope a long time to redress this



COUNTESS WEIR. DRAWN BY A. ANSTED.

inconvenience, until in these later times, by an ingenious device, a new channel was cut, and part of the river by sluices conveyed and kept for the more convenient and cheaper carriage of their wares from Exmouth.'

The Countess whose name is thus linked with this peaceful spot belongs to the distant past. She must have been somewhat of a personage in virtue of her great possessions, at any rate. She was the last of the line of De Redvers, earls of Devonshire, before the title passed to the better-remembered Courtenays. Her ancestor, Richard de Redvers, received from Henry I., Tiverton, Plympton, and the Earldom of Devonshire, the King 'giving unto him the third penny of the county, amounting unto xvij. li. yearly. He also gave unto him the isle of Wight.' The family thus founded seems to have increased in wealth and importance from generation to generation. Isabella, the daughter of Baldwin, the fourth earl of that name, was married to William de Fortibus, earl of Albemarle. Albemarle's mother had become by a second marriage the wife of Richard, earl of Cornwall, brother to King Henry III. On the death of her brother, Isabella, then a widow, succeeded to his lands and honours, and it was then, we may suppose, that the interests of the lady and those of the city of Exeter began to clash. We are told that she had 'divers children, but they all died in her lifetime; only Aveline was married unto Edmond, earl of Lancaster, yong sonne unto King Henry III., but shee also died childlesse in the lifetime of her mother, who haveinge no hope to leave issue to succede her, and disdayninge that the family of Courtenay should enjoy her large possessions, sold unto Kinge Edward I. for six thousand marks the manor of Christ Church, the isle of Wight, and Lambethe neere London, in the 21st year of the said Kinges reign, and not long after died and was buried at Bromore.'

JULY 1.—A collection of cabinet pictures by members of what is called the Old English School is on view at the present writing (21st of June) at the New Bond Street galleries of the Messrs. Dowdeswell. It marks a further stage in that progressive revelation of what English painters could do in the first half of the present century which has now been going on for a year or two. Morland, Crome, Constable, and, of course, their forerunners in the eighteenth century, have long come into their birthright of fame; but such men as Stark—in his Norwich *avatar*—Barker of Bath, Cotman, and James Holland, are not yet appreciated as they ought to be; while of painters like Thomas Sword Good, Edmund Bristow, R. B. Davis, and Richard Corbould, it is pretty safe to say that they have hardly as yet sailed into public recognition at all. Good is represented, and not ill represented, in the National Gallery, but the three pictures borrowed for exhibition by the Messrs. Dowdeswell throw fresh light on his powers, and prove him to have been one of the soundest painters, one of the best masters of his material, that the English school has produced. Not even Morland can be put much before him as a brushman. His colour is clear, glowing, and transparent; his impasto rich, and his handling absolutely free from futility and hesitation. The picture called *The Lost Cow* is a little masterpiece in its way. It is not quite clear what the title means, but that is not of much importance. A boy, in the dress boys used to wear sixty years ago, leans over a table in a sort of farmhouse sitting-room, and reads from a bill for the information of an old dame who stands before him. Whether she has lost the cow or not we are left to guess. However that may be, the little group is well conceived, well painted, and set in a bath of Cuypp-like sunshine. The other two are almost as pleasing. Good's works are seldom met with; and so an extra 'Thank you' may be said for the opportunity given to examine these. Bristow, Davis, and Corbould are far below the rank of Good, but they are all three interesting men in their way. Bristow and Stark, in the last phase of his career, were the Windsor school. Bristow passed the whole of his life there, and painted much in the same spirit as most of the great Dutchmen of the seventeenth century. That he never rose above a comparatively humble level of achievement was, perhaps, due as much to ignorance among his *clientèle* as to want of power on his own part. His pictures hint at faculties which might have carried him far had he fallen in with the right stimulus. Corbould's landscapes have a certain affinity with those of Crome, Stark, and Vincent, but they are at once tamer and more crowded. R. B. Davis is almost unknown, but the example here exhibited proves him to have had a command of pleasant colour and to have understood the horse. As for other things here, *The Meadow*, by Cotman; *An Eastern Scene*, by W. Müller; *Venice*—a peep at Santa Maria della Salute through the narrow neck of a side canal—by James Holland; *A Seapiece*, by G. Chambers; *A Seashore*, by Bonington; *Lincoln Cathedral*, by De Wint; a *Seascape*, by Constable; and a long row of little Morlands, are enough by themselves to justify those who sing the praises of the 'Old English School.'

By the time these words are in print both the Salons of 1893 will be near their end. Nevertheless, in a 'Chronicle' it would not do to pass them over in silence, and so we shall note what seemed to us to be the salient features of each. In the first place, the authorities of the old Salon, the Salon des Champs Elysées, made further strides in the direction of comfort. The example set by the new institution has at least had that good effect. In the second place, the few English contributions were treated with more than fairness, they met with generosity at the hands both of Bouguereau and of Puvis de Chavannes. Thirdly, there was no crowding. Never before have the pictures been so conveniently displayed. Even such matters as keeping one man's contributions within easy reach of each other were attended to. Fourthly, and this to some people will seem the most important change of all, the eccentricity, the brutality, and the general playing to the gallery, which used to mark so many contributors to the Salon, had for the moment disappeared, or at least become so greatly diminished that their presence scarcely showed at all. On the other

hand, in purely artistic matters, both exhibitions were below their standard. The old one was, perhaps, rather better than last year, which was exceptionally bad, but its rival certainly showed a falling off, no matter which previous exhibitions you compared it with. Let us glance at the latter first. One of the most interesting of recent episodes in international art movements is the place Mr. Burne-Jones has suddenly captured for himself in France. He sent three pictures to the Champ de Mars, and nothing there excited so much comment or so much admiration. They were *Perseus, In the Depths of the Sea*, and *A Child's Portrait*. As might be guessed, it was not by their literary side—their 'mystic affectation,' as an unimaginative critic has called it—that they won the applause of our new masters in art, but by their fine colour, their fine design, and their distinction—a better word than the much-abused 'originality.' Paris, in fact, is now ripe for Burne-Jones, and he should give it another opportunity of seeing the best he can do. Another English contribution, but one of a very different kind, which was greatly liked, was Mr. Frank Bramley's *Old Memories*, the old couple at tea which was at the Academy last year. Mr. Lavery, Mr. James Guthrie, and Mr. Herbert Olivier completed the list of notable contributors from this side of the Channel. Unfortunately the art of all these four men is, at least, as much French as English, and so the impression it produced was very different from, and less instructive than, that due to the genius of Mr. Burne-Jones. None of the ten contributions from M. Carolus Duran were up to his highest level. The best was a portrait of Mme. C. B——, an exercise in grey and plum-colour; the most interesting, a study of landscape, called *Un Soir dans l'Oise*, with a sky in which the influence of Constable, filtered through Rousseau, could be traced. M. Carrière's portraits were even more deliberately eccentric than usual, while M. Deschamps, whose name comes up naturally after that of Carrière, marked another step downwards into the slough of effective mannerism which he seems to have determined to substitute for art. Among things which arrested attention, by one sort of merit or another, we may name M. Barrau's *Arrêtez!*; M. Berton's *Toilette* and *Gamine au bérêt de velours*; M. Dinet's *Clair de Lune*; M. Gervex's *Paquita*; M. Gaston La Touche's *Le Chaume* and *La Bénédiction*; M. Lhermitte's *La Mort et le Bucheron*; M. Paul Mathey's *Brocanteur*; M. Aimé Perret's portrait of Mme. A. P——; M. Picard's *Vision du Soir*; M. Planels-Ricardo's *Etude*; and M. Victor Prouvé's *L'Ami Vernolle*. Many of the best things came from the foreign colonists of Paris. *Le Jambon*, by Zakarian, *tout court*, in the catalogue, was an excellent bit of still life; Zorn's *Dimanche Matin* we saw in London; the landscapes, with water, of Fritz Thaulow, a Norwegian, were very remarkable indeed for their fine colour and sense of life and movement; Salmson's *La Robe de la Mariée* was admirable, and so was *Une vieille Femme*, by Gotthardt Kuehl. The best thing from a born American was, perhaps, an *Etude du Nu*, by Mr. Alexander Harrison. The sculpture here is seldom very interesting. The best thing, perhaps, was M. Injalbert's marble *Eve*; the most extraordinary, without a doubt, M. Ringel's *La Réclame*.

THE Médaille d'Honneur at the Salon des Champs Elysées was given to M. Roybet, who contributed a huge canvas called *Charles le Téméraire à Nesles*, and a smaller one with the modest title—the picture was not particularly modest!—of *Propos Galants*. We heard in Paris various opinions as to which of the two won the medal. To our minds the *machine*, as the French would call it, was by far the better. In *Propos Galants* there was much fine painting, but there it ended. The *Charles the Bold*, on the other hand, was conceived with great vigour and breadth, and if a little too black, as everything by Roybet is, it was in tone, nevertheless, and an unusually fine example of what the strict training of the French artist may lead to. In huge pictures, which are meant to be at once decorative and dramatic, nothing is so fatal as bad, or even imperfect, drawing—except, of course, bad composition. Roybet's drawing is unimpeachable, and his composition—of line and mass, no less than of colour—very good. A massacre in a church, with the pitiless Duke of Burgundy, armed to the eyes and mounted, as its presiding genius, gave just such an

opportunity as a Frenchman likes, and Roybet made the most of it. After the Roybet, nothing, perhaps, attracted more attention than M. Benjamin Constant's portraits of Lord Dufferin and Lady Helen Vincent. Both were *portraits de parade* with a vengeance. The Ambassador was painted in his robes as a Marquis, with the collars of his orders, and every other glittering thing which could add to his magnificence. The likeness was excellent, although exception might fairly have been taken to the hard treatment of the hair. Lady Helen Vincent was painted in a still more stately fashion. Some of our readers will remember the glorified portrait of Mme. Bernhardt as *Theodora* which was at the Salon some three or four years ago. Much the same conception was used again for our English beauty, but as the picture may probably be seen before long at an English exhibition, it will be better not to describe it. Fault was found with it, and not unfairly, on account of the perfunctory modelling of the head and arms. M. Bonnat's two portraits were even less artistic than usual, and excited far less notice than the full-length of Mlle. Rosa Bonheur at her easel, by M. Achille Fould. 'On dirait un vieux paysan, comme le père Corot!' was a remark heard before it. Other good portraits were M. Got, by Pascal Blanchard; M. Comerre's Mlle. Géo. C—, and M. Cormon's *Père Didon*; but the *genre* was much less fully represented than we are accustomed to find it. The Franco-American—how different from the frankly American!—painters were in less force than they sometimes are; the colony, as an exhibiting body, has lost more by the establishment of Mr. Sargent here than it has gained by the accession of Mr. Whistler. Perhaps the best thing it contributed was Mr. Julian Story's *Nympe et Satyre*, a bolder nude than even the French, as a rule, indulge in. Nothing sent from this side of the Channel attracted more attention than the curious picture of the *Ordination of Elders in a Scotch Kirk*, which Mr. Lorimer had last year at Burlington House. The sombre monotony was more in place among the quiet tones of the Frenchmen than in the more garish Academy. Mr. Carter's portrait of Mr. G. A. Holmes represented him well enough; Mr. Alma Tadema's *Roses of Heliogabalus* looked better than it did in London; but the emptiness of Mr. Herkomer's *Our Village* became very conspicuous when seen among the more closely-handled productions from the Boulevards Clichy and Port Royal. Mr. Roche's *Idylle* was the chief Glasgow champion. One of the best pictures in the whole exhibition was the work of a 'Greater Briton,' who has been studying in the atelier of M. Carolus Duran. Mr. John Longstaff is a native of Shepparton, Australia, and if he ever goes back to the antipodes, will set an excellent step for the native school to follow. His 'Salon' reminds us of one of the first things with which his master, Carolus, set tongues wagging and pens travelling over foolscap. It is a *Dame en Noir*, a *Portrait de Mme. D.* What a pity it is that so many Frenchmen, and would-be Frenchmen, follow the inconvenient old fashion of concealing the names of their sitters. It not only takes away from the interest of an exhibition for the casual visitor—that, perhaps, should be borne; it also throws great difficulties in the way of the future historian. Any one who has had to use, as documents, the old Academy catalogues, will understand this. It would be a good thing if exhibition catalogues were as generous of information as those of permanent galleries. It would be unreasonable to ask for descriptions, of course; however useful they might be a hundred years hence. But it would not cause much trouble or expense to give the size of each picture, and the material on which it is painted in those rare cases when canvas has not been used. Such information might be substituted with great advantage for the constant repetition of such *mentions* as 'né à Londres, de parents Américains—élève de *chose*,' which at present swell the bulk of the catalogue by about a hundred pages.

The sculpture in the Palais des Champs Elysées is much less interesting than it was but two or three years ago. The inspiration of the French sculptors seems for the moment to have died down. They work as well as ever, but ideas are wanting—meaning by an idea some arrangement of line and mass which shows that its author works, not because he has an establishment to keep up, but because he has something to say. The garden of the Salon was this year filled by the usual number of nymphs, and sleepers, and *laboureurs*,

and Comedies, and Tragedies, mostly modelled well enough, but mostly without any reason for existing in which the public could take much interest. MM. Falguière, Frémiet, Suchetet, Barrias, Marqueste, and many others to whom we owe fine things in the past, had their names in the catalogue, but attached to insignificant work. Some of the Swedish colony sent things clearly meant to avert the catastrophe of being forgotten; but they are not remembered with pleasant feelings. Among the English contributions the best, perhaps, was Mr. Pegram's *Sibylla Fatidica*, in which there is much excellent modelling.

On the 24th of June took place at Christie's what may fairly be called the sale of the season. The pictures belonging to Mr. Bingham Mildmay were dispersed. A large number of them belonged to the famous Verstolk van Soelen collection, which was divided, on its dispersal nearly fifty years ago, between Mr. Jones Lloyd (afterwards Lord Overstone), Mr. Thomas Baring, and Mr. Humphrey Mildmay. Mr. Mildmay's share had been added to by subsequent purchases, and at the sale totalled up to ninety lots. Most of them were Dutch, but beside a few second-rate Italian canvases there was a large, rather *fatigué* Watteau, which brought 3350 guineas. Among the Dutch pictures the following were the most covetable: A very fine Both, 'John and Andrew,' the subject Hagar and Ishmael in a sunny landscape, was knocked down for 1050 guineas. A fine Vander Heyden, originally from a Haarlem collection, was sold for 1100 guineas. A Hobbema, rather like a Ruysdael, brought 2200 guineas, and was sold to Dr. J. P. Richter. A fine De Hooch, belonging to the period of transition between his first and second manner, brought 2800 guineas; a second example, according to the catalogue, of the same master was sold to Messrs. P. and D. Colnaghi for 700 guineas. It was not a De Hooch, however, but an uncommonly fine picture by Emanuel de Witte, with whom De Hooch is believed to have been closely allied in later years. A particularly fine Lingelbach brought 200 guineas, and an excellent full-length of William, second Duke of Hamilton, by D. Mytens, 275 guineas. A most attractive Maas, dated 1655, sold for 1600 guineas, and a masterpiece of Isaac van Ostade for 1450. A Rembrandt, one of the countless 'Saskias,' brought 2540 guineas, a good price for what was, after all, a second-rate picture. The Director of the National Gallery of Ireland bought a capital little Romeyn for 35 guineas, while the gem of the sale, a most distinguished and unusual shore scene at Katwyks was bought for the London National Gallery at the large, but by no means extravagant, price of 2900 guineas. This latter picture was engraved in the 'Choiseul Gallery.' It was afterwards in the collections of the Prince de Conti, the Marquis de Marigny, and the Baron Verstolk van Soelen. It is described in Smith's catalogue, and was admired by all the world at the 'Old Masters' of 1876. A second Ruysdael, almost as good, brought 1700 guineas, and another, but this time a Solomon, brought the unusual price for a Solomon of 870 guineas. A fair Van de Capelle was knocked down for 950 guineas; a fair Dart van der Neer for 720; a fair Adrian van de Velde for 500; and a fair William van de Velde for 660, the last-named to Dr. Richter. A Wynants of unusual finish drew a bid of 1280 guineas from Mr. Fairfax Murray, and became his. An excellent school replica of an Erasmus, by Holbein, was sold for 175 guineas. The only other picture we need mention was a portrait of Mrs. Hogarth, by her husband, which was bought by Mr. Agnew at the considerable price of 1160 guineas.

THE Trustees of the British Museum have issued the first volume of an 'Index of Artists represented in the Department of Prints and Drawings.' It deals only with the Teutonic schools, the Dutchmen, Flemings, and Germans, the last heading including the northern Swiss and the Bohemians. It is the work of Mr. Lionel Cust, and so far as we have been able to test and examine it, seems to be a trustworthy catalogue of artists, with the dates of their births and deaths, the centres of their activity, and the *genres* in which they laboured. On a rough calculation it contains the names of about 4500 draughtsmen, engravers, and etchers, and will be indispensable in future to all those who collect, edit, and buy.





CORPUS CHRISTI COLLEGE, OXFORD

FROM A DRAWING IN WATER-COLOUR, BY J. H. LORIMER

THE very picturesque pillar, surmounted by a dial, which stands in the quadrangle of Corpus Christi College, was set up by Charles Turnbull, a Fellow of the College, in the year 1605, and is nearly a hundred years later than the buildings which surround it. The armorial bearings with which it is decorated are those of Henry VII., the University, Bishop Fox of Winchester, founder of the College (1516), and his friend, Bishop Hugh Oldham of Exeter. It was through the influence of Bishop Oldham that the foundation was planned on the broad lines of the New Learning, instead of being a mere seminary of the Priory of St. Swithin at Winchester. The statue in the canopied niche is that of the founder, and the pelican which surmounts the dial is his badge.

LEONARDO DA VINCI AND THE STUDY OF THE ANTIQUE



LEONARDO DA VINCI began his life's work in the days of the final conflict between the tradition of antiquity, the tradition of the Middle Ages, and the modern spirit. If we divide the fifteenth century into three parts, we find that during the first and second of these the art of painting, except in the school of Padua, took from Roman models nothing of greater importance than details of costume or ornament. In the third, however, Painting followed the sister arts of Sculpture and Architecture in assimilating the principles that were the very essence of classic art. At that time Botticelli, Ghirlandajo, and especially Filippino Lippi, did all they could to embody in their pictures or frescoes the lessons they had learned from antique statues that were unearthed from day to day. Their attempts, at first often most rudimentary, ended in the final triumph of classicism through the labours of Raphael and his school. This classical influence penetrated by many ramifications the intellectual life of the fifteenth century. What did Leonardo think of it, what use did he make of it? These are the questions that I propose to answer.

At first sight one may be tempted to deny the influence of antiquity on Leonardo. 'He alone,' said Eugène Piot, 'is truly the faultless artist. It was the study of nature that had revealed to him all the secrets of power in art, all the mysteries of physical beauty and grandeur. He followed this study of nature resolutely, without troubling himself about antique models, he followed it always and everywhere with a tenacity and a perseverance that belonged to himself alone.'

On the other hand, the following extract from Professor Springer expresses his view of the position taken by Leonardo with regard to the antique:—

‘Leonardo’s maxim to the effect that nature is the true world of the artist—that the study of nature is to be recommended, not only as the best discipline, but as the only true discipline—this maxim fixed his attitude towards the antique and overruled his opinions on the historical development of art. It has often been observed that the influence of the antique was in his case extraordinarily small; in his paintings it is insignificant, in his writings imperceptible. When he was young, antiquity suggested to him certain subjects, as when he painted the head of Medusa surrounded by serpents, and drew a Neptune for his friend, Antonio Segni. This Neptune rode on a chariot drawn through stormy waves by sea-horses, and he was attended by all kinds of marine animals. As the drawing has not been preserved, we cannot judge of the way in which Leonardo made use of antique forms. The pictures of Bacchus and Leda belong to a later time. If the Bacchus, which still exists at Paris, and the various forms of the Leda, have any claims to authenticity, this is a point on which critics have not yet been able to agree. However this may be, the heads in all these pictures are of the special type created by Leonardo, and do not betray any antique influence whatever.’*

To this it may be added that when we take into account the independence of Leonardo’s mind and his habit of perpetual criticism, it is plain that he would never accept, either in his youth or his maturity, any ready-made formulas or decisions; nothing would have been more opposed to his aspirations as artist or man of science. Did he not lay down in his ‘Treatise on Painting’ the following inflexible rule: ‘A painter should never copy in a servile way the style of another painter, because he ought not to represent the works of men but those of Nature, so abundant and fertile in her productions that one ought to go to herself rather than to painters, who are but her disciples, and who always give ideas of Nature which are less beautiful, less lively, and less varied than those which she herself gives when she presents herself to our eyes?’†

If Leonardo seems to have left without answer the question he once asked himself, whether it is better to draw from Nature or from the antique, he was much more categorical in another passage of the ‘Treatise on Painting,’ a passage which is wanting either in the original manuscripts or in the copy belonging to the Vatican Library, and which is only to be found in the manuscript of the Barberini Library. In this passage he says that ‘it is a common error in Italian painters to put into their pictures entire figures of emperors, imitated from many antique statues, or at least to give to the heads of their figures certain aspects that we meet with in antiques.’ (Chap. 98. Cf. chap. 186 of Ludwig’s edition.)

Leonardo had, indeed, too refined a taste for him to think of transferring to such an art as painting effects that properly belonged to another art such as sculpture, though this was done by the great Andrea Mantegna. It did not seem to Leonardo that the imitation of antique statues could be of much use to painters.

This, however, is but external. A deeper study of Leonardo’s work proves that he had assimilated the spirit of antiquity, and that he was well acquainted with the models it has left to us, though he himself worked quite independently of it.

The passages we have quoted might be adduced against our own argument; but there are others not less explicit. If an artist were compelled to choose between the imitation

* ‘Bilder aus der neueren Kunstgeschichte,’ Vol. I., p. 316.

† Passages of this kind, and also the well-known passages in which Leonardo affirms that the true master of painters is the mirror, and that the best picture is the most closely imitative picture, show that he did not understand the value and importance of idealisation in art, and that when he himself idealised in practice he did so unconsciously. Great art never resembles the reflection in a mirror, and, although great art has not the minute beauties of Nature, it has other beauties peculiar to itself which are not to be found anywhere in Nature, except in the human mind, which may indeed be considered a part of the natural universe, but is not what Leonardo meant. According to his theory, a photograph from a model, which is a fixed reflection, would be better than an idealised drawing by Raphael.—EDITOR.

of ancient or modern works, he ought to prefer the ancient: '*L'imitazione delle cose antiche è più laudabile che quella delle moderne.*'* This is explicit enough.

Now let us consider that art which is, as it were, the framework of all others, which imposes upon them its own rules of order, symmetry, lighting—I mean architecture; what were the ideas of Da Vinci with regard to this *fons et principium*? The answer is easy. Leonardo accepted only the antique orders, except that he permitted himself occasionally to combine them with cupolas in a sort of Byzantine fashion. He willingly accepted the authority of Vitruvius, whom he constantly quotes.† Many of his projects reproduce or recall Greek or Roman buildings, amongst others the Mausoleum of Halicarnassus.

These preferences led to a series of important consequences.

The mere fact that Leonardo accepted without question the forms of Roman architecture tends to prove that he had a feeling of deference both for the ancient way of understanding the architectural framework, and for the ancient arrangement of figures in the architectural surroundings. The ideal of grouping that Leonardo followed in the equestrian statue of F. Sforza, in *The Last Supper*, and in the *Saint Anne* is by no means remote from an antique ideal.

Perhaps Leonardo alluded to this science of arrangement when, with too much modesty, he regretted that he could not rival the symmetry of the ancients.

One of his contemporaries, named Platino Piatta, puts the following declaration into his mouth:—

‘Mirator veterum discipulusque memor
Defuit una mihi symmetria prisca, peregi
Quod potui: veniam da mihi, posteritas.’‡

With regard to the proportions and the canon of the human figure, Leonardo conformed to the rules of Vitruvius, and that more closely, perhaps, than was reasonable. He said that, according to Vitruvius, the human body is analysed as follows: four fingers are equivalent to a palm, four palms to a foot, six palms to one cubit, whilst four cubits, or twenty-four palms, make the total height of a man. If you separate your legs so as to diminish your height by a fourteenth, and if you then hold out your arms till the two middle fingers touch a line corresponding with the top of your head, learn that the central point counting from the extremities of the four members so stretched out will coincide with the navel, and that the space between the legs is an equilateral triangle.§

I should also attribute Leonardo's passion for the study of the naked figure to his willingness to accept the teachings of antiquity. He often drew his figures without any drapery whatever, in order to make clearer to his own mind the structure of the body and the play of its action. This is especially the case in his sketches for *The Worshipping Magi*.

In his interpretation of the human figure, Leonardo agrees with the artists of antiquity. He excludes from his religious compositions both portraits of his contemporaries and representations of the costumes of his own time. The personages he shows us, instead of borrowing their splendour from rich stuffs and jewellery, shine with a beauty of their own. And what simplification! What a synthesis in his compositions! With what rigour every adventitious element is excluded!

The simple fact that Leonardo proscribed contemporary costumes—those costumes that the artists of the fifteenth century were at such pains to reproduce—is equally a proof of

* Richter, 'The Literary Works of Leonardo da Vinci,' Vol. II., p. 434.

† Richter, Vol. II., pp. 429, 442, 452, 453.

‡ Bossi, 'Delle Opinioni,' pp. 14, 15.

§ Richter, Vol. II., p. 182, No. 343.

his spirit of abstraction and idealisation, and also of the incessant retrospective investigations that were amongst the habits of his mind. With the exception of a small number of portraits, the personages of Leonardo wear generally an antique dress—tunic, toga, or mantle—but they wear it with such ease that surely no artist ever modernised that dress in its noble simplicity, or renewed the practical use of it, so successfully as the painter of *The Last Supper* and the *Mona Lisa*.

In his 'Treatise on Painting,' Leonardo formally declares that the representation of contemporary fashions is to be avoided as much as possible, *fuggire il più che si può gli abiti della sua età*, except so far as monumental statues are concerned. He tells us in this connexion that in the days of his childhood all, whether young or old, wore dresses with notched borders, and that each of the notches was itself notched again. Shoes and head-dresses, bags, arms, collars, the borders of petticoats, trains, and even the very mouths of those who wished to pass for being handsome, all were garnished with long and pointed dentate ornaments. After that, Leonardo tells us, came another time when sleeves grew to such a size that they were bigger than the dresses themselves. The next move was to make the collars so high that they ended by covering all the head, and then they were cut so low that the shoulders could not carry them, because they did not reach to the shoulders on either side. Later fashions made the costumes so long that the skirts had to be carried on the arms to avoid walking upon them. The reaction from that was to make garments so short that they only reached the waist and elbows, and so tight that to be so dressed was to suffer martyrdom till the jacket burst its seams. Fashionable shoes of the same period were so narrow that the toes rose one over another, and were covered with corns.

The ideal, in Leonardo's opinion, was, for an old man, a long and ample garment, a sort of toga, *che il vecchio sia togato*; for a young man, a well-fitting and short jacket, open above the shoulders, except in the case of religious orders (Chap. 541).

And now, as to the conception of his subjects, who was ever more pagan than Leonardo? Who ever professed more than he did the *cultus* of form and the love of art for art's sake? Who has more resolutely celebrated the glories of physical beauty, sacrificing composition of the literary kind to some enchanting face, to some fine piece of nudity? In all this it may be affirmed that, if Leonardo did not copy the antique, he assimilated it more thoroughly than any of his contemporaries. He approached the Greeks by the liberty and the admirable motion of his figures, sometimes not to be appreciated at the first glance, and by I know not what qualities of rhythm and inspiration. He was a Greek, too, by his taste for those mingled forms in which masculine vigour is confounded with feminine grace, androgynous beings that hold an important place amongst his works, and of which the most perfect type is the *St. John the Baptist* of the Louvre.

From these to Pagan subjects there was but a single step, and Leonardo passed it more than once. He painted a *Medusa*, a *Triumph of Neptune*, a *Leda*, a *Pomona*, a *Bacchus*. In those of his compositions which have come down to us the characterisation is altogether satisfactory, equally remote from archaeological pedantry, such as belonged to certain painters of his age, and from the absence of local colour, which was the deficiency of others.

By a singular forgetfulness of historical probability and appropriateness, Leonardo went so far as to propose, in one of his sketches for the representation of the Deluge, to exhibit Neptune with his trident and Aeolus with his winds. To represent Hell, he suggested the Paradise of Pluto, and therein twelve devils issuing from twelve pots, which would be like the mouths of Hell, with Death, the Furies, ashes, a crowd of weeping children, and brilliant fires of various colours.*

Whilst consulting his Greek and Roman predecessors, Leonardo did not look upon

* Richter, Vol I., pp. 306, 354. Ch. Ravaisson Mollien, Manuscrit G, fol. 6.

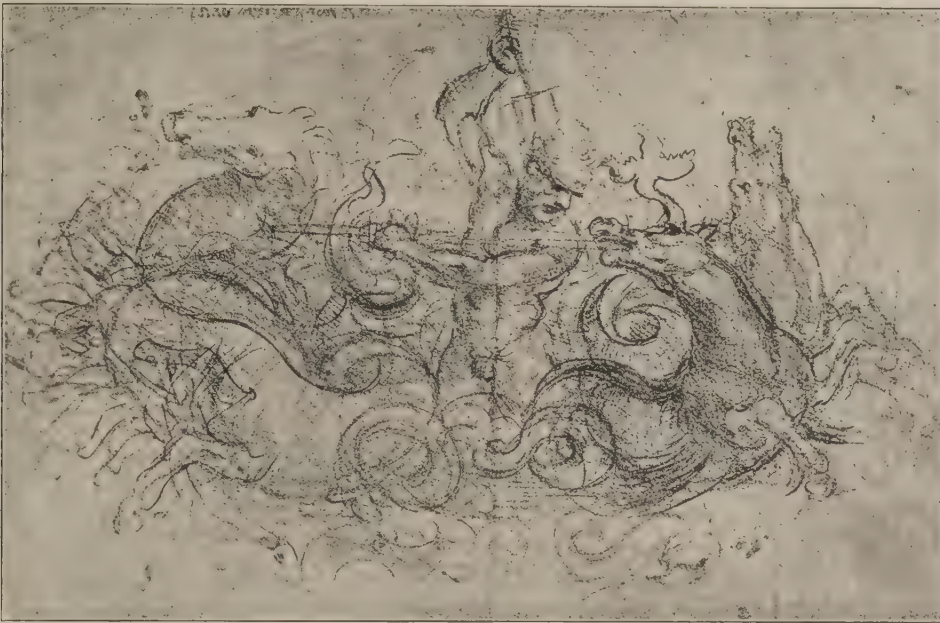


Head of an Apostle.



Bust of an Old Man in Roman Costume.

himself as in any way bound by their programme. We have evidence of this in his way of treating iconography, allegory, and its accessories; no artist ever carried independence so far. It may even be affirmed that he went beyond the mark, as it is impossible that there should be any understanding between an artist and his public unless they have something in common, either by his adoption of traditional ideas, or else by his success in inducing the public to adopt ideas of his own. This has happened in the case of Leonardo, many of whose compositions would have remained unintelligible for us if he had not taken the trouble to explain them in a commentary. Whilst keeping a small number of traditional attributes, such as the column for Courage, the three eyes for Prudence, &c., he was at the pains to create a complete symbolism, which belonged to himself alone. His conception of Fame is a bird with its body covered with tongues instead of feathers, and he places a brand in the hands of Ingratitude, emblem of the fuel that keeps alive the fire by which



NEPTUNE AND HIS HORSES. FROM A SKETCH BY LEONARDO DA VINCI.

she is consumed; or he puts a pair of bellows on a grate with flames that burn them, to represent the same vice.*

A drawing at Christ Church (Richter, fol. 61) represents a woman with hanging breasts, one hand in the air, the other supporting a vase. She is riding upon a skeleton going on all fours. We should have been much embarrassed by this enigma if the master himself had not taken care to enlighten us as to his intentions with the help of a long inscription. The monster he intended to personify was Envy. She has a gesture of contempt towards the sky, because, if she were able, she would employ her strength against God; her face is a mask of good-will, her eyes are wounded by branches of palm and olive, and her ear by laurel and myrtle to signify that victory and truth are offensive to her; flashes of lightning dart from her body to signify her slanders; let her be thin and dry, because she torments herself continually. A swelling serpent eats her heart. Her quiver is full of tongues instead of arrows, because it is with tongues that she inflicts her wounds. Give her a leopard's skin, because that animal kills the lion from jealousy whilst deceiving him.† Put into her hand a vase full of flowers with scorpions, toads, and other

* Ravaissou, Vol. V., Manuscrit M, fol. 5.

† This about the leopard is evidently a reminiscence of the *Bestiaires* of the Middle Ages copied by Leonardo.

venomous creatures; let her ride upon Death, because Envy, who never dies, is never weary of commanding; let the bridle that she uses be hung with different arms, the instruments of death.* A drawing on the same sheet represents *The Struggle between Envy and Virtue*. A handsome young man, naked, is the representative of Virtue. With one of his hands he drives a branch into the eyes of his enemy, and with the other he pushes it into her ear. Envy clasps him so closely that the two bodies seem to make only one, and she brandishes a torch behind her adversary, laying her hand upon his quiver. This text serves as a commentary on the design:—‘As soon as Virtue exists she brings forth Envy, and men will sooner see a body without shadow than Virtue without Envy.’†

All that remains for us to do, after this general exposition of the subject, is to examine some of Leonardo's imitations more in detail. They are infinitely more numerous than is usually believed, and they corroborate with great precision, on certain particular points, the view of the whole subject that we have just been sketching.

With regard to statuary, if it is not proved that Leonardo borrowed directly from the colossal statues of horses in the Quirinal at Rome (the drawing of one of those horses preserved in the collection of P. Resta in the Ambrosian Library is certainly not by his hand), I am at least in a position to establish the fact that he had studied the famous bronze equestrian statue at Pavia, the Regisolo: ‘*Di quel di Pavia si lauda più il movimento che nessun altra cosa.*’‡ Richter believes this to be a slip of the pen, and proposes to read Padua instead of Pavia, as in his opinion the passage in question refers to the equestrian statue of Donatello the Gallamelata. Still, there is really no room for doubt; the quotation certainly refers to the antique statue at Pavia. What confirms this is that Leonardo adds, immediately afterwards, his assertion, already quoted in this paper, that the imitation of ancient works of art is more to be recommended than that of modern works.

In painting, along with reminiscences more or less latent which have been already indicated, it is possible to point to some instances of direct imitation.

In the studies for *The Worshipping Magi*, the unfinished sketch in the Uffizj, we constantly find attitudes that recall those of certain celebrated antique statues or statuettes, the Faun of Praxiteles, the Narcissus in bronze of the Neapolitan museum; they are young men standing, with the hand resting upon the thigh. The same series of studies contains a bearded personage, evidently inspired by the antique Silenus.

One of Leonardo's compositions, which are considered to give the strongest proof of his observation of nature and particularly of his anatomical study of the horse, is certainly the *Battle of Anghiari*. A drawing by Rubens and some copies, more or less fragmentary, have preserved for us the principal episode, horsemen struggling for the possession of a standard. I had not even thought of directing my researches to this subject, when mere chance, that often does so much to teach us, brought under my eyes a cameo which was strongly analogous, to say the least, to one of the motives introduced by Leonardo into his composition. This cameo, of which the reader will find a drawing in outline herewith, represents the fall of Phaeton. Notwithstanding the beauty of the work, my first tendency was to consider it an imitation of the period of the Renaissance, in which case the cameo would have been a copy instead of the prototype of Leonardo's *Battle of Anghiari*. But it was impossible to question its character as a genuine antique on finding it accepted as such, without reserve, by an archaeologist of such perspicacity as Fröhner, and engraved for his ‘Treasury of Numismatics and Glyptic.’

The motive reproduced by the cameo of the Uffizj was very popular in antiquity, although the representations of the myth of Phaeton go back scarcely further than the

* Richter, Vol. I., pp. 353, 354.

† Richter, Vol. I., p. 354.

‡ Richter, Vol. II., p. 432.

Empire (most of them only date from the third century of our own era). The horse on the left, which is rearing, may be found in the same attitude on four sarcophagi published by Wieseler.* One of these sarcophagi (Clarac, pl. 210; Wieseler, No. 1) belongs to the Louvre collection; others (Wieseler, No. 5) to the Uffizj, to the Lapidary Museum of Verona (Wieseler, No. 2), to a private collection in Rome (Wieseler, No. 4), &c. Of these different sarcophagi the one that presents most analogy with the *Battle of Anghiari* is that of the Uffizj, which was preserved down to the seventeenth century in the gardens of the Colonna family at Rome ('Dütschke, Antike Bildwerke in Oberitalien,' Vol. III. p. 84).

To return to the cameo.

Da Vinci must certainly have seen it at Florence itself, where it still remains. The evidence as to this is completed by a cameo included amongst the gems pawned in 1496 at Agostino Chigi's by Piero dei Medici. This represented Phaeton, being 'a silver table with five cameos, one with Phaeton in the



HORSEMEN FROM 'BATTLE OF ANGIARI.'

middle and the heads of Emperors about it.'† The knowledge of cameos had been popularised at that date in Florence by casts.

But in the *Battle of Anghiari* there is more than the textual copy of a set motive. Leonardo had found an inspiration in the type itself of the horse engraved in the *Fall of Phaeton*. Compare the horses of the drawings for the statue of Francesco Sforza with those for the *Battle of Anghiari*—the difference is striking. The first are distinguished by their well-defined and proud movement in the silhouette, while the others are thick and fleshy, exactly like those in the Roman prototype.



FALL OF PHAETON.

Amongst the studies for the *Last Supper*, the Apostle in profile (Windsor, No. 17), reproduced in our plate, recalls in the most striking manner the Roman medallions of the times of the Antonines, particularly the medallions of Lucius Verus.‡ As for the types themselves, although Leonardo followed the principle of combining his mental vision with the models that Nature supplied to him, he did not disdain, though rarely, to consult antique marbles. His *St. John the Baptist* in the Louvre is certainly traceable to antique types, which were neither masculine nor feminine. It is a mixture of Apollino, Bacchus, and a Hermaphrodite, and yet the mixture is thoroughly Leonardesque.

On one occasion Leonardo went to Pliny for a receipt for encaustic painting, but with an unlucky result. Having begun to try the process with the *Battle of Anghiari*, which he was to have painted on one of the walls of the great hall of the old palace, he met

* 'Phaeton, Eine Archaeologische Abhandlung,' Göttingen, 1857, p. 3.

† 'The Collections belonging to the Medici in the Fifteenth Century,' p. 105.

‡ Cf. 'Les Médaillons de l'Empire Romain,' p. 93, and *passim*.

with such difficulties and so many disappointments that he abandoned both Pliny and encaustic, and, unfortunately, also the *Battle of Anghiari*, which, without this unhappy inspiration, would probably have come down to our own times.*

When we consider the drawings and sketches of Leonardo, that may be counted by thousands, those copied from the antique may seem at first not very numerous. (We may add that, in accordance with his own principles, he did not copy with greater assiduity either his contemporaries or his own immediate predecessors.) Richter, the learned editor of the literary and scientific works of Leonardo, goes so far as to affirm (Vol. I., p. 244) that amongst so many drawings he has only hit upon one single study from the antique—an equestrian statue that seems to be imitated from that of Marcus Aurelius at Rome (plate lxxiii.). In reality, these imitations are relatively numerous.

Amongst more or less vague reminiscences may be mentioned the bust of an old man in Roman drapery, with the right hand coming out of the folds of his toga (Richter, plate xxx., reproduced in our plate). A drawing in sanguine in the Library at Windsor (Richter, Vol. I., plate xxi.) appears to reproduce the torso of Pasquin with an attempt at restoration of the lower part of the body. Elsewhere (Richter, plate lxiii.) may be seen the reproduction of a cameo containing a Genius standing by the side of another figure.†

If we pass from figures to ornaments, we find a certain number of cases that give evidence of borrowing. Supposing that the picture of the *Annunciation* in the Uffizj is from the hand of the master, we note in it a marble tripod of an extreme richness. A sketch that recalls more or less vaguely an antique tripod is to be found in a drawing in the Windsor Library (Richter, Vol. I., plate lxii.). In the *Codex Atlanticus* a candelabrum of a very pleasing and well-proportioned shape comes certainly also from the antique. We may also mention the harpies and the trophies that were intended to decorate the mausoleum of Marshal Trivulzio (*Saggio*, plate xvi.).

In a word, this great artist treated antiquity as it ought to be treated by those who expect from it a really fertile teaching, those who look for lessons and not formulas. He assimilated it by tranquil labour and reflection, though in an intermittent manner, and he allowed its germs to develop themselves freely in his mind, calculating upon the richness and independence of his own nature, which he knew would transform and transfigure them, and so create works full of vitality and animated by the modern spirit.

EUGÈNE MÜNTZ.

OLD ENGLISH POTTERY

III.—*White Salt-glazed Ware*

WHILE the first introduction into England of the use of salt in glazing stoneware has been generally attributed to John Dwight of Fulham, there can be no doubt that the same process was employed in Staffordshire at a somewhat later date by two Dutchmen, the brothers John Philip and David Elers. That this method was a novelty in the district of 'The Potteries' is shown by the surprise of the inhabitants at the dense fumes (of hydrochloric acid) which arose from time to time from 'the Dutchmen's ovens.' For some time the new process remained, so far as Staffordshire was concerned, the secret of the Elers, although it had been long practised in the seats of the stoneware manufacture in Germany and the Low Counties.

* 'Di Plinio cavò quello stuccho con il quale coloriva, ma non l' intense bene.' (Anonymous biography published by Milanese.)

† Like most of his contemporaries, Leonardo was in the habit of using an antique engraved gem as a seal. The letter written by him to Cardinal Hippolytus, of Este (in the archives of Modena), still bears the impress of the head in profile on a small cameo.



PRINCE RUPERT.
DWIGHT'S FULHAM STONEWARE. *PLATE I.*

The early history of this white salt-glazed stoneware has not yet been written, precise dates and accurate descriptions being wanting. The years which we find inscribed upon a few pieces do not carry us back further than 1724—that is, if we regard the mug dated 1701 in the Hanley Mechanics' Institution as foreign. But all the pieces made by the Elers, or rather by John Philip Elers, for he was the potter, must have been produced before the year 1710, when his factory was closed. Yet we cannot point to a single undoubted specimen of his work. It is possible that the piggin and ladle, shown in Fig. 1, may have been made by him, although the whiteness of the body seems to indicate a later date. We know, however, that the earliest pieces were, like this specimen, turned, not pressed or cast, and that when decorations in relief were present they were stamped, by means of metal dies, upon lumps of pipeclay which had been previously affixed to the body of the pieces. A drab body, such as that of the teapot at the lower left-hand corner of Plate I., generally indicates an early date, but the particular specimen illustrated belongs to a later period, when the ornamental reliefs were first pressed in metal moulds and then applied to the surface, although many of the smaller details, such as stems and tendrils, were moulded by the fingers, and then stuck on to the piece. The teapot just mentioned illustrates also another method of decoration, for the small bunches of grapes which form part of the design are made of a coloured *pâte* tinted blue by the incorporation of a small quantity of zaffre with the clay.

In one of Josiah Wedgwood's MS. note-books, he writes thus:—'White stoneware' (viz., with salt-glaze) 'was the principal article of our manufacture, but this had been made a long time, and the prices were now reduced so low that the potters could not afford to bestow much expense upon it, or to make it so good in any respect as the ware would otherwise admit of.' This account refers to the time when Wedgwood was in partnership with Thomas Wheildon, between the years 1752 and 1759, and shows that so early as the sixth decade of the eighteenth century there was a falling off in the quality of this ware. On the other hand, it is mentioned by Mr. Solon, that of the Burslem potters who were working between the years 1710 and 1715, six only were then producing stoneware, while none was made at Hanley. We are thus led to the conclusion that this ware was not manufactured in large quantities until after the year 1715, although a short time subsequent to this date much attention was paid to the improvement of the body and of the methods of decorating the pieces.

That much stoneware glazed with salt was made in Burslem and its neighbourhood shortly after the middle of the eighteenth century may be learnt from a petition presented to Parliament in the year 1762. In this document it is stated that nearly one hundred and fifty separate pot-works are in existence in the district, that 'great quantities of flint stones are used in making some kinds of the ware,' and that 'as much salt is consumed in glazing one species of it as pays annually near 5000*l.* duty to Government.' But this extensive production of white stoneware salt-glazed was not of long continuance, for by the year 1780 it had dwindled to insignificant proportions, and had become extinct in the early part of the present century, if not before. For this refined and beautiful fabric was costly to make, and its glaze, at all events when used for plates, had one defect, which any one who has passed a silver spoon over a salt-glazed soup-plate, or used a knife and fork upon a meat-plate of the same ware, will appreciate. For the unevenness or grain of the surface and its excessive hardness, as well as the sonority of the dense body, cause this ware to be noisy in use; moreover, the silver suffers from attrition and wears rapidly away.

Although the manufacture of white salt-glazed stoneware was carried on chiefly in Staffordshire, and more particularly at Burslem, it was not confined to the district of 'The Potteries.' Liverpool certainly produced a considerable quantity of the same ware, and it is probable that the rare transfer-printed pieces were decorated, if not made, there. At

Jackfield in Shropshire there were one or two kilns; and it is thought by some experts that the manufacture of the smooth lead-glazed creamware of Leeds was preceded by that of stoneware.

Before giving further details as to the ornamentation of this salt-glazed ware, a few words as to the materials of which it was made and the processes of manufacture may not be out of place. At first local materials alone were employed, such as the clays from the coal-measures and the sand from the neighbourhood. These yielded the 'buff' body, to which ornamental reliefs in white pipeclay were occasionally applied. Devon and Dorset clays were subsequently used, but the greatest improvement in texture and colour, as well as refractoriness, was achieved by the introduction into the body of the ware of finely ground flint. The aim of the potters was to emulate the fineness and whiteness and, as far as might be, the translucency of oriental porcelain. By reducing the substance of the ware this latter quality was in a measure attained. The writer of this paper once handled a set of perfectly plain

bowls and cups of this stoneware which were so thin and so translucent as to show, when held up to the light, the shadows of the fingers.

While for the plain ware the wheel and the lathe were employed (see Figs. 1 and 2), several methods of embossing and otherwise ornamenting the surface were also in use. Reliefs were stamped on the ware by means of seals, or were first made in moulds and then applied to the surface. Later on, the whole piece was made in a mould of brass by means of percussion (see Fig. 3); then intaglio moulds of carved alabaster, of metal, of 'pitcher' ware, and, finally, of plaster of Paris, came into use. Into these moulds, when pressure on a 'bat' of clay was not employed, the prepared liquid slip was poured, the excess being decanted off, leaving a thin coating of clay in the mould.



FIG. 1.—PIGGIN AND LADLE.

As soon as this coating began to dry, the operation was repeated until the required thickness was secured. By this process, when metal or pitcher moulds were used, the sharpness in detail of the pieces produced was admirable (see Fig. 4). But, unfortunately, when plaster moulds were introduced, about the year 1750, there soon came about a lamentable deterioration in the quality of the details, for these moulds were still employed after their original sharpness had been lost through continued use. In Figs. 4 and 5, and in the sauce-boat and teapot shown in Plate II., we are afforded good examples of the ingenuity with which the mould-maker designed his patterns. The decoration is arranged in panels, the borders of which are made by the seams which occur between the different sections of which the mould necessarily consisted. Construction and ornament thus go hand in hand and aid each other in producing the desired effect, the seams not being concealed as in modern work, but forming an integral part of the design. Many moulds and 'blocks' of stoneware are preserved in the public and private collections of the 'Potteries,' and in the museums of South Kensington and Jermyn Street: the metal moulds are rare. The *blocks* of which mention has just been made were prepared from the original engraved moulds, the pieces of which these were composed being joined together in order to make them: from the blocks any number of copies of the original mould could be produced; these differed from the original only in being somewhat smaller through the shrinkage of the clay during firing.

The extant specimens of this ware exhibit a remarkable variety of shapes, specially noticeable

in the case of teapots. Of these the most fantastic were the house-teapots, and those in the form of animals. A house-teapot is shown in Plate II. The bizarre association of a bird's bill, an outstretched arm and hand, and a mask, almost invariably occurs in the spouts of these vessels. Similarly incongruous decorative elements are also found on the camel, squirrel, bear, and cat teapots, the bodies of which are invariably covered with floral designs, scroll-work, or shell-patterns. However quaint these forms may appear, they certainly possess the merit of not being too naturalistic.

For teacups and coffee or chocolate-cups the old Staffordshire modellers were content with forms of comparatively simple character. The ribbed cup in Plate II. is exactly adapted for its purpose, and a perfect example of potting. Fig. 5 shows a cup enriched with embossed designs. Other cups occur of octagonal form: one of these, figured by Mr. Solon, has the Royal Arms on one side.

Perhaps the most artistic in form of all the Staffordshire salt-glazed vessels was the sauce-

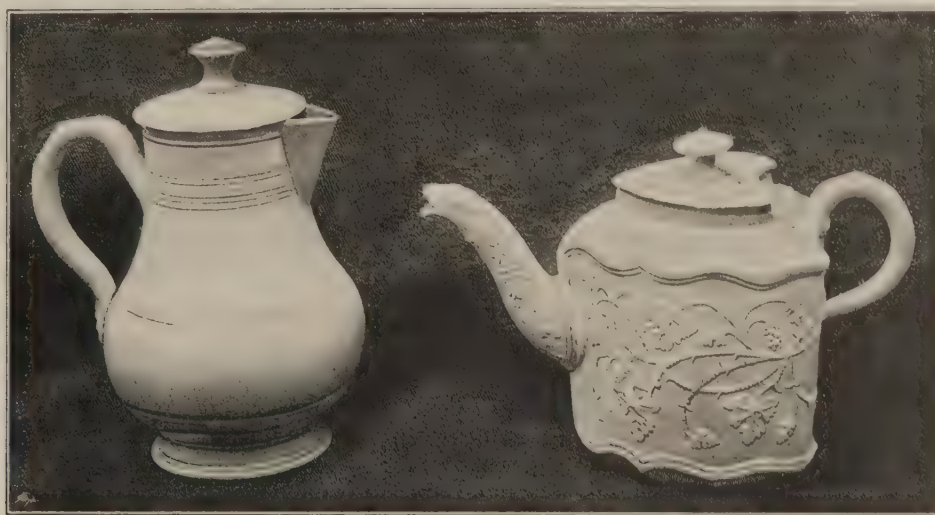


FIG. 2.—COVERED MILK JUG.

FIG. 4.—TEAPOT.

boat. Many examples certainly remind one in form and construction of the silver plate of the period, although the conjecture that old models from the silversmiths were employed can hardly be sustained. A sauce-boat having one handle is shown in Plate I.; a two-handled piece of remarkable beauty is given in Plate II. As the latter specimen seems to be unique, and is certainly unsurpassed as an example of the embossed variety of the ware, it merits particular description. The exterior is divided into ten panels. Under each spout the subject represented is the Serpent tempting Eve; the Seven Champions of Christendom appear on other panels, with a harp on the last. The names of the several saints and of the countries under their patronage are given in raised letters above the figures in the following manner and sequence:-

ST ANTON Y: I T. Y	ST ANDREW SCO T	ST PATRIC IRED K	<i>a harp in the fourth panel</i>
ST DAVID WA LES	ST GEORGE	ST DENIS FR E	ST: IAMES SP ANE

Similar lettering in relief occurs on other pieces, and is generally intended to explain the subjects of the decoration. Thus 'CIA or TEA herb' and 'New Tea' are found upon teacup-anisters; while the subjects figured on the six panels of a hexagonal teapot in a private collection at Salisbury are respectively labelled, 'Old Vice Roy of Kanton,' 'Ambassadors of Lammas,' 'Round Pepper,' 'G. R. A. N. D. T. A. R. T. A. R. H. A. M. C. H. I. N. A,' 'China root,' 'Young Vice Roy of Canton.' A good many pieces—teapots, bowls, and mugs chiefly—bear inscriptions

relating to the capture of Portobello by Admiral Vernon in the year 1739. They were undoubtedly made in the years 1740 and 1741, and afford indications of the style in vogue at the time. The quaintnesses of sentiment and eccentricities of spelling in these embossed inscriptions are less glaring than those to be found on the slip-wares of the seventeenth century; but some of those inscribed or *scratched* on the ware by individual workmen are as odd as any one could wish.

Very large numbers of plates and dishes of white salt-glazed ware have survived to the present day in spite of the many dangers, domestic and foreign, to which they have been exposed in a life prolonged to 120 or even 150 years. Hazards of a domestic sort are familiar to English householders, but it is not generally known that an immense quantity of this English ware has undergone the risks of foreign travel. Yet collectors during the past thirty years have sought and found their finest specimens amongst the importations of china and curiosities which reach this country from Holland. The ware is of course incorrectly designated in the English auction catalogues, being described as Leeds pottery, but the expert in ceramics cannot fail to recognise its true character. The writer of the present paper was fortunate enough to secure on one occasion, a few years ago, a dinner and dessert service consisting of 180 pieces of this stoneware just returned to the country of its origin from Amsterdam. Most of the pieces bear impressed patterns of basket-work and scrolls, most of which closely resemble those found on some old Japanese earthenwares made at Awaji in the early part and middle of the eighteenth century. We are enabled, by means of the initials and dates on other extant pieces of the same designs, to trace the adaptation of these oriental patterns to two mould-cutters of Burslem, Ralph Wood and Aaron Wood. A mould for a piece in this style of design by Aaron Wood is dated 1759, but the same patterns continued to be reproduced in large numbers for more than a quarter of a century afterwards. The large dish in Plate II. affords a good illustration of this character of ornament. The earlier work of Ralph Wood is less suggestive of a Japanese original; a mould of his in the South Kensington Museum is dated 1749, and shows the pecten-shell and scroll-pattern combined. It should be added that many plates, some of them dated 1758, bear—along with military trophies and a portrait of Frederick the Great—the words, ‘Success to the King of Prussia and his Forces.’ The popularity of Frederick in this country is attested, not only by the frequent occurrence of salt-glazed ware having laudatory inscriptions and portraits, but by a great variety of devices of the same class which are found upon other wares of the same period, notably upon the porcelain of Worcester.

It would be tedious to enumerate in detail all the forms which the fertile invention of the Staffordshire potters gave to their stoneware. But a few words must be said concerning statuettes and figures. These are rare; several may be traced to a Chinese origin. One pair of figures, enamelled in bright colours, represents an actor and actress in Oriental costume. Some of the figures of birds have evidently been suggested by Chinese models. The hawk standing on a rocky base coloured brown is a specimen of this class (see Plate II.). The Schreiber collection in the South Kensington Museum is particularly rich in these figures of animals.

The various methods which were used in the decoration of this ware may be conveniently summarised in the following manner:—

FORM.

- Engine-turned lines and bands.
- Incised and scratched work.
- Ornaments stamped on the piece.
- Applied ornaments previously pressed in moulds.
- Slip-cast in metal, pitcher, or plaster moulds.
- Pressed or moulded work.
- Irregular shreds and shavings of clay applied to the surface.



WHITE SALT-GLAZED STONEWARE. PLATE I.



COLOUR.

Drab or ash-coloured body, with white clay wash partially cut away, or with white or blue clay applied ornaments.

Zaffre, manganese, or iron powdering previous to glazing.

Coloured enamelling over the glaze.

White tin-enamelling on blue ground.

Transfer-printing over the glaze, in red, lilac, or black.

Oil-gilding and jappanning.

Only three colours appear *in* the salt-glaze itself; all the others are laid *on* the surface of the baked salt-glazed ware, and are fixed by a second firing at a lower temperature in the enamelling kiln. A rich transparent blue, due to cobalt, a dark brown from iron, and, very rarely, a puce from manganese, are the three colours which are found incorporated with the salt-glaze. They were evidently produced by applying to the surface of the body, before the first firing, the necessary colouring oxides. Then, when the salt was thrown into the kiln, instead of a colourless silicate of soda being formed, there was produced a strongly coloured double silicate of soda and cobalt, of soda and iron, or of soda and manganese. The deep blue obtained in this way was sometimes of singular richness and beauty. The process seemed to have attained its highest perfection in the hands of William Littler, of Longton Hall, about the year 1750. One of the very few specimens which may be safely attributed to this potter is a globular teapot shown on the right-hand lower corner of Plate I. In this example there are sprays and groups of leaves and flowers, in opaque tin-white enamel touched with black, which have been added after the piece had been completed in the salt-glaze kiln.

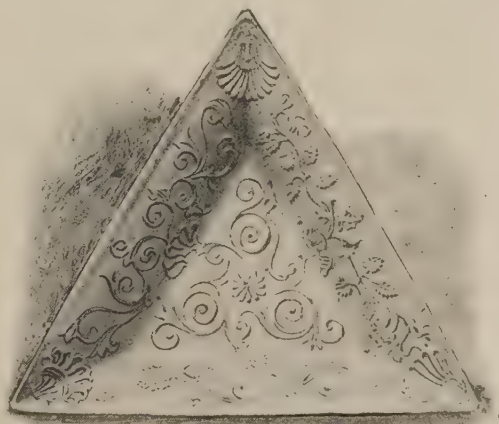


FIG. 3.—PICKLE TRAY.

The effect, though produced by different means, is similar to that of the faience of Nevers; indeed, the particular specimen just described was catalogued in the collection of the late Mr. H. G. Bohn as an example of Nevers ware. A somewhat inferior piece decorated in the same way is in the Schreiber collection at South Kensington, but specimens without the additional decoration in enamel are by no means rare. A sauce-boat of this kind is shown in the left-hand upper corner of Plate I. This piece was sold nearly thirty years ago as 'Oriental.' It is delightful in the quality of its colour; the effect of the embossed patterns of the body appearing through the thinner parts of the blue glaze is unusual in English pottery of the eighteenth century, though frequent in the contemporaneous porcelain of China. This blue-glazed ware was occasionally enriched by the addition of oil-gilding to the raised portions, but the results were not wholly satisfactory. On the white ware the employment of enamel decoration was frequent. Most of the colours were extremely good, but the turquoise blue was of singular beauty. The dish in Plate I. affords an example of a border painted in this turquoise blue, while the central design is transfer-printed in red from an engraving. Upon other examples five more colours appear, namely, yellow, green, deep pink, grey-blue, and black. In some instances the greater part of the surface of the piece is covered with an enamel of a single hue, a comparatively small area being reserved for the design. More commonly in the coloured decorations the styles in vogue for the contemporaneous porcelain were followed. The designs were gathered from many sources—engravings, book-plates, Chinese porcelain—or were the products of local invention. Trees, flowers, birds, and rustic figures playing musical instruments, were frequently represented upon these enamelled pieces, which were of various

shapes. Teapots and jugs so ornamented are common, and so are plates, dishes, and pickle and sweetmeat trays. A very large punch-kettle, beautifully painted, was formerly in the possession of the writer, but was destroyed in the Alexandra Palace fire. It was peculiarly interesting as having borne an italic *D* in red enamel on the base—perhaps an indication that the piece was the work of Ralph Daniel, of Cobridge, who is believed to have been the first Staffordshire maker of salt-glazed ware who practised enamelling in his own pot-works; for the earlier pieces did not receive their decoration in the factories where they



FIG. 5.—CUP.

were produced, but were bought 'in the white' by various enamel-painters, who decorated them at home. This operation has, unfortunately, been carried on of recent years with some plain old pieces, which, having become resplendent with the hues of the rainbow, have been sold at high prices as veritable antiques.

It remains only to be said that this ware is well worthy of the attention of the connoisseur. Undoubtedly it had at the beginning very small claim to be considered an indigenous production, but with the successive improvements which were effected in the body of the ware, the exotic elements—Flemish, German, and Oriental—became less conspicuous, while both in substance and

in decoration white salt-glazed stoneware acquired an essentially English character. Kept apart from other kinds of pottery, and properly displayed in a cabinet lined with plum-coloured velvet, a typical collection of this ware is full of interest and charm. There are many characteristic examples in the Jermyn Street, South Kensington, and British Museums, and in the Museums of Edinburgh, Dublin, Stoke, Hanley, and Burslem. There are also several private collections, amongst which may be particularly mentioned those of Mr. L. Solon in Stoke, and Mr. J. L. Probert in London. All the specimens employed to illustrate the present paper belong to the writer, who, however, had the misfortune to lose in the Alexandra Palace fire a choice series of 135 pieces of this ware—a collection the like of which it would not be possible to form at the present day. Fair examples of the later varieties are still to be met with, but the early types are now almost unattainable. A jug of rather poor quality, and made about the middle of last century, was recently sold at Christie's for an absurdly high price because it was fondly imagined to have belonged to Shakespeare!

Excellent and numerous illustrations of white salt-glazed ware appear in Mr. Solon's 'Art of the Old English Potter,' second edition, Figs. 33 to 47. There are eight woodcuts representing typical pieces of this stoneware in my 'Handbook of English Earthenware.'

A. H. CHURCH.

ASPECTS OF MODERN OXFORD

IV

WHEN the late Mr. Bright asserted that the tone of Oxford life and thought was 'provincial with a difference,' great indignation was aroused in the breasts of all Oxford men—residents, at least; whether it was the provincialism or the 'difference' wherein lay the sting of the taunt. Probably it was the first. For, although it is a tenable hypothesis that *Kleinstädteigheit* has really been a potent factor in the production of much that is

best in art and literature, still nobody likes to be called provincial by those whose business is in the metropolis. Caesar said that he would rather be a great man at Gabii, or whatever was the Little Pedlington of Italy, than an ordinary person at Rome; but the modern Little Pedlingtonian would seldom confess to so grovelling an ambition, whatever might be his real feelings. He would much sooner be one of the crowd in London than mayor of his native city: so at least he says. And so he is very angry if you call him provincial, and venture to insinuate that his views of life are limited by the jurisdiction of his Local Board or City Council; and thus the University of Oxford refused for a long time to forgive John Bright, and did not quite forget his strictures even when it gave him an honorary degree and called him '*patriae et libertatis amantissimus*.' And yet the authorities had done what they could to keep the University provincial. It was only after many and deep searchings of heart that the Hebdomadal Council consented to countenance the advent of the Great Western

Railway; while the ten miles which separate Oxford from Steventon preserved undergraduates from the contaminating contact of the metropolis there was still hope, but many venerable Tories held that University discipline was past praying for when a three-hours' run would bring you into the heart of the dissipation of London. Some there were who could not even imagine that so terrible a change had really taken place; it is said that

Dr. Routh, the President of Magdalen, who attained the respectable age of ninety-nine in the year 1855 (he was elected towards the close of the last century as a *warming-pan*, being then of a delicate constitution and not supposed likely to live!), persistently ignored the development of railways altogether; when undergraduates came up late at the beginning of the winter term, he would excuse them on the ground of the badness of the roads.

We have changed all that, like other provincial centres; and undergraduates who want to 'see their dentist'—a venerable and time-honoured plea which we have heard expressed by the delicate-minded as 'the necessity for keeping a dental engagement'—may now run up to town and back between lunch and 'hall;' the latter function having also marched with the times, and even six-o'clock dinner being now almost a thing of the past. Not so long ago five was the regular hour. In the early seventies seven-o'clock dinner was regarded as a doubtful innovation; and there we have stopped for the present. But the fashionable world outside the colleges imitates London customs—always keeping a little way behind the age—and what has been called the 'Parks System' actually dines as late as 7.45 when it is determined to be *très chic*. It is only one sign of the influx of metropolitan ideas; but there are many others. Oxford tradesmen have learnt by bitter experience that the modern undergraduate is not an exclusive preserve for them like his father. That respected county magnate, when he was at Oriel, bought his coats from an Oxford tailor



GOLF AT OXFORD. THE PLATEAU HOLE AND ARNOLD'S TREE.
DRAWN BY LANCELOT SPEED.

and his wine from an Oxford wine-merchant, to whom—being an honest man—he paid about half as much again as he would have paid anywhere in London, thereby recouping the men of coats or of wines for the many bad debts made by dealing with the transitory and impecunious undergraduate. But his son gets his clothes in London, and his wine from the college, which deals directly with Bordeaux. And the tone and subject of conversation is changed too. Oxford is thoroughly up to date, and knows all about the latest play at the Criterion and the latest scandal in the inner circle of London society—or thinks it does, at any rate: there is no one who knows so much about London as the man who does not live there.

But if Oxford goes to London, so does London come to Oxford. Whether it be fitting or not that the site of a theoretically learned University should be in summer a sort of people's park or recreation-ground for the jaded Londoner, the fact is so: the classes and



LAWN TENNIS AT OXFORD. DRAWN BY LANCELOT SPEED.

the masses are always with us in one form or another. It has become a common and laudable practice for East-end clergymen and the staff of Toynbee Hall and the Oxford House to bring down their flocks on Whit-Monday or other appropriate occasions; and one may constantly see high academic dignitaries piloting an unwieldy train of excursionists, and trying to compress University history into a small compass, or to explain the nature of a college (of all phenomena most unexplainable to the lay mind) to an audience which has never seen any other place of education than a Board school. As for the classes, they have raised the Eights and 'Commem.' to the rank of regular engagements in a London season, and they go through both with that unflinching heroism which the English public invariably display in the performance of a social duty: they shiver in summer frocks on the barges, despite the hail and snowstorms of what is ironically described as the 'Summer' term; and after a hard day's sightseeing they enjoy a well-earned repose by going to Commemoration balls, where you really do dance, not for a perfunctory two hours or so, but from 8.30 to 6.30 a.m. In spite of these hardships it is gratifying to observe that, whether or not the University succeeds in its educational mission, it appears to leave nothing to be desired as a place of amusement for the jaded pleasure-seeker. People who go to sleep at a farce have been known to smile at the (to a resident) dulllest and least impressive University function. Ladies appear to take an especial delight in penetrating the mysteries of College life. Perhaps the female

mind is piqued by a subdued flavour of impropriety, dating from a period when colleges were not what they are; or more probably they find it gratifying to the self-respect of a superior sex to observe and to pity the notoriously ineffectual attempts of mere bachelors to render existence bearable. So much for the term; and when the vacation begins Oxford is generally inundated by a swarm of heterogeneous tourists—Americans, who come here on their way between Paris and Stratford-on-Avon; Germans, distinguished by a white umbrella and a red ‘Baedeker,’ trying to realise that here, too, is a University, despite the absence of students with slashed noses and the altogether different quality of the beer. Then with August come the Extension students; the more frivolous to picnic at Nuneham and Islip, the seriously-minded to attend lectures which compress all knowledge into a fortnight’s course, and to speculate on the future when they—the real University, as they say—will



WAITING FOR THE COX. DRAWN BY LANCELOT SPEED.

succeed to the inheritance of an unenlightened generation which is wasting its great opportunities.

At Commemoration a general sense of lobster salad pervades the atmosphere, and the natural beauties of colleges are concealed or enhanced by a profusion of planking and red cloth; the architectural merit of a hall is as nothing compared to the elasticity of its floor. The Eights, again, provide attractions of their own, not especially academic. The truly judicious sightseer will avoid both of these festive seasons, and will choose some time when there is less to interfere with his own proper pursuit—the week after the Eights, perhaps, or the beginning of the October term, when the red Virginia creeper makes a pleasing contrast with the grey collegiate walls. Nor will he, if he is wise, allow himself to be ‘rushed’ through the various objects of interest: there are, it is believed, local guides who profess to show the whole of Oxford in two hours; but rumour asserts that the feat is accomplished by making the several quadrangles of one college do duty for a corresponding number of separate establishments, so that the credulous visitor leaves Christ Church with the impression that he has seen not only ‘The House,’ but also several other foundations, all curiously enough communicating with each other. And in any case, after a mere scamper through the colleges, nothing remains in the mind but a vague and inaccurate reminiscence, combining in one the characteristics of all; the jaded sightseer goes back to London with a fortunately soon-to-be-forgotten idea that Keble was founded by Alfred the Great, and that

Tom Quad is a nickname for the Vice-Chancellor. Samuel Pepys seems to have been to a certain extent the prototype of this kind of curiosity or antiquity hunter, and paid a 'shilling to a boy that showed me the Colleges before dinner.' (Curiously enough, 'after dinner' the honorarium to 'one that showed us the schools and library' was 10s.!)

He who is responsible for the proper conduct of a gang of relations or friends will not treat them in this way. He will endeavour, so far as possible, to confine them within the limits of his own college; where he is on his native heath, and, if he is not an antiquarian, can at least animate the venerable buildings with details of contemporary history. He will point out his Dons (like the great French nation, 'objects of hatred or admiration, but never of indifference') with such derision or reverence as they may deserve, and affix to them ancient anecdotes whereby their personality may be remembered. He will show to an admiring circle the statue which was painted green, the pinnacle climbed by a friend in the confidence of inebriation, and the marks of the bonfire which the Dean did not succeed in putting out. Even the most ignorant and frivolous-minded person can make his own college interesting.



BOWLS IN A COLLEGE GARDEN. DRAWN BY LANCELOT SPEED.

When he has succeeded in impressing upon his friends the true character of a college as a place of religion and sound learning, he may be permitted to show them such external objects as form a part of every one's education, and which no one (for the very shame of confessing it) can pretermit unseen, such as the gardens of New College or St. John's, the 'Nose' of B.N.C., the Burne-Jones tapestry at Exeter, or the picture of Mr. Gladstone in the hall of Christ Church. Those who absolutely insist on

a more comprehensive view of the University and City may be allowed to make the ascent of some convenient point of view—Magdalen Tower, for instance; it is a stiff climb, but the view from the top will repay your exertions. This is where, as since the appearance of Mr. Holman Hunt's picture everybody is probably aware, the choir of the college annually salute the rising sun from the top of the tower by singing a Latin hymn on May morning—while the youth of the city, for reasons certainly not known to themselves, make morning hideous with blowing of unmelodious horns in the street below. At all times—even at sunrise on a rainy May morning—it is a noble prospect. The unlovely red-brick suburbs of the north are hidden from sight by the intervening towers and pinnacles of the real Oxford; immediately below the High Street winds westwards, flanked by colleges and churches, of which the prevailing grey is relieved by the green trees of those many gardens and unexplored nooks of verdure with which Oxford abounds; to the south there are glimpses of the river flowing towards the dim grey line of the distant Berkshire downs. To the historically-minded the outlook may suggest many a picture of bygone times—scenes of brawling in the noisy High Street, when the old battle of Town and Gown was fought with cold steel, and blood flowed

freely on both sides—in the days when the maltreated townsman appealing to the Proctor could get no satisfaction but a ‘thrust at him with his poleaxe!’ Down the street which lies below passed Queen Elizabeth—‘Virgo Pia Docta Felix’—after being royally entertained with sumptuous pageants and the play of ‘Palamon and Arcyte’ in the Christ Church hall. Over the Cherwell, in the troublous times of the Civil Wars, rode the Royalist horse to beat up the Parliamentary quarters below the Chiltern hills and among the woods of the Buckinghamshire border—enterprising undergraduates perhaps taking an *exeat* to accompany them. Here it was that certain scholars of Magdalen, having a quarrel with Lord Norreys by reason of deer-stealing, ‘went up privately to the top of their tower, and waiting till he should pass by towards Ricot’ (Rycote) ‘sent down a shower of stones upon him and his retinew, wounding some and endangering others of their lives’—and worse might have happened had not the ‘retinew’ taken the precaution, foreseeing the assault, to put boards or tables on their heads. At a later day Pope entered Oxford by this road, and there is a pretty description of the scene in one of his letters—it will no doubt appeal to the nineteenth-century visitor who departs through slums to the architecturally unimpressive station of the Great Western. ‘The shades of the evening overtook me. The moon rose in the clearest sky I ever saw, by whose solemn light I paced on slowly, without company, or any interruption to the range of my own thoughts. About a mile before I reached Oxford all the bells tolled in different notes, the clocks of every college answered one another, and sounded forth (some in a deeper, some in a softer tone) that it was eleven at night. All this was no ill preparation to the life I have led since among those old walls, venerable galleries, stone porticos, studious walks, and solitary scenes of the University.’ Jerry-built rows of jodging-houses rather militate against the romance of the Iffley Road as we know it now.

But, after all, the majority of sightseers are not given to historical reflections. What most people want is something that ‘palpitates with actuality;’ they want to see the machine working. They are temporarily happy if they can see a Proctor in his robes of office, and rise to the enthusiasm of ‘never having had such a delightful day’ if the Proctor happens to ‘proctorise’ an undergraduate within the ken of their vision. ‘It was all so *delightful* and mediaeval, and all that kind of thing, don’t you know? Poor young man—simply for not wearing one of those horrid caps and gowns! I call it a shame.’ This is the reason why a Degree Day is so wonderfully popular a ceremony. There is a sense of attractive mystery about it all—the Vice-Chancellor throned in the Theatre or Convocation House, discoursing in unintelligible scraps of Latin like the refrain of a song, and the Proctors doing their quarter-deck walk—although the dignity of the function be rather marred by the undergraduates who jostle and giggle in the background, forgetting that they are assisting at a ceremony which is, after all, one of the University’s reasons of existence. It is the same kind of curiosity which causes the lecturer to become suddenly conscious that he is being watched with intense interest—an interest to which he is altogether unaccustomed—by ‘only a face at the window’ of his lecture-room, to his own confusion and the undisguised amusement of his audience.

Such are sightseers: yet every man to his taste. When Samuel Pepys came over from Abingdon to see the sights of the University town, it is gratifying and rather surprising to learn that what most impressed him was the small price paid for creature comforts: ‘Oxford mighty fine place,’ such is the diarist’s reflection, ‘and *cheap entertainment*.’

A. D. GODLEY.



STENDHAL AS AN ART CRITIC

THE strange Frenchman who wrote in superb disdain for 'the happy few,' and whose love for Italy and things Italian led him to leave directions that, on his tombstone at Montmartre, his name should be Italianised and his birthplace transferred from Grenoble to Milan, prophesied that his name would be known towards 1880. His select audience not only have not failed him, but have gradually spread and imposed the fame of the author of 'La Chartreuse de Parme' and 'Le Rouge et le Noir.' Still, in the main, his prevision was accurate, and it was not until some few years ago that this 'Nature,' as Goethe would have styled him, this Original, eccentric to an almost English degree in French eyes, was ranked by common report among the great men of letters. But, though many sides of this complex character have given occasion to ample criticism, little or nothing has been written on his criticism of art. And yet the strong individuality which links together the seemingly incongruous elements of his temperament renders it possible to detach and concentrate from among the multitudinous pages of his formless improvised *causeries* the chief principles of this criticism. For the 'Beylisme' of Henri Beyle (Stendhal) impregnates his slightest spasmodic note; the man is the same whatever his subject may be. The author of the 'Rome, Naples, and Florence,' the 'Promenades in Rome,' and the 'History of Painting in Italy,' is most evidently the restless, brilliant soldier who served under Napoleon; the epicurean and utilitarian, the wholly unspiritual disciple of Montesquieu, Condillac, and Tracy; the devotee of the English Constitution and the 'Edinburgh Review;' the apologist of Shakespeare and precursor of Romanticism; the lover of Italian salons and operas. To let him deliver himself as far as possible in his own epigrammatic, careless way, is to allow him to reveal himself completely; and in this self-revelation, this analytical portent, whom Prosper Mérimée saluted as sole master, whom Balzac and Taine appreciated, and Sainte-Beuve disliked, will sufficiently judge himself.

Believing as he did that physical imply moral differences, and that moral differences necessarily engender dislike or even hatred, Stendhal expressly disclaims any intention or hope to convert. He seeks no proselytes; he has 'dared to think for himself,' and urges others to do the same. 'Preference, disengaged from all accessory judgment and reduced to pure sensation, is beyond attack.' For example, at the end of a comparison between Canova's *Paris* and Michelangelo's *Moses* he refuses to declare his opinion, 'which is probably only the expression of the temperament which I owe to chance.' 'In the sphere of the pleasurable, we can only estimate that which pleases us personally,' is the heading of one of his chapters, in which he points out that 'in the immense variety which nature offers to the regards of man, the artist only remarks in the long run the aspects which are analogous to his manner of seeking happiness.' It is only the mediocre who are tolerant; 'in other men we can only estimate ourselves: happy conclusion which prevents me from being tormented by so many contradictory judgments which great men deliver one against another!' As those pictures are the best which immediately suggest to the spectator the profoundest questions on human nature, so good books on art are those which, 'throwing light on the depths of the human heart, place within one's reach and comprehension beauties which one's soul is constituted to feel.' For painters and sculptors he has no advice to offer; if they follow anything but their own instincts, if they copy, oblivion or contempt is their lot; they are happiest when ignorant of the theories and recipes for creation 'so agreeable to *dilettanti* and so importunate to artists.' As for admirers, all that he requires—and it is much—is to 'dare to feel for themselves,' is the possession of a 'soul' and the capacity to read clearly in that soul, and an utter absence of

French 'vanity' in presence of the antique. They must be no 'nigauds à goût appris,' cold and incapable of acts of 'sweet folly' induced by profound and passionate reverie. As the Creator must have experienced all the sensations He would inspire, must have known unhappiness, so, in the admirer, the sentiment of art can only be formed by the habitude of a somewhat melancholy reverie—one must have loved and been unhappy.

So personal, indeed, is the judgment of Stendhal that he has no hesitation in confessing that he had begun the study of art purely from *ennui*, and continued it because he found that it 'shed a balm on certain cruel chagrins of his' (*lege*, love disappointments). 'The souls most constituted for tender and sublime happiness are precisely those from which happiness seems most uniformly to flee.' Art, however, is a solace, for its masterpieces plunge the soul into reverie, into dreams of a happiness not to be realised in the world of fact. 'If I hope to be read, it is by some tender soul;' that is to say, by one who needs consolation for kindred griefs. And, at the bottom, Stendhal's love of beauty in art was only a transformed manner of love-making; the painted Madonnas served to console when the living beauties of the salons he frequented proved unkind. Beauty, to him, was 'the promise of happiness;' in thought, he 'entered into conversation with some charming Virgin of Raphael,' in thought endeavoured to 'please' her, in thought enjoyed 'those qualities in her soul' which rendered her amiable in his opinion. He muses and wonders 'if this fair has for me so many charms in its profound seriousness, what would it be if she deigned to smile?' We feel almost inclined to say that the whole of Stendhal is there.

But, beyond this, Stendhal, the creator of Julien Sorel and translator of mediaeval Italian tales of terror and energy, was devoted, like Balzac and Taine, to energy however manifested, to force even in excess. This energy, for the display of which—except, perhaps, under Napoleon—he saw no opportunity in modern times, he found expressed supremely by Michelangelo. But, if we would feel Michelangelo, a previous initiation to Cabanis' doctrine of the temperaments and to his own doctrine of the '*beau-idéal antique*' is necessary. Now, Michelangelo was *bilieux*, and portrayed bilious beings for a bilious nation. He worked also in the service of religion, but that religion differed greatly from the religion of the Greeks, which was 'a feast and not a menace.' The happy climate of the Greeks inspired love only; religion, far from restraining, encouraged it; the example of the gods invited mortals to 'sweet voluptuousness.' The Greeks established Isthmian games, and awarded prizes to beauty. The gods created by sculptors in accordance with the priestly theology were idealised men: serenely free from passion, for the expression of passion would mar the marks of divinity; effortless, for to extreme force effort is meaningless; profoundly serious, breathing justice and goodness. But, for Michelangelo, all this was changed. The sculptors of Greece did not care to produce anything terrible, for 'they had enough real miseries;' but the idea of goodness Stendhal considers, never entered the head of Michelangelo. 'The only idea which Divinity can inspire in feeble mortals is terror, and Michelangelo seemed born to inspire this dismay in men's souls by marble and colour.' Never was a people more fitted for art than the Italians of the latter half of the fifteenth and beginning of the sixteenth century. Comparative repose, great riches, all-powerful passions had prepared the way, and painting flourished in the midst of battles and revolutions. 'Passion might abandon itself freely to the highest exaltation;' love and religion were the bases of an impassioned civilisation. But this religion? Stendhal can see nothing in it but '*la peur de l'enfer*.' 'Religion at that time hardly produced any other effect on the educated classes than that of giving a passion to old men; it cured them of *ennui* and of the disgust of all things by the "*peur de l'enfer*."' 'This extreme fear, united to the recollections of love which had been the passion of their youth, has created all the masterpieces we see in the churches.' 'In tender souls, indeed, the fear of the judgment of God was manifested by the love of the Madonna;' but Michelangelo had seen the death of his friend Savonarola, and, all his life, 'his soul, strong rather than tender, remained impressed

by terror.' And Stendhal never ceases plying his malice at the religion in which he saw no more than this: 'As soon as ever, in our admiration of the sublime pictures placed in the churches, the least religious idea enters in our head, our tears are dried for ever.' Luckily, the subject of a painting matters about as little as the libretto of an opera, and *chiaroscuro* and colour, at least, are safe from the taint; but 'happy would have been those great painters if they had only read a little less of the Bible and a little more of Ariosto and Tasso.' Truly it was the height of the ridiculous to call in painting, 'a frivolous art,' to act as proof of a religious system. 'This great century,' he laments, 'the only one which possessed at the same time intelligence and energy, lacked the science of ideas;' and he almost comically sighs, 'To what heights would Michelangelo have attained in the art of dismaying the vulgar, and giving to great souls the sentiment of the sublime, if he had only read thirty pages of Tracy's "Logic!"' But enough of this narrow Voltairean contempt of the Old Testament, which, however, explains also the almost passionate hatred of Gothic architecture which Stendhal expressed, and especially in the 'Memoirs of a Tourist' (in France), and his Goethe-like love of Grecian columns and simplicity. Still, he allows that, given the climate and the religion of the North, the awe-inspiring, gloomy, hazardous Gothic was best adapted to convey the lesson—of fear—desired, and that St. Peter's was a mistake, for its beauty is of a mundane order, exactly suited for the elegant court of a clever Pope like Leo X., but nowise in harmony, as the Gothic cathedrals are, with a 'terrible religion.' Nevertheless, even the change in a building from the ogive to the round arch is enough to fill Stendhal with joy; nay, so enchanting is even a single Greek column that its presence suffices to dispel all the *ennui* which is necessarily caused, according to him, by a real or painted landscape devoid of human interest!

GARNET SMITH.

(To be continued.)



AUGUST 1.—The sixteen pictures given to the Guildhall Gallery by Sir John Gilbert are a very representative collection, although they all belong to what will some day be called his latest manner. But few painters have changed so little as Sir John in the course of a long career. The fact is that the born mannerist never changes much. His art comes from within, and is not greatly modified either by observation or by the studio fashions of the day. And with all his fine points, Sir John is a mannerist. His manner is, of course, a large—we might say, a grand—manner, like that of Rubens, but, nevertheless, it has the monotony, the subjectivity, the general *parti pris*, which mark off the mannerist from, say, the realist or the impressionist. Decorative vigour of design, agreeable colour, and a general full-bloodedness are its strong points, and of these the pictures in the City are full. To our mind, the finest of the whole sixteen is the *Sir Lancelot du Lake*, although it is closely run by *Fair St. George*, the *Battle of the Standard*, and the army ready to attack with a thunderstorm going on above it. Sir John Gilbert is one of those comparatively few painters who gain by being seen in bulk. In spite of their monotony, his pictures improve by being hung together, and the room in which they have been arranged at the Guildhall makes a fine collective effect.

It has not, however, been entirely given over to his work. A few things which have belonged to the gallery for some time hang there, including Mr. Collier's melodramatic *Clytemnestra*, Sir Joshua's fine head of Tomkins the writing master, and the picture just presented by Mr. Humphrey Roberts, Millais' Greenwich pensioners at the tomb of Nelson. This cannot be included among Sir John Millais' chief successes, either as a pictorial conception or as a piece of workmanship. But it tells a legitimate story in a very simple and direct way; any one can understand it, and it will do something to keep alive a sentiment which the *decadent* notions of the time tend to starve out of existence.

'FREDDY' WALKER'S *Harbour of Refuge* has been hung, temporarily, in the Turner Room at the National Gallery. It is the gift, as every one knows by this time, of Mr. William Agnew. Painted in 1870-72, it was exhibited at the Royal Academy in the latter year, when it hung next to the portrait group which Sir John Millais called *Hearts are Trumps*. The first idea for the picture came to Walker as he sat in a little Surrey church, in a pew which raked the seat on which the oldest men in the village dozed through the service. His notion was a bench with a number of worn-out old fellows taking their rest in such attitudes as cramps and rheumatics would allow. The scene was to be a garden. This he studied from the enclosure in Soho Square, with its now vanished statue. In various sketches the bench, with its senile heroes, became ever less and less, and its setting ever more and more, important. Finally, Walker was so struck by the courtyard of the Jesus Hospital at Bray, that he determined to put it in as a background, and so, at last, what was meant to be a 'figure-piece' turned into a sort of *paysage étouffé*. Walker's fame has probably passed its meridian. The influence of French ideas is too strong for him at the moment, and it is doubtful whether he will ever reconquer the place he held but a few years ago. His hot colour, loose design, and uncertain handling, suffer by juxtaposition with the cool greys, the simplicity in complexity, and the straightaway handling of the young men who seem to have the ball at their feet for the present. From the sentimental standpoint, however, the *Harbour of Refuge* will hold its own with anything in all the national collections. Not even Millais' *Vale of Rest*, when it appears in the projected Tate Gallery, will be looked for more eagerly by the people who make our picture shows the best attended in the world.

THE Ruysdael bought at the Bingham Mildmay sale has been hung on one of the many screens which impede the view in the great Flemish Gallery. So far as subject, or rather pictorial conception, goes, it is one of the very finest of the master's works. Some anonymous critic, 'one of our best landscape-painters,' has been making an exhibition of himself by declaring that Ruysdael was no artist, and that all his pictures put together are worth less than the

price paid for this one. It is only another instance of the incapacity so often shown by painters to appreciate any form of art which differs essentially from their own. The truth is, of course, that Ruysdael was a very great artist, but that he was deficient from the *scientific*—the *observative*, if we may say so—point of view. He, no doubt, modified natural facts into a formula before he used them for art—but afterwards? Where will you find such coherence of expression, such dignity and solemnity of accent, such complete disregard for the trivial and the irrelevant, such unerring address in alighting upon the effectual—such internal peace, in short, between all the parts of a work of art, as you find in a good Ruysdael—in the *Haarlem from the Dunes* at the Hague, or in the *Buisson* of the Louvre, or in the airy, smiling landscape which Sir Frederic Burton has just added to our national collection? But this is scarcely the place, nor is it the time, to begin a defence of Ruysdael. His legacy to the world is one of those which have stood the test of time, and no individualistic attempt to belittle his genius will do much harm.

ANOTHER new picture of some interest is a rural landscape by George Willcock, a forgotten English painter, who was born about 1812 and died some forty odd years ago. It represents a country lane with cottages and many trees, and in style resembles, to some extent, the work of George Vincent. In spite of a touch of falsity in the colour—it is a little lurid—it is a good picture, and helps once more to prove what an excellent school we had—*pace* Mr. Horsley—outside the Royal Academy in the first half of the present century. A fourth acquisition is George Mason's *The Cast Shoe*. Small and not 'important,' it is a capital example of the grace of conception and fine sense of *enveloppe* which were, perhaps, Mason's best titles to distinction.

THE Shaftesbury fountain, whose woes seem now in a fair way to be remedied, embodies a freshening change in the pattern of such things for London. And yet it is not perfect. No one with a sense of artistic congruity can look at it without seeing that the substructure and the crowning figure have none but an accidental relation to each other. Nothing in the design of the lower part prepares us for the irresponsible Eros on the top; nothing in his contour, action, or general treatment, is developed from what has gone before. The two things are distinct, while perfect taste would have made them interdependent. Again, the design of the substructure itself, though fine on the whole, is hurt by the unreasonable solidity and weight of its upper part. Had the sort of octagonal pulpit, which forms the second story as it were, been less square and shadeless, had it been deeper cut, fuller of shadow, and, as a whole, less suggestive of weight, the design would have been improved. Lastly, the wall at the foot of the steps is too near the fountain. Unless it can be moved outwards it would be better away altogether. An objection of a different kind is to the very stingy supply of water. The curves made by the jets have evidently been determined by the sculptor. They follow out and enrich his line in a very happy manner, or rather they would do so but for a tenuity which makes them invisible at more than a few feet off.

MR. ALFRED PARSONS has been to Japan, and the Fine Art Society is showing a series of 102 studies of landscapes, flowers, &c., he made there. They are very good indeed in their way. Nature has not endowed Mr. Parsons with a 'personality'—using the word in its purely artistic sense. His work is always intelligent, dexterous, and truthful; but it lacks the humanity you find in the art of one who uses the facts of the external world for their right purpose—again speaking artistically—of expressing his own emotions and ideas. Mr. Parsons is essentially a descriptive artist. It is through their relation to fact that his works make their appeal. After looking at all these pictures we feel that we have learnt something of Japan, but we know as little as we did before about the creative powers of the man who made them. The best, perhaps, are one or two views of Fujisan, as they now call our old friend Fusi-yama, and some of the simpler scenes in the fields—which might, however, just as well have been done in Hampshire. Why does not somebody

paint the people, the manners and customs of Japan? Those who sit at home at ease have ideas of Japanese life which they get out of books—ideas which often give a considerable appetite for 'more.' But the painter, who travels to the other side of the world to profit by their curiosity, confines himself too often to those aspects of the country which differ least from Western Europe. In most of Mr. Parsons' drawings there is little to tell any one but a botanist that his work was not done in Normandy.

THE most interesting sale of the present season has been that of the prints and drawings from Dorchester House, collected by the late Mr. Holford. 'Collected,' we have said, and yet it is scarcely the *juste mot*. For Mr. Holford bought them practically in one transaction from the Messrs. Woodburn, who had acquired them from Lord Aylesford in the same way. The sale brought together purchasers from every part of the world into which the taste for collecting has made its way. The strength of the collection lay in the Rembrandt etchings, in its engravings by Dürer, Schöngauer, and other rare early Germans, and in its small but remarkably well-selected series of drawings. The Rembrandts were not so numerous as those of the Buccleuch collection, but they numbered many first states among them, and fetched correspondingly high prices. The first state of the 'Hundred Guilder Print,' one of eight known, brought 1750*l*. The first state of *Rembrandt leaning on a Sabre*, 2000*l*.; the first state of *Christ before Pilate*, 1250*l*.; the *Coppenol*, 1350*l*.; and the first state of *Ephraim Bonus with the Black Ring*, 1950*l*., making 8300*l*. for the five prints. Other gems were an *Omeval*, which brought 320*l*.; the *Three Cottages*, which brought 275*l*.; the *Landscape with a Flock of Sheep*, which was knocked down for 245*l*.; and the *John Cornelius Sylvius*, which brought 450*l*. The total for the 144 subjects was 18,772*l*. The miscellaneous prints, sold on the first day, brought a total sum of 4577*l*., the chief items being Marcantonio's *Massacre of the Innocents*, 190*l*.; Dürer's *Adam and Eve*, 100*l*.; his *Holy Family* (etching), 110*l*.; his *St. Hubert*, 150*l*.; his *Knight and Death*, 145*l*.; Lucas van Leyden's *Dance of the Magdalen*, 88*l*.; and Israel van Meckenens' *Judith*, 78*l*. The third day began with the sale of the remaining prints, the most expensive lot being the *St. George of Zwoll*, the master of the *Navette*, which brought 265*l*. Then came the drawings: a study of three children, by Correggio, was bought for 82*l*. by the Berlin dealer, Herr Meder. A drawing in silver point of two men's heads, by Dürer, on a sheet from his sketch-book, was the subject of a spirited contest between Mr. Salting and the agent of the Berlin Museum, who at last acquired it at the price of 635*l*. A good Claude was secured by the same bidder at the price of 96*l*. A famous Mantegna, the drawing of a chalice, engraved by Hollar, went to the British Museum after a sharp battle between Mr. Colvin's agent and Mr. George Salting, while the last-named collector secured a superb drawing by Paul Potter at the price of 270*l*. Mr. Salting also bought a fine drawing by Adrian Ostade, a study for a well-known picture at the Hague, for 225*l*. *Elizabeth Brandt*, bought by Mr. Desprez for 65*l*., was an unusually fine head by Rubens, and a moonlight on blue paper, a most satisfactory piece of work by Aart van der Neer, went to Berlin at the price of 86*l*. The dispersal of the Holford treasures leaves England without any great private collection of prints by the old masters.

THE *objets d'art* bought by Mr. George Salting at the Spitzer sale are now to be seen in the South Court of the Kensington Museum. They fill some eight cases, and as they cost some 35,000*l*., they represent about one-tenth of the total value of the late *Musée* in the Rue Villejust. Mr. Salting, in making his purchases, was guided by a rule which we should like to see followed more than it is by the South Kensington authorities themselves. He bid for nothing that was not of the finest quality, with the result that, although his own particular harvest is not very showy, nor, to the ignorant, very striking in the impression it makes, it will afford never-ceasing delight to the real connoisseur. One of the most important things is a splendid equestrian statuette, in bronze, ascribed to Riccio. This is the most conspicuous object in a case which also holds splendid specimens of *cuir bouilli*, as

well as several superb examples of the Limousin enamellers. Among these latter we may name the *tazza* and the *Crucifixion* of the younger Pénicaud. An enamelled jewel, a *St. James destroying the Moors*, is one of the finest of the smaller objects. A cup in 'faïence de St. Porchaire,' *alias* 'faïence d'Oiron,' *alias* 'Henri II. ware,' is fine for what it is, but much more welcome are the pieces of Italian majolica, which include specimens of all the rarer *fabriques*, Faenza, Forli, Gubbio, and Caffagiolo, as well as a few of the more familiar Urbino class. A Caffagiolo plate with the return of Judith from the camp of Holofernes—it brought 52,000 francs at the sale—and a plate decorated in scroll-work—it cost 48,000 francs—are the two gems in this section. Almost as fine, however, are two dishes with *Lucretia* and *Cleopatra*—after Marcantonio—upon them respectively, and a lusted dish from Gubbio, dated 1518. Some specimens of Palissy are equally fine in their very different way. The ivories, especially a Crozier in its original leather case, are monumental, and so is the wonderful cabinet inlaid with plaques of steel inlaid with gold, which the Museum authorities have placed with its back to the prevailing light, and with its face so near the wall that even when the sun gets round, it cannot be properly seen.

In a case ranging with those filled by Mr. Salting, a selection of illuminated manuscripts from the library of Lord Crawford and Balcarres has been placed on view.

IN the temporary shed erected in the inner court of the Museum, the works premiated in this year's National Art Competition are now to be seen. Owing, perhaps, in some degree, to the better conditions in which they can now be examined, they seem to rise above the usual standard. The time drawings from the life, the modelling from the life, the 'views of buildings,' the studies of drapery, and the 'exercises'—as a series of works in different classes made under supervision in a very limited time, are called—all seem to promise very well for the future. The worst section, as usual, is that devoted to architecture, so far, at least, as creative power is concerned. We noticed, too, that a bronze medal had been awarded to an 'art gallery,' which is nothing more than a very slightly modified reproduction of a design sent in some two years ago for the competition at Glasgow.

THE fine collection of drawings brought together by the late Mr. John Malcolm, of Poltalloch, has been deposited in the Print Room at the British Museum as a loan. The period over which the loan is to extend is uncertain, but we may at least be allowed to hope that, like the Portland vase—which is not, as most people fancy, the property of the nation—they may remain where they are until we forget that they are only borrowed. It is in contemplation to arrange a large number of the best examples in the gallery now occupied by a representative collection of drawings of all schools and periods. The last addition to Mr. Malcolm's collection is not included in the loan. We allude to the fine Mantegna, *Judith with the Head of Holofernes*, which was bought at the Louis Wingfield sale last year. That however, was not a drawing, but a painting in *grisaille*. It is a pity that the National Gallery is not in a position to buy it, for it forms a companion to the superb *Samson and Delilah*, already in Trafalgar Square. The latter was acquired at the first Marlborough sale, some eight or nine years ago. So far as design goes, two finer examples of Mantegna than these do not exist.

THE monuments—in the French sense—of London have received a notable addition in the completion of Mr. Belcher's new building for the 'Institute of Chartered Accountants' at the back of Moorgate Street. Palladio *plus* Inigo Jones supply what we may call, for want of a better term, the tradition on which it is founded; but the taste, invention, and discretion of Mr. Belcher make it what it is, so far, at least, as its beauty does not depend upon the finely modelled reliefs by Mr. Hamo Thornycroft which enrich the *façade*. The one thing to regret is the site. A very small number of Londoners will ever find their way into the retired court in which it stands.



RUSTIC CHILDREN

ETCHED BY P. A. MASSÉ, FROM THE PICTURE BY GAINSBOROUGH IN THE NATIONAL GALLERY

THIS is one of the smallest, and yet one of the most characteristic, examples of Gainsborough's rustic genre—a style which won for him in his own day almost as much glory as his portraits or his landscapes pure and simple, and which struck his own generation, more especially, as a wonder of poetic realism in comparison with the artificial *bergeries* of France, and as more near to the unsophisticated truth even than the engaging grace of Sir Joshua Reynolds's studies of children. The little picture (1 ft. 6 ins. by 1 ft. 2½ ins.) came into the national collection as far back as 1847, being one of the hundred and fifty-seven pictures which made up the munificent Vernon bequest. The chief motive is a young cottage girl picturesquely dishevelled, carrying a child in her arms, while by her side, in the foreground, is seated a boy with a bundle of faggots. The figures are enframed in a broadly painted afternoon or evening landscape; not one of those scenes, however, the sombre glow of which comes from a dying sunset—an illumination which the master so frequently selects for his landscapes and for his mingled landscape and genre studies of this type, while in his portraits he as a rule eschews it, in favour of a tempered and evenly diffused daylight, contrasting with the sunset tints often affected by Sir Joshua. The little rustic group is admirably put together, and with such seeming spontaneity that the art is concealed. The easy, sprightly touch is Gainsborough's very own, and gives the impression of accomplished skill and mastery of handling masquerading under the guise of slightness. But his, also, is that undue effacement and neglect of the human form, concealed by instead of serving to accentuate the garments, which, varying in degree, is the characteristic sin of English eighteenth-century art. To us, the beholders and admirers of the picture to-day, the impression given is certainly not one of true, unsophisticated rusticity, derived from a close and loving study of the types reproduced. The chief charm—one which is, indeed, common to all the master's best work—is that febrile vivacity, that suggestion in repose of unquenchable vitality, that flutter of spirits as of garments, which distinguishes Gainsborough from all his fellows, even from Reynolds. The tangled locks, the picturesquely disposed rags, the bright eyes and cheeks, of a hectic rather than a healthy red, stamp this rusticity *à l'usage des riches* with the impress of the painter's art, irresistibly fascinating, even when it fails, as in work of this class, absolutely to convince. That such was not the view of admiring contemporaries, as, indeed, it is probably not the view of the majority to-day, may be conclusively gathered from Sir Joshua's panegyric on this particular phase of Gainsborough's style. It forms part of the Fourteenth Discourse to the students of the Royal Academy, which was entirely devoted to a lucid and fair, if not exactly a

passionately appreciative, exposition of the art of that great rival who had but then, on his death-bed, held forth to him the hand of reconciliation.

‘In his fancy pictures’ (says the President), ‘when he had fixed on his object of imitation, whether it was the mean and vulgar form of a wood-cutter, or a child of an interesting character, as he did not attempt to raise the one, so neither did he lose any of the natural grace and elegance of the other—such a grace and such an elegance as are more frequently found in cottages than in courts. This excellence was his own, the result of his particular observation and taste. For this he was certainly not indebted to the Flemish school, nor, indeed, to any school, for his grace was not academical or antique, but selected by himself from the great school of nature, and there are yet a thousand modes of grace which are neither theirs nor his, but lie open in the multiplied scenes and figures of life, to be brought out by skilful and faithful observers.’

Supreme in grace as in sympathy when his task was to portray adults of either sex, Gainsborough appears to us, when he undertook to depict children, to have preserved intact the grace and the vitality, but to have been a little lacking in that sympathy which overflowed in Sir Joshua’s own portrait studies of children, even the most mannered, the most self-conscious of the class. Strange that Gainsborough, the loving, passionate husband, the affectionate father, should have wanted this very quality in art, and that it should have been one of the most precious possessions of the childless bachelor, Sir Joshua! Much as we admire the swiftness and brilliancy of the execution in these rustic pieces, the piquant novelty of these types of semi-rusticity with the unmistakable Gainsborough flavour, should we ever long—as did Horace Walpole of all people, in contemplating one of Reynolds’s rosy-cheeked little women*—to take up one of his children, squeeze it, and smother it with kisses? To appreciate the contrast between the two men in this particular, one need only think of Sir Joshua’s *Crossing the Brook* (Miss Cholmondeley), his *Love as a Linkboy*, his *Lady Cockburn and her Children*, his *Collina*, his *Master Philip Yorke*, his *Simplicity*, or a score of others that could be named.

The *Rustic Children* belongs to a class which includes many more imposing, if hardly more characteristic, examples in the same style. Among these, perhaps, the most popular is the well-known *Cottage Door*, the property of the Duke of Westminster, and by him contributed to the Gainsborough Exhibition held at the Grosvenor Gallery in 1885. Of this there are several repetitions, one being that lent by Mr. Daubuz to the same exhibition, and another the Earl of Normanton’s version, lent to the Royal Academicians in 1882. An example, which, like most of these subjects, might be classed either as landscape or genre, is the much earlier *Harvest Waggon*, which is said to have been painted near Bath, where the painter was living at the time. It was presented by Gainsborough to Wiltshire, the art-loving carrier, who insisted on conveying his canvases gratuitously from Bath to London, whither they were periodically sent for exhibition, first to the Incorporated Society of Artists, and then to the Royal Academy. This piece, which is described at length by the master’s biographer, Fulcher, as *The Return from Harvest*, was, like the foregoing, lent to the Grosvenor Gallery by its owner, Lord Tweedmouth. The National Gallery itself possesses in *The Market Cart* a typical and favourite example of this kind of English pastoral. Others are the *Shepherd Boy in a Shower*, the *Cottage Girl with Dog and Pitcher*, and *Two Shepherd Boys with their Dogs fighting*, in which the dogs are as real and spirited as the boys are mannered and untrue to nature. The *Girl with Pigs* has acquired an additional celebrity as the canvas which generous Sir Joshua fell in love with at the Royal Academy Exhibition of 1782, and purchased, although he was at the time, through no fault of his own, on strained terms with his rival. Having acquired the picture for sixty guineas, he ceded it to a higher bidder, the noted French financier and collector, M. de Calonne, still further enhancing the generosity of his behaviour by making over, it is said, the increased price of one hundred guineas to Gainsborough.

CLAUDE PHILLIPS.

* The portrait of little Lady Caroline Montagu in the snow, known as *Winter*.

ENGLISH EFFIGIES IN WOOD

NOTHING is more interesting and remarkable in the long history of art in England than the rapid and certain development of Romanesque from early rudeness to the singular beauty of the Transition. The continued advance towards the most finished architectural productions that the world has to exhibit, may be seen between the period marked off at its beginning by the west front of Wells, emphasised in the midst of its progress by the Angel Choir of Lincoln—‘in itself one of the loveliest of human works,’ and culminating in productions of the highest order at Westminster.

Not less striking than this great architectural development during two hundred fateful years is the collateral progress of sculpture, both of an architectural and of a monumental kind. Difficult, indeed, to imitate, and well-nigh impossible at the present day to create, sculptures such as the angels in the spandrils at Lincoln are as mystic and abstracted figures, perhaps as far beyond the power of modern sculptors, as we, in our own dreadful day of flippant florid vulgarity, uninspired by the same deep religious feeling, are removed from those brilliant times.

Turning to monuments, we equally find productions of a very high order. The effigies of Wulstan at Worcester, 1096; Longespee at Salisbury, 1227; Caletto at Peterborough, 1262; and De Montfort at Haghenden, 1280—are conspicuous and venerable examples in a long and unequalled collection of national memorials of the dead which have been spared to these days; mutilated, indeed, and time-smitten, but still exhibiting in their perished or dishonoured state the rise, variation, or decline of other arts besides that of sculpture.

Collateral, again, with the works in stone, we have those more enduring ones in bronze; such, for instance, in the best period, as the effigies of Henry III. and Queen Eleanor, productions of which it is impossible to speak too highly, and which, like the sculptures at Wells, Lincoln, and Westminster, we may with just pride claim as the creations of a purely English school.

And while one set of men were turning their attention to architectural sculpture and its noble accessories, the representations of the human form—out of which, indeed, the monumental effigy had its rise in Western art—and schooling both hand and mind with subjects relating to the promises of the Almighty, the incarnation of the Word, the doctrine of the Atonement, the dignity of the Church, the end of the wicked, or the joys of Heaven, other grave artists exercised their talents upon oak, and fashioned out of the more pliant, but more difficult material, infinite Holy Roods and their attendant figures, full-sized statues of saints, and smaller subject-scenes and attributes of altars, resplendent with the noble metals and the arts of the painter, which formed such striking features in churches both small and great. In what profusion these technical productions had accumulated we know, alas! from the story of their destruction: are not these things written in blood and in the records of the iconoclasts? Of their precise nature and splendid decoration, we gather somewhat from the painted and gilded roofs and screens



WILLIAM LONGESPEE, EARL OF SALISBURY. From an etching by C. A. Stothard. (See p. 180.)

of a late period which have survived; of earlier times, the monumental effigies, both of stone and of wood, tell us most, for the artistic treatment was the same in both cases. But while the axes and hammers spared not the architectural sculptures in stone, the destruction on this score has been almost little compared with the demolition of art in wood. Truly enough the image-breakers must have said to themselves, 'They have no knowledge that set up the wood of their graven image,' for they flinched not in their wickedness. Carvings in stone, whether as effigies or as small figures under canopied 'hovels,' could be defaced and so left, crosses and altar-tombs dislocated, 'slighted,' or cast down, but the



ROBERT, DUKE OF NORMANDY. From an etching by C. A. Stothard. (See p. 180.)

wooden statue bore in its nature the principle of its destruction—the fire devoured it. Of the once countless quantity of figures from the Rood, the ancient examples now existing in England can be told on the fingers of one hand; two of the number are principal statues, and one of them, that at Cartmel Fell, was rescued in 1875, having been used as a poker for the vestry fire—a brand plucked out of the burning.

The 'monuments of superstition' of this class—of whose rare art value we can gather some notion from those that remain in Italy—having been thus wiped out in England, we have, in any general notes upon English effigies in wood, to turn to the monumental figures of stone as well as of wood, as we shall see later on, for an insight into their artistic treatment. Under the circumstances touched upon above, a feeling of astonishment at once arises at finding that, comparatively speaking, so many have escaped 'the swift illapse of accident disastrous.' And it fortunately happens that this happy salvation has been extended to such a number that it would be possible, but neither necessary or convenient on the present occasion, to track the progress of English effigies in wood step by step from the thirteenth to the sixteenth century, though the total list throughout England is under a hundred.

A few words should now be said upon the usual treatment of monumental effigies in mediæval times. Speaking generally, the material commonly employed for the best works up to the end of the third quarter of the thirteenth century was Purbeck and Sussex marble, both secondary fresh-water limestones, and, later on, Forest marble, an oolitic shelly rock. Many early examples were simply finished with a polish, but the greater number soon came to be painted to an exact representation of the man (for women were not often awarded effigies at the time which we are considering), whether king, high ecclesiastic, or civilian of position; the effigy, carved at first on the coffin's actual lid, becoming gradually raised upon the altar-tomb—in early days without, and from the last quarter of the thirteenth century onwards with, a canopy or a wooden tester or tæstoon over it. The deceased was thus shown 'in his habits as he lived,' and, the body having been cased and apparelled, as he was 'leaded' and 'chested' and lay in his coffin. At still later times, towards the end of the fourteenth century, it became the practice to bear a hastily made 'lively effigy' of the dead man 'in his very robes of estate' in the funeral procession, and, finally, the obsequies being finished, to place it temporarily in the church, under or associated with its 'herse,' where it became a source of great attraction to the vulgar, supplying the place of the permanent effigy until that was set up.

The 'lively' figures did away with the exposure of the actual dead body at the

funeral, a practice which was attended with much inconvenience. They were closely allied to wooden effigies proper, and were probably first suggested by them, inasmuch as their foundation was a more or less rude wooden block, like a great jointed doll; they were padded and made up to a proper form, just as monstrous figures are constructed in the *opéra* of a theatre for pantomimes at the present day. The face and hands alone were treated with wax or fine plaster, laid over the roughly carved blocks and fashioned and tinted to the life, and these figures being dressed in great array with tinsel crowns, coronets, and further insignia of greatness, must have presented a very imposing effect. As time went on, so many of them standing with their 'herse' in different parts of a church, like that of Westminster, must have added greatly both to its picturesqueness and interest, possibly not always conducing to reverence. Figures from these sources in different stages of dilapidation—not less interesting on that account—from the rude wooden effigies of Plantagenet times to the beginning of the present century, still remain in the Abbey, remnants of the once popular 'Waxworks,' under the name of the 'Ragged Regiment.'

By a venerable scrap in the Close Rolls of 33 Henry III. (1249), we learn that the king orders three oaks to be taken from his park at Periton, and three images made from them, and placed as his gift in Glastonbury church. We have an early and direct instance of the employment of wood for a statue to decorate a tomb in the Chancellor's Roll of 56 Henry III. (1272), a wooden figure covered with silver-gilt plates being furnished for the tomb of the Princess Catherine, daughter of Henry III., and who died in 1257. From the size and character of the monument, with its top originally inlaid with mosaic, this could not have been a recumbent effigy, but was perhaps a figure of St. Catherine. It gives us an example of a wooden figure or foundation covered with metal plates, ornamental and jewelled, such as were presented to shrines and altars.

The effigy of William de Valence, died 1296, is a great advance and brings us to the monumental effigy proper. This is a full-sized wooden figure covered with a number of plates of copper, some of them enamelled, no doubt from Limoges and the work of John of that place, who, about 1276, furnished a tomb, which has now vanished, for Walter de Merton, bishop of Rochester. We know that many enamelled tombs and effigies were sent from Limoges, but no other example has survived to our time in England. In the Louvre is the wooden effigy of Blanche de Champagne, died 1283; it is covered with plates of copper, the head resting upon an enamelled pillow of Limoges work. From the nature of its construction the art displayed in the Valence statue is not of high order. The repoussé work is coarse and the human form rudely expressed. The junctions of the sheets of copper are covered in a makeshift sort of way by strips of filagree work, the mail of the hauberk and chausses being lightly engraved throughout in 'banded mail,' long the 'crux' *par excellence* of antiquaries. The delicate examples of enamelling, that fortunately still remain, exhibit technical efforts of high quality, and point to a system of decoration that was carried, as we shall see later on, still further with painting and gilding, both on stone and wooden effigies. The surcote of De Valence has been *semée* of enamelled scutcheons, and the great enamelled shield, worn on the hip after the French fashion,



WILLIAM DE VALENCE, EARL
OF PEMBROKE. From an
Etching by C. A. Stothard.

settles the *provenance* of the monument. The whole of this memorial is now but a shadow of its original and almost barbaric splendour, and the wooden chest, or upper tomb upon which it lies, has been quite denuded of the plates which once covered it. An earlier example of a wooden tomb, but sustaining a stone figure, is that of Longespee at Salisbury, 1227. Similarly, the effigy of Henry V. is a wooden figure once covered with 'fine embroidered and gilded plates of brass,' a recurrence to an ancient practice; the silver head was carried off at the Dissolution, stolen away, as Sir Roger de Coverley aptly said in 1711, by 'some Whig, I'll warrant you.' It will be remembered that Pepys,



SIR ROBERT DU BOIS.
From an etching by C. A. Stothard.



SIR WALTER TREYLLI AND HIS WIFE.
From a drawing by A. Hartshorne.

in 1668-9, after viewing the effigy of the victor of Agincourt, lifted up the exposed body of Catherine of Valois in her coffin, and 'I did kiss her mouth, reflecting upon it that I did kiss a Queen and that this was my birthday.' Later still, Henry VII. by his will directed that an 'ymage of tymber' of a king, covered with plates of fine gold, in the manner of an armed man, representing himself, be made and set up on the crest of the shrine of the Confessor.

The wooden effigy proper soon followed—if, indeed, it did not altogether precede the plated block. An early example is that said to be to the memory of a pathetic character in history, the forlorn captive Robert, duke of Normandy. This is a doubtful attribution which need not be discussed here; it is sufficient for our purpose to recognise in this effigy a memorial of high interest which can hardly be later than 1240—the earliest wooden effigy in England. It appears to be solid, and was repainted in the time of Charles II.,

when the coronet was doubtless added. The hauberk has a continuous hood, and the details of the figure indicate its early character; but the thickness of the modern paint makes it impossible to say by what method the mail is represented.

At Fersfield, in Norfolk, is the wooden effigy of Sir Robert du Bois, died 1311. Blomefield, the historian, who was rector of the church in the early part of the last century, has recorded that he found the figure hollowed out and filled with burnt coal as a preservative against damp, and part of the original decoration perfect, the cushions being flowered with silver on red, and gold on green, other embellishments being 'gilded on a Cement and let into the Wood in several Places, on his Belt, Sword, and Spurs, and then covered with Glass, but most were defaced.' Unhappily, Blomefield finding the figure very dirty 'had it washed very clean,' and caused the whole to be repainted. The importance of these ancient decorative items will be apparent later on.

The effigies of Sir Walter Treylli and his wife at Woodford, Northamptonshire, about 1316, are excellent examples of wooden figures, but they have gone through the process which one commonly sees maliciously applied to the inside walls of old churches—they have been denudated. It is to be observed how much care the sculptor took, and how conscientiously he finished his work which was immediately to be coated over and painted. The reason of the failure of the painting upon wooden effigies was the constant changes of temperature, causing contraction and expansion of the wood, and the consequent breaking up or 'fretting' of the surface upon which the colouring was laid; following this came the eighteenth-century craze for periodically beautifying the churches *à la* churchwarden, and the scrubbing down of effigies with soap and water. Such of them as have escaped the subsequent paint-brush of the village carpenter, or the daubing of the whitewasher, still show us in the deep folds and corners minute evidences of their original state. The outer robe of Alianora Dame Treylli furnishes a considerable portion of a diapered pattern in two shades of red, with centres of white swans and 'wrythen' foliations, the general scheme being precisely like that in the enamels on the pillow of William de Valence.

The difficulty of adequately representing in Purbeck, Sussex, or Forest marble the delicate details of costume, and the increased demand for monuments of this nature, brought about the employment of various stones that surrendered with greater readiness to the chisel, and the consequent establishment of local centres, or schools of sculpture. To these stones a surface material was applied, which could be artistically treated; it had long been employed in altar and other minor decorations, and art of mediaeval times—not to mention that of far earlier periods in the world's history—owes much to its use. This substance was *gesso*, a composition that could be laid on, impressed with a matrix, or treated with a tool, and became and remained, in the absence of damp, as hard as the stone itself. Upon these orthodox relieved or broken surfaces, gilding, silvering, or painting could be applied, and with a brilliant result unattainable in any other way. Countless stone figures show vestiges of this treatment, and we find exactly the same handling, as we shall briefly point out, on the surfaces of English effigies in wood, with certain additional items of manipulation which the yielding, faulty, or stubborn nature of the material necessitated.

The sculptor of a full-sized wooden effigy, let us say in the early years of the fourteenth century, had many difficulties to contend with. In the first place he must find a block of well-seasoned oak, sound at the heart, and at least two feet across. This width would be necessary whether he represented a knight 'in the posture of prayer,' drawing or sheathing his sword, or a lady 'fair and gent,' with mantle or surcote gathered up, or 'hands in resignation pressed.' It was necessary that the wood be carefully chosen and sound at the heart, because the fashioning of the *table* of the monument and important parts of the figure would have to come out of that portion of the block, and also because—in order to prevent splitting—the body, as far as it was absorbed into the table or bed upon which

it would lie, must be hollowed out at the back. This was the invariable practice, and any failing in the nature of the oak would, after this scooping process, soon make itself apparent. It was usually extended to the cushions under the head, justly varying in their contours and arrangement with the period to which the effigy belonged, as well as to the body of the animal, the *cagnon* of French romance, at the feet.

The effigy having been carved, the question may naturally present itself, What had the sculptor to guide him in making his 'vera effigies?' The answer in the generality of cases is—nothing; the effigy was that of a knight *quelconque*. No doubt in the instances of royal personages or individuals of distinction, the 'pictor insolid' expressed the general character of the person represented as faithfully as the art of the time would allow, but it was not so usually in the thirteenth century, and in process of time became less and less so. Thus, the face of Henry III., with its triple frown and wrinkled brow, agrees with the king's



HENRY III.
From an etching by C. A. Stothard.



RICHARD BEAUCHAMP, EARL OF WARWICK.
From an etching by C. A. Stothard.



EDWARD II.
From an etching by C. A. Stothard.

countenance on his great seals as it varies from youth to age; and, similarly, the representation of Richard Beauchamp, in his brazen effigy at Warwick, with his deeply furrowed and marked features, cannot possibly be the imaginary creation of the lattener. Each of these faces bears the impress of the life of anxiety or feverish activity which we know was respectively led. And we have on the one hand the vivid testimony of the records indicating what pains must have been taken by Torel—whom we rejoice to claim as an Englishman—in modelling the statue of the king, and on the other the evidence of the Agreement, showing that Beauchamp's effigy was made according to patterns. The face of the thirteenth-century king and that of the father-in-law of the fifteenth-century 'king-maker' must therefore both be accepted as portraits. Again, Isabel Beauchamp, countess of Warwick, who died in 1439, widow of Richard Beauchamp, after disposing of her wardrobe for the use of the saints, leaves that strange order in her will that her statue shall be made all naked, with her hair cast backward, according to the design and model that Thomas Porchalion had for that purpose. Some persons are apt to think that the countenance of Edward II., in his effigy at Gloucester, was copied from a cast taken from the royal face after the 'agonising' death. This seems highly improbable. It will be remembered that Cennini, who completed his work on Painting in 1437, gives directions for taking casts from life.

ALBERT HARTSHORNE.

(To be continued.)



Boijfen. f. 1652

THE SHEPHERD SITTING ON THE WELL

ETCHED BY NICHOLAS BERGHEM. REPRODUCED BY AMAND DURAND

THIS etching (Bartsch, v. 259, 8) is the first of a set of five upright subjects of animals and figures. One other state of the plate exists with the additional inscription, '*Justus Dankers excudit.*' Mr. Hamerton's note upon it in 'Etching and Etchers' is as follows:—'Of all Berghem's plates this is the most characteristic of the master. The figures pose like models who have learnt their business well, but not very like the peasants of actual life. The animals are all remarkable for an extraordinary clearness and neatness of execution. Observe especially the head and leg of the cow in the foreground. The shadows are kept exceedingly transparent, and the reflections light; the bucket is an epitome of Berghem's practice in these respects.' Berghem was a careful student of the works of other masters. Bartsch says that he made a great and costly collection of drawings and engravings, for which he paid high prices.

STENDHAL AS AN ART CRITIC

II

ALL men can fear, for they have experienced suffering,' says Stendhal, but 'if they are to pay attention to that which is only gracious, they must know the happiness of love.' Stendhal the energetic readily becomes Stendhal the 'sensible.' For Michelangelo he feels infinite respect, but Raphael and Correggio he loves. Yet, most characteristically, he spends more than four hundred close pages in tracing, in his garrulous way, the history of Italian painting before Raphael, and then abandons his work precisely at the most interesting moment. His criterion, however, in these prolegomena is throughout that of 'grace.' Thus, the Venetians are briefly dismissed as 'cold' and 'soulless,' seeing nothing in nature but colour. Thus, the interest of the Pre-Raphaelites is merely of an historical nature, though Cimabue, it is true, is the Michelangelo of his time, and Giotto, and still more Masaccio, divined in advance something of the grace of Raphael. The Florentines before Da Vinci were cold and exact, faithful mirrors of nature, suited to their age, which had not yet opened its eyes to its Greek treasures, and which considered that to be beautiful which was faithfully copied. 'That Italy, indeed, should offer all possible contrasts, Heaven willed it should possess a country without passions—that is to say, Florence. The Florentines of Masaccio and Ghirlandajo would seem fools if they presented themselves to-day in the great *café* near Santa Maria del Fiore; but, compared with the personages of Paolo Veronese and Tintoret (I select expressly painters without an ideal), they have already something so dry, narrow, reasonable, faithful to convention—something, in short, so incapable of enthusiasm. They are much nearer to actual civilisation, and infinitely more removed from all that inspires me with interest in a man.' But, in another place, he declares that he is touched by this fidelity to nature to be found in Ghirlandajo and his contemporaries. 'It is the same *bizarrierie* which makes me love so much Massinger, Ford, and the other old English dramatists contemporary with Shakespeare. At last, in Da Vinci, he finds a painter capable of 'tender nobleness' and 'sweet gaiety'—he discovers 'a celestial grace tempered by calmness of character.' Da Vinci, precursor of Raphael in the study of expression, is delicate, profoundly acquainted with melancholy, distinguished from all other Florentines in his tentatives towards the 'beau moderne.' If in him Stendhal finds delicacy and nobleness, in Raphael he greets 'strength

and burning sensibility.' Da Vinci loved to live among men, loved to act gracefully as well as to create graceful works, lacked an absorbing passion for any one given art, while Raphael lived for beauty alone. Raphael was the man who knew how to render with colours certain sentiments to which no poetry can attain, and which, after him, Cimarosa and Mozart have learned to fix on paper. Raphael, in short, had a soul, as Stendhal would say. Yet Raphael is not perfect; he is not equal to Correggio in *chiaroscuro*, nor even to his friend, Fra Bartolommeo. He never completely got rid of his fondness for petty details which he had contracted under Perugino; his figures are too forceful, 'they exhibit too much strength to announce much intelligence.' Before a picture of Correggio, 'the soul is happy.' The figures of Raphael are rivalled by antique statuary, but 'as feminine love did not exist in antiquity, Correggio is without a rival.' Guido, again, hit on the idea of idealising his heads in the Greek manner, and 'carried beauty to the most elevated point at which it has perhaps appeared among men.' But his eulogy of Guido is not a permanent principle of Stendhal; indeed, it is curious to trace how he gradually joins the reaction then beginning against the previous excessive admiration of the Bolognese school. At first the works of these masters 'drew tears to his eyes,' and he scorns the 'fifty-year-long alternations of praise and blame;' but, gradually, he feels that 'his heart is deserting the school of Bologna. Reading Dante solely and with love, I think of nothing but the men of the twelfth century, simple and sublime at least by the force of their passions and by their intelligence. The elegance of the school of Bologna, the Greek and not Italian beauty of the heads of Guido begin to irritate me as a kind of profanation. I cannot hide from myself that I love Italy and the Middle Ages.' And, finally, he discovers that Guido is 'pretty,' and he doubts that he believed much in the saints he painted. 'Faith is perhaps prejudicial to the intelligence, but I think it is indispensable to excellence in art.'

It is the realisation of this modern ideal which preoccupies Stendhal; Da Vinci, Raphael, and Correggio point the way, but no one has yet succeeded them. Guido had returned to the Greeks, and so had David and his school; David, who at least had the merit of ending the long reign of bad taste initiated by Berni, who found Raphael 'cold,' much as Seneca wished to ornament the simplicity of Virgil. Society has greatly changed since the age of the Greeks, and yet the painter of the modern ideal has not appeared. The introduction of firearms has rendered athletic force unnecessary, beauty is no longer 'the prominence of the useful;' Meleager, amiable enough in Greek eyes, could not be imagined in a modern drawing-room; grace is no longer an armistice. The Greeks were not what pedants have represented them; were rather savages whose nearest kin might be found in the North American Indians whom Fenimore Cooper describes. The difference between the life of the Greeks and the life of the moderns is the difference between the life of the forum and that of the salon; the need of force and strength had passed away, elegance and grace had superseded the profound seriousness which seems to us closely allied to stupidity and want of intelligence. It was true that the wars of Napoleon had caused for a time the qualities of justice and force to be estimated once more; it was in the order of things that an age of affectation should be succeeded by an age of simplicity, capable of preferring Fénélon to Chateaubriand, of understanding Cimarosa, Raphael, and Michelangelo. But this necessary reaction had not yet set in. And, though simplicity would bring us nearer the Greeks, there was one thing the Greeks wholly lacked: 'Their philosophers were children as far as the knowledge of the movements of the soul was concerned.' There was no charm of novelty to be felt in the presence of the stern Greek ideal of beauty. 'The noble feminine qualities which charm us — tenderness, the absence of calculating vanity, abandonment to the movements of the heart, this faculty of being happy, and of having the whole soul occupied by a single thought, the force of character when they are ravished by love, their touching feebleness as soon as they have only the frail support of

reason, in short the divine graces of body and intelligence — there is nothing of all that in antique statues.' It is charming petulance, the unforeseen, the singular, which compose grace, 'this grace impossible to sculpture, and which escapes almost entirely the attention of men like Guido and Correggio.' 'With what idolatry would be received the masterpieces of the Raphael of modern times, of the marvellous artist who would know how to remove this defect from beauty!'

Where was this new Raphael to arise? As for the Germans, they, as disciples of Overbeck, were busy imitating the Pre-Raphaelites; and as for the French, assuredly they lacked absolutely the Stendhalian necessary ingredients for the perception or creation of art. Charlatanism reigned in France in the arts; and, to escape the need of it, an artist would have to be born rich and noble, and, moreover, 'the superabundance of energy which makes an artist would seem so ridiculous in France.' The French have no instinctive feeling for art, are ridden by vanity, copy others, and 'dare not be themselves;' their cold ridicule-fearing hearts mistake the fashionable, the complicated, and the difficult, for the beautiful; if they indulge reverie at all the subject of the reverie is some misfortune of self-love. Why not in Italy, where repose and meditation is possible, where the climate in itself is the greatest of artists? But Stendhal sees liberty or the lack of liberty in all questions; liberty is the first cause of art, and, so long as Italy had not 'the two chambers'—that is, the English Constitution—which would 'give energy to everybody,' opera music alone could flourish. In England, then? English energy should be able to appreciate Michelangelo at all events. But, the climate! But 'tenderness in art is impossible, or, at least, *stentata*, in a climate where, three times a day, the nerves are excited in different ways.' 'Yet would that Raphael had known the children and young girls of the English, for then he would have created the *beau idéal* of the North; touching, by reason of its innocence and delicacy, as that of the South is by the fire of its passions.' And the English have a tinge of 'Hebraic ferocity' about them, and they lack both sun and leisure. 'Where active life is strong, it hampers, it stifles the fine arts.' Reynolds was the only painter the English had possessed—Reynolds, who, professing to adore Michelangelo, unwillingly copied Rembrandt—and, 'besides that, an Englishman had neither time nor the necessary leisure to occupy himself with such trifles as art; he had poisoned himself at the present moment (1817) by a certain system of the Picturesque, and these sort of books (*sic*) always retard a nation for fifteen or twenty years. There is a general inclination for melancholy and the Gothic architecture, which is in good taste, for it is inspired by the climate; in short, women alone have the time to occupy themselves with art.' But liberty has its drawbacks. 'One sad thought dominates the rest. The government by two chambers is about to traverse the world and deal the death-blow to art;' liberty kills the sentiment of art in less than a hundred years. And 'the things which are necessary for the prosperity of art are often contrary to those which a nation needs in order to be happy.' Still more, the empire of art cannot last—much leisure and strong passions are requisite; but leisure gives rise to politeness, and politeness slays the passions. 'The citizen of New York has no time to feel the beautiful; under the government by public opinion, opinion has no time for the love of art. But, after all, it is liberty, even at the cost of resulting 'tristesse' and ennui, which is the necessary thing, and 'the arts are only a superfluity which we can well spare.' Liberty is worth more than all the painting, sculpture, and architecture in the world—nay, he allows, with characteristic irony, 'the love of art is an immoral sentiment, for it disposes one to the seductions of love, plunges one into idleness, and disposes to exaggeration.' Meanwhile, though art was dead, and liberty, which in the past had fostered art, was in the future to be feared, Stendhal was content to put up with Cimarosa and Haydn, Mozart and Rossini, in default of the new Raphael; for, after all, 'music is even a greater consolation than painting itself. The pleasure of painting is always preceded by a judgment, but music carries one away: we judge it not.' 'The

degree of ravishment to which our soul is transported is the thermometer of the beautiful in music ;' but with the greatest calmness one can judge of the degree of merit in a picture. Music, which only paints the passions, and only the tender passions, 'in an obscure manner, in a way which does not startle self-love, makes one believe in sweet pity ; the dry sorrow of the unhappy one is changed to regretful grief ; it paints men less hard-hearted ; it causes tears to flow, recalls that past happiness which the unhappy one deemed beyond the range of the possible.' The fixed idea, the ruling passion inevitably returns. Stendhal will not, cannot get beyond his personal sensations—cannot rise beyond Bentham. 'I do not pretend to say what things are in themselves, I only render an account of the sensations they cause in me.' The daily record of his sensations amused him at the time, and that was sufficient. We may object to his sensations, but we could hardly have bidden him alter them. He would have replied that between different organizations community of feeling was impossible, and that for him, personally, the one essential in life was to 'fly from fools' (that is, from people who differed from him in opinion), 'and maintain himself in joy.'

GARNET SMITH.

COVERED PORTAL TO A CHURCH

FROM A WATER-COLOUR DRAWING BY J. S. COTMAN IN THE SOUTH KENSINGTON MUSEUM

THE subject of this drawing has not been identified, and as it has been in the South Kensington Museum for several years, and has been seen by a vast number of people who might have recognised the building if it still exists, it seems not improbable that it has been destroyed. Cotman went to Normandy with Mr. Dawson Turner in 1817, to make illustrations for his 'Architectural Antiquities of Normandy,' which was published in 1822. The artist visited that country again in 1818 and 1819 ; and the sketch here reproduced belongs probably to one of those years.

ASPECTS OF MODERN OXFORD

V

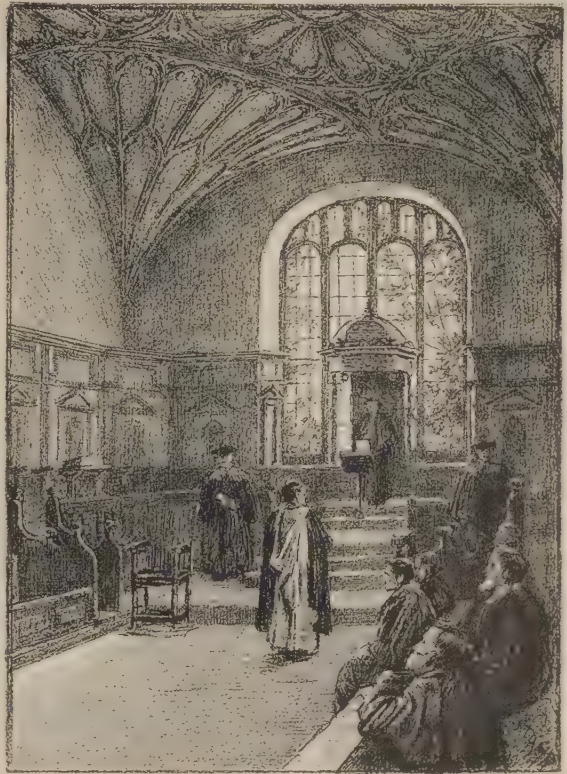
IF there is one subject on which the professedly non-reading undergraduate is nearly always eloquent it is the aggravation of his naturally hard lot by the examination system ; that is, not only 'The Schools' themselves, but the ancillary organization of lectures, 'collections,' and college tuition in general ; all which machinery, being intended to save him from himself and enable him to accomplish the ostensible purpose of his residence at the University, he very properly regards as an entirely unnecessary instrument of torture, designed and perfected by the gratuitous and malignant ingenuity of Dons, whose sole object is the oppression of undergraduates in general and himself in particular. He is obliged to attend lectures, at least occasionally. His tutors compel him to attempt to pass his University examination at a definite date ; and then—adding insult to injury—actually reproach him or even send him down for his ill success, just as if he had not always demonstrated to them by repeated statements and constant proofs of incapacity that he had not the smallest intention of getting through ! Small wonder, perhaps, that on returning from a highly unsatisfactory interview with the University examiners to a yet more exasperating colloquy with the authorities of his college, he should wish that fate had not matched him with the 'cosmic process' of the nine-



Covered Portal to a Church.

teenth century; and that it had been his happier lot to come up to Oxford in the days when examinations were not, and his remote ancestors got their degrees without any vain display of mere intellectual proficiency, or went down without them if they chose.

And yet, should the modern undergraduate take the trouble (which of course he never does) to acquaint himself with the statutes and ordinances which governed his University in the pre-examination period, he would find that even then the rose was not wholly devoid of thorns. Even then the powers that be had decreed that life should not be completely beer, nor altogether skittles. It is true that the student was probably less molested by his college; but the regulations of the University dealt far more hardly with him than they do at present. Under the statutes of Archbishop Laud, the University exercised those functions of teaching and general supervision which it has since in great part surrendered to its component colleges; and in theory the University was a hard task-mistress. Attendance at professorial lectures was theoretically obligatory, and 'since not only reading and thought, but practice also, is of the greatest avail towards proficiency in learning,' it was required that the candidate for a degree should 'dispute' in the Schools at stated and frequent times during the whole course of his academic career. Beginning by listening to the disputations of his seniors (a custom which perhaps survives in the modern fashion which sometimes provides a 'gallery' at the ceremony of *viva voce*), he was as time went on required himself to maintain and publicly defend doctrines in a manner which would be highly embarrassing to his modern successor—'responding' at first to the arguments of the stater of a theory, and with riper wisdom being promoted to the position of 'opponent.' This opposing and responding was termed 'doing generals.' 'Argufying' was the business of the University in the seventeenth century, and had been so for a long time. On the memorable occasion of Queen Elizabeth's visit to Oxford in the year 1566, Her Majesty was entertained intermittently with disputations on the moon's influence on the tides, and the right of rebellion against bad government. Thus, Archbishop Laud required of the seventeenth-century undergraduate so many disputations before he became a *sophista*, and so many again before he could be admitted to the degree of Bachelor; and if the system had worked in practice as it was intended to do in theory, young Oxford would not have had an easy time of it. In the days of Antony Wood's undergraduate career exercises in the 'Schooles' were 'very good.' 'Philosophy disputations in Lent time, frequent in the Greek tongue; *coursing* very much, ending alwaies in blowes,' which Wood considers scandalous; but at least it shows the serious spirit of the disputants. But a University can always be trusted to temper the biting wind of oppressive regulations to its shorn alumni; and there can be no doubt that the comparative slackness and sleepiness of the eighteenth century—a somnolence which it is easy to exaggerate, but impossible altogether to deny—must have tended to wear the sharp corners off the academic curriculum. Indications that this was so are not wanting. After all, there must have been



THE DIVINITY SCHOOLS: CONFERRING A DEGREE.
DRAWN BY ERNEST STAMP.

many ways of avoiding originality in a disputation. A writer in 'Terrae Filius' (1720) states the case as follows:—

'All students in the University who are above one year's standing, and have not taken their batchelor' (of arts) 'degree, are required by statute to be present at this awful solemnity' (disputation for a degree), 'which is design'd for a public proof of the progress he has made in the art of reasoning; tho' in fact it is no more than a formal repetition of a set of syllogisms upon some ridiculous question in logick, which they get by rote, or, perhaps, only read out of their caps, which lie before them with their notes in them. These commodious sets of syllogisms are call'd strings, and descend from undergraduate to undergraduate, in regular succession; so that, when any candidate for a degree is to exercise his talent in argumentation, he has nothing else to do but to enquire amongst his friends for a string upon such-and-such a question.'

So, even in the early part of the present century, reverend persons proceeding to the degree

of D.D. have been known to avail themselves of a thesis (or written harangue on some point of theology) not compiled by their unaided exertions, but kept among the archives of their college and passed round as occasion might require. If mature theologians have reconciled this with their consciences in the nineteenth, what may not have been possible to an undergraduate in the eighteenth century? Also, the functionary who stood in the place of the modern examiner was a very different kind of person from his successor—that incarnation of cold and impassive criticism; collusion between 'opponent' and 'respondent' must have been possible and frequent; and so far had things gone that the candidate for a degree was permitted to choose the 'Master' who was to examine him, and it appears to have been customary to invite your Master to dinner on the night preceding the final disputation. Witness 'Terrae Filius' once more:—

'Most candidates get leave . . . to chuse their own examiners, who never fail to be their old cronies and toping companions . . . It is also well known to be the custom for the candidates either to present their examiners with a piece of gold, or to give them a handsome entertainment, and make them drunk, which they commonly do the night before examination, and sometimes keep them till morning, and so adjourn, cheek by



A LECTURE-ROOM IN MAGDALEN COLLEGE.
DRAWN BY E. STAMP.

jowl, from their drinking-room to the school, where they are to be examined.'

The same author adds: 'This to me seems the great business of *determination*: to pay money and get drunk.'

Vicesimus Knox, who took his B.A. degree in 1775, is at pains to represent the whole process of so-called examination as an elaborate farce. 'Every candidate,' he says, 'is obliged to be examined in the whole circle of the sciences by three masters of arts, of his own choice.' Naturally, the temptation is too much for poor humanity. 'It is reckoned good management to get acquainted with two or three jolly young masters and supply them well with port previously to the examination.' *Viva voce* once put on this convivial footing, it is not surprising that 'the examiners and the candidate often converse on the last drinking bout, or on horses, or read the newspapers, or a novel, or divert themselves as well as they

can till the clock strikes eleven, when all parties descend, and the *testimonium* is signed by the masters.' Under such circumstances it is obvious that the provisions of Archbishop Laud might be shorn of half their terrors. Even at an earlier period other methods of evasion were not wanting. As early as 1656, orders were made 'abolishing' the custom of candidates standing treat to examiners. In the statute which still prescribes the duties of the *clericus universitatis*, there is a clause threatening him with severe penalties—to the extent of paying a fine of ten shillings—should he so far misuse his especial charge, the University clock, as to 'retard and presently precipitate the course' of that venerable timepiece, 'in such a manner that the hours appointed for public exercises be unjustly shortened, to the harm and prejudice of the studious.' Moreover, we read in Wood that notice of examination was given by 'tickets stuck up on certaine public corners, which would be suddenly after taken downe' by the candidate's friends. To such straits and to such unworthy shifts could disputants be reduced by mere inability to find matter.

It has been said that attendance at professorial lectures was theoretically obligatory; but it is hardly necessary to point out that even serious students have occasionally dispensed with the duty of attending lectures; and it is more than whispered there have been occasions in recent centuries when it was not an audience only that was wanting. There are, of course, instances of both extremes. Rumour tells of a certain professor of anatomy, who, lacking a quorum, bade his servant 'bring out the skeleton, in order that I may be able to address you as "gentlemen;"' but all professors have not been so conscientious. Gibbon goes so far as to assert that 'in the University of Oxford, the greater part of the public professors have for these many years given up altogether the pretence of teaching,' and the Reverend James Hurdie does not much improve the matter, when he prepares to refute the historian's charge in his 'Vindication of Magdalen College.' So far as the College is concerned, the reverend gentleman has something of a case; but his defence of the University is not altogether satisfying. Some of the professors, no doubt, do lecture in a statutable manner. But 'the late noble but unfortunate Professor of Civil Law began his office with reading lectures, and only desisted for want of an audience' (a plausible excuse, were it not that some lecturers seem to have entertained peculiar ideas as to the constitution of an audience. 'Terrae Filius' has a story of a Professor of Divinity who came to his lecture-room, found to his surprise and displeasure, a band of intending hearers, and dismissed them straightway with the summary remark: 'Domini, vos non estis idonei auditores!') 'The present Professor, newly appointed (the author has heard it from the highest authority), means to read.' Moreover, 'the late Professor of Botany at one time *did* read.' In fact, as the 'Oxford Spy' observes in 1818:—

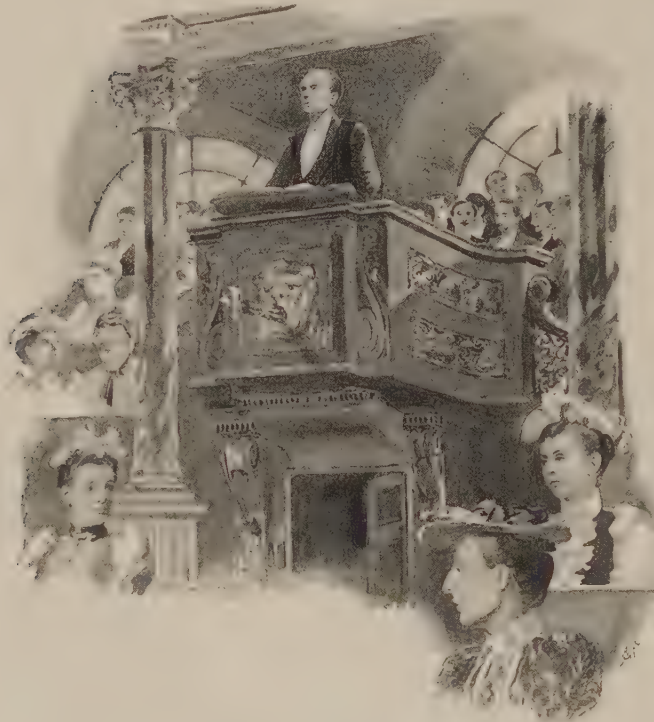
'Yet here the rays of Modern Science spread:
Professors are appointed, lectures read.
If none attend, or hear: not ours the blame,
Theirs is the folly—and be theirs the shame.'

It is evident that professorial lectures were not a wholly unbearable burden.

It is recorded in the veracious chronicle of Herodotus that Sandoces, a Persian judge, 'had been crucified by Darius, on the charge of taking a bribe to determine a cause wrongly; but while he yet hung on the cross, Darius found by calculation that the good deeds of Sandoces towards the king's house were more numerous than his evil deeds, and so, confessing that he had acted with more haste than wisdom, he ordered him to be taken down and set at large.'

So when the Universities are at last confronted with that great Day of Reckoning which is continually held over their heads by external enemies, and which timorous friends are always trying to stave off by grudging concessions and half-hearted sympathy with Movements; when we are brought to the bar of that grand and final commission, which is

once for all to purge Oxford and Cambridge of their last remnants of mediaevalism, and bring them into line with the marching columns of modern Democracy; when the judgment is set and the books are opened, we may hope that some extenuating circumstances may be found to set against the long enumeration of academic crimes. There will be no denying that Oxford has been the home of dead languages and undying prejudice. It will be admitted as only too true that Natural Science students were for many years compelled to learn a little Greek, and that colleges have not been prepared to sacrifice the greater part of their immoral revenues to the furtherance of University Extension; and we shall have to plead guilty to the damning charge of having returned two Tory members to several successive Parliaments. All this Oxford has done, and more; there is no getting out of



READING THE NEWDIGATE.
DRAWN BY T. HAMILTON CRAWFORD, R.W.S.

it. Yet her counsel will be able to plead in her favour that once at least she has been found not retarding the rear, but actually leading the van of nineteenth-century progress; for it will hardly be denied that if the Universities did not invent the Examination System, at least they were among the first to welcome and to adapt it; and that if it had not been for the development of examinations, qualifying and competitive, at Oxford and Cambridge, the ranks of the Civil Service would have continued for many years longer to be recruited by the bad old method of nomination (commonly called jobbery and nepotism by the excluded), and society would, perhaps, never have realised that a knowledge of Chaucer is among the most desirable qualifications for an officer in Her Majesty's Army. Here, at least, the Universities have been privileged to set an example.

The Oxford examination system is practically contemporaneous with the century; the first regular class list having been published in 1807. The change was long in coming, and when it did come the face of the University was not revolutionised; if the alteration contained, as it undoubtedly did, the germs of a revolution which was to extend far beyond academic boundaries, it bore the aspect of a most desirable but most moderate reform. Instead of obtaining a degree by the obsolete process of perfunctory disputation, ambitious men were invited to offer certain books (classical works for the most part), and in these to undergo the ordeal of a written and oral examination; the oral part being at that time probably as important as the other. Sudden and violent changes are repugnant to all Englishmen, and more especially to the rulers of Universities, those homes of ancient tradition; and just as early railways found it difficult to escape from the form of the stage-coach and the old nomenclature of the road, so the new Final Honour School took over (so to speak) the plant of a system which it superseded. *Viva voce* was still (and is to the present day) important, because it was the direct successor of oral disputation. The candidate for a degree had obtained that distinction by a theoretical argument with three 'opponents' in the Schools; so now the opponents were represented by a nearly corre-

sponding number of examiners, and the *viva voce* part of the examination was for a long time regarded as a contest of wit between the candidate and the questioner. Nor did the race for honours affect the great majority of the University as it does at present. It was intended for the talented few: it was not a matter of course that Tom, Dick, and Harry should go in for honours because their friends wished it, or because their college tutor wished to keep his college out of the evening papers. Candidates for honours were regarded as rather exceptional persons, and a brilliant performance in the Schools was regarded as a tolerably sure augury of success in life: a belief which was, perhaps, justified by facts then, but which—like most beliefs, dying hard—has unfortunately survived into a state of society where it is impossible to provide the assurance of a successful career for all and each of the eighty or hundred ‘first-class’ men whom the University annually presents to an unwelcoming world.

However small its beginnings it was inevitable that the recognition of intellect should exercise the greatest influence—though not immediately and obviously—on the future of the University. *La carrière once ouverte aux talents*—the fact being established and recognised that one man was intellectually not only as good as another, but a deal better—colleges could not help following the example set them; the first stirrings of ‘inter-collegiate competition’ began to be felt, and after forty years or so (for colleges generally proceed in these and similar matters with commendable caution, and it was only the earlier part of the nineteenth century after all) began the gradual abolition of ‘close’ scholarships and fellowships—those admirable endowments whereby the native of some specified county or town was provided with a competence for life, solely in virtue of the happy accident of birth. To disregard talent openly placarded and certificated was no longer possible. The most steady-going and venerable institutions began to be reanimated by the infusion of new blood, and to be pervaded by the newest and most ‘dangerous’ ideas.

Nor were the outside public slow to avail themselves after their manner of the changed state of things. The possessor of a University degree has at all times been regarded by less fortunate persons with a kind of superstitious awe, as one who has lived in mysterious precincts and practised curious (if not always useful) arts, and at first the title of ‘Honour man,’ implying that the holder belonged to a privileged few—*élite* of the *élite*—whom a University, itself learned, had delighted to honour for their learning, could inspire nothing less than reverence. Also the distinction was a very convenient one. The public is naturally only too glad to have any ready and satisfactory testimonial which may help as a method of selection among the host of applicants for its various employments; and here was a diploma signed by competent authorities and bearing no suspicion of fear or favour. Pre-



A DANCE AT ST. JOHN'S.
DRAWN BY T. HAMILTON CRAWFORD, R.W.S.

sently the public began to follow the lead of Oxford and Cambridge, and examine for itself, but that is another story: schoolmasters more especially have always kept a keen eye on the class list. So an intellectual distinction comes in time to have a commercial price, and this no doubt has had something (though, we will hope, not everything) to do with the increase in the number of 'Schools' and the growing facilities for obtaining so-called honours. But it is needless to observe that the multiplication of the article tends to the depreciation of its value. The First-class man, who was a potential Cabinet Minister or an embryo Archbishop at the beginning of the century, is now capable of descending to all kinds of employments. He does not indeed—being perhaps conscious of incapacity—serve as a waiter in a hotel, after the fashion of American students in the vacation, but he has been known to accept gratefully a post in a private school where his tenure of office depends largely on the form he shows in bowling to the second eleven.

Here in Oxford, though we still respect a 'First,' and though perhaps the greater part of our available educational capacity is devoted to the conversion of passmen into honour-men, there are signs that examinations are no longer quite regarded as the highest good and the chief object of existence. It is an age of specialism, and yet it is hard to mould the whole University system to suit the particular studies of every specialist. Multiply Final Schools as you will, 'the genuine student' with one engrossing interest will multiply far more quickly; and just as the athlete and non-reading man complains that the schools interrupt his amusements, the man who specialises on the pips of an orange, or who regards nothing in history worth reading except a period of two years and six months in the later Byzantine empire, will pathetically lament that examinations are interrupting his real work. Are men made for the Schools, or the Schools for men? It is a continual problem; perhaps examinations are only a *pis aller*, and we must be content to wait till science instructs us how to gauge mental faculty by experiment without subjecting the philosopher to the ordeal of Latin Prose, and the 'pure scholar' to the test of a possibly useless acquaintance with the true inwardness of Hegelianism. After all it is the greatest happiness of the greatest number that has to be considered, and the majority as yet are not special students. Moreover, there are various kinds of specialists. If 'general knowledge' (as has been said) is too often synonymous with 'particular ignorance,' it is equally true that specialism in one branch is sometimes not wholly unconnected with failure in another.

It was the severance of another link with the past when the scene of examinations was transferred from the 'Old Schools'—the purlieus of the Sheldonian and the Bodleian—to a new and perhaps unnecessarily palatial building in the High Street, which is as little in keeping with the dark, crumbling walls of its neighbour, University College, as the motley throng of examinees (*pueri innuptaeque puellae*) is out of harmony with the traditions of an age which did not recognise the necessity of female education. We have changed all that, and possibly the change is for the better, for while the atmosphere which pervaded the ancient dens now appropriated to the use of the great library was certainly academic, and was sometimes cool and pleasant in summer, the conditions of the game became almost intolerable in winter. Unless he would die under the process of examinations like the Chinese of story, the candidate must provide himself with greatcoats and rugs enough (it was said) to hide a 'crib,' or even a Liddell and Scott, for the proximity of the Bodleian forbade any lighting or warming apparatus. But in the new examination schools comfort and luxury reign; rare marbles adorn even the least conspicuous corners, and the only survivals of antiquity are the ancient tables, which are popularly supposed to be contemporaneous with the examination system, and are bescrewled and bescratched with every possible variety of inscription and hieroglyphic—from adaptations of verses in the Psalms to a list of possible Derby winners—from a caricature of the 'invigilating' examiner to a sentimental but unflattering reminiscence of one's partner at last night's dance. Here they sit, a remarkable medley,

all sorts, conditions, and even ages of men, herded together as they probably never will be again in after-life: undeserving talent cheek by jowl with meritorious dulness; callow youth fresh from the rod of the schoolmaster, and mature age with a family waiting anxiously outside; and a minority of the fairer sex, whose presence is rather embarrassing to examiners who do not see their way to dealing with possible hysteria. And in the evening they will return—if it is Commemoration week; the venerable tables will be cleared away, and the ‘*Scholae Magnae Borealis et Australis*’ will be used for the more desirable purpose of dancing. Is it merely soft nothings that the Christ Church undergraduate is whispering to that young lady from Somerville Hall, as they ‘sit out’ the lancers in the romantic light of several hundred Chinese lanterns? Not at all; they are comparing notes about their *viva voce* in history.

A. D. GODLEY.

THE PICTURESQUE IN HOMER

PICTURESQUENESS of description has ever been held to be one of the most admirable characteristics of the poetry of Homer. The marvellous range, precision, variety, and force of his presentment of all shades and combinations of human passion is only rivalled by the accuracy of his delineation of their personal embodiments, and by the liveliness with which all the scenery and circumstances amidst which his action proceeds is brought up before our imagination. His similes especially offer frequent and most happy opportunities, in addition to the general narrative, for the exercise of this power of description. They comprise a very gallery of subjects, and those so variously treated as to appear the exemplars of perfected pictorial art. Every effect of nature which it has been the glory of the painter to reproduce has here its antitype—the atmospheric accidents of calm and storm by sea and land, forest conflagrations on the mountains, cataracts from precipices, and inundations on the plain, waving harvests, wild-flower enamelled meadows, tempestuous winds, waves darkening in the open sea or dashing to foam on a rocky promontory, or making varied music on a shingly beach—all these, beautiful in themselves, are enhanced by serving as appropriate setting for episodes of the life of humanity—children making sand-forts on the shore and knocking them away again as wantonly, the little girl holding by the skirts of her hurrying mother and crying till she is taken up in arms, or the sterner subjects of shipwrecked sailors swimming for their lives; or those illustrations of what Homer was too familiar with in the warfare which he described—the bride clamorous in wail over her slain husband; the widowed and orphaned, late in the enjoyment of prosperity, driven forward by their captors with brutal blows on their backs into a life of slavery.

This faculty of description has always been admired; the question has only been raised—sometimes with a reserve of apology, sometimes more daringly as a cavil—whether the poet is not, even frequently, tempted to abuse it.

It is almost a commonplace with Homeric critics—it was so before Edmund Burke chimed in, and has been so since—that Homer is given to expanding his similes with picturesque details and even incidents until they cease to be relevant. I do not find them equally prompt to set forth what consequences such a practice must involve, nor how in view of these we are to safeguard his claim to the infallible poetic instinct, which even the boldest scarcely venture to very confidently impugn.

‘Homer’s favourite species of illustrative imagery,’ says Colonel Mure (ii., p. 89), ‘his partiality for which has led him at times to accumulate it even to an excessive degree, is the simile.’

‘The occasional redundancy of these figures, especially in the “*Iliad*,” while scarcely justifiable on strictly critical grounds, has yet rarely given serious offence to commentators. This may be owing to

the beauty of the images themselves, to the evidence of genial inspiration which their very exuberance brings with it, and to the sympathy with which their author's own enthusiasm for his subject inspires his readers' (*ib.* 91).

It is to be feared that what this explanation amounts to is in plain words a surrender of the whole case; the poet can allow himself at the very heat of action to be drawn out of his way to dwell upon what—pretty, beautiful, striking as it may be in itself—has nothing to do with what he is about—‘the necessary question of the poem then to be considered’—and the reader is seduced as easily into losing temporary hold of the main drift and purpose of the movement which is so interrupted. If this were really so, Homer would be dear indeed to Pope's goddess Dulness, who contemplates with pleasure a poetic chaos—

Where motley images her fancy strike,
Figures ill paired and similes unlike.

We must, in such case, perforce admit that Homer more than nods, even at the height of his inspiration, and diffuses drowsiness sympathetically.

What Dulness dropt among her sons imprest
Like motion from one circle to the rest;
So from the midmost the nutation spreads
Round and more round, o'er all the sea of heads.

Is it indeed the fact, we ask, that Homer might frequently introduce one of his similes quite as appropriately by the formula, ‘Even so does not,’ as by the customary, ‘Even so does’?

Before we agree to this, let us bring at least some conspicuous examples, to which such inopportune embellishment is imputed, to the test. We may or may not be in every case successful, and there are certain checks upon sympathetic criticism which must be taken to heart. Experience warns that artists are often wiser than critics—and even sometimes than they know themselves to be. A critic is not unnaturally induced—after a certain number of discoveries of his precipitancy in condemnation—to believe that Genius is always justified of her children. There is thus a temptation to put up with a lame explanation of an apparent redundancy or inconsistency rather than give up poet or painter as a blunderer. The critic, therefore, if in some cases he cannot discern an explanation sufficiently rational, will do well, in view of the double danger, to gird himself up to the avowal—even when he owns to retaining his belief that a solution exists—that at any rate it defies his sagacity to identify it.

No such reserve is required with Mure's first example:

But terror did not on Idomeneus seize as though he but a child were,
But he waited, as on mountains some boar on strength reliant,
That the hubbub and cry of a throng, which against him comes on, is awaiting
In a lonely spot, and his back above is all a-bristle,
And his two eyes are a gleam as with fierce fire; and his tusks he
Is whetting, prompt against dogs and men to be defensive—
So did Idomeneus, spear renowned, await and retired not.

(‘Iliad,’ xiii. 471.)

‘Here,’ we read, ‘the comparison is complete in lines 2, 3, 6, and 7.

‘The lonely spot, the bristling of the back and whetting of the teeth relate exclusively to the animal and are foreign to the case of the hero.’

The boar, like Idomeneus, is only prepared to stand its ground and be on the defensive, and the indications of fierceness and preparation are lively intimations of the resolution of the hero. With regard to ‘the lonely spot,’ this is—as frequently in the similes—a parallelism to a particular yet to be mentioned. Idomeneus urges his friends to come to his support—

Hither, my friends, and protect me alone as I am, for I much dread
Æneas, approaching with rapid feet, who comes to attack me.

Even this avowal of dread is not unannounced in the simile, for the word which expresses the standing on end of the boar's bristles (*φρίσσει*) is the same that Homer constantly employs for shuddering with fear. Indeed, the only motive for specifying the scene with the boar as a lonely spot, was to bring home the simile to the situation of the Greek.

We call the next case—

He said: and the Argeians cheered with noise like a billow
Against a lofty point when a gust of Notus drives it
Upon a projecting rock, and billows desert this never,
Under whatever wind—from this or from that side come they.

‘Here the substance of the simile ends with the likening of the shout to the roaring of the sea. The parenthetic description of the rock, while it greatly augments the beauty of the figure, adds nothing to its precision, the dashing of the waves being described as perpetual, while the shout of the Greeks was but of short duration.’

The prosecutor is still more unfortunate in this instance. The very point of the comparison lies in the parallel between the billows being quite as uproarious under a change of wind as they had been under one from an opposite quarter, and the Greeks who at line 139 shouted heartily when Agamemnon proposed to give up the expedition

—with acclamation,
They started away for the ships, and from under their feet a dust cloud
Rose up and hovered, and they were encouraging one another
To apply hands to the vessels and drag them down to the water—

and no less heartily when Ulysses presently after concluded a telling speech to a contrary purport with (331)—

But come now, ye well greaved Achaïans, all of you continue
In station until we may capture the mighty city of Priam.
He said, and loud the Argeians cheered, and the vessels all round
Fearfully echoed again at the shouting of the Achaïans,
As they approval gave to the speech of divine Ulysses.

And then at line 394 they shout again when Agamemnon gives orders for instant preparation for battle.

A critic who is not in dread of being thought fantastical may express a belief that the scene which the poet depicts, of a steep headland with a projecting rock in front of it exposed to the dashing waves, was not unsuggested by the relation of Agamemnon to his—so to say—lieutenants, Nestor and Ulysses, whose speeches are so stimulating and decisive.

If there is one inference as to the characteristics of the environment of the poet himself which may be drawn from his poem, it is that it afforded him ample opportunities for appreciating the genius of oratory, and also the power which it might so easily abuse—as it has abused so often since—in swaying the brute folk.

A charge is made by the critic against another simile in still more serious terms, but, as will be shown, still more mistakenly.

‘Among the few similes of Homer chargeable with real impropriety perhaps the most defective is that illustrative of the death of Patroclus by the hand of Hector (xvi. 818):—

But Hector, when he beheld magnanimous Patroclus,
Backward recoiling after with stroke of sharp brass he was wounded,
Then through the ranks he went near to him and with his javelin pierced him
In the flank at the lowermost part, and the brass he drove onward clear through it,
And he fell with dull sound, and greatly afflicted the host of Achaïans.
And as when a lion enforces in conflict a wild boar unrelenting,
As the pair on the crest of a mountain are fighting, with spirit courageous,
For sake of a very scant runnel, and both are intent upon drinking,
And the lion by strength subdues him as many a pant he is heaving,

From the brave son of Menoitius, so when he many had slaughtered
Did Hector Priamides strip the life, with near at hand spear thrust.

'The parallel,' says Colonel Mure, 'here fails completely. No combat whatever took place between the two heroes. Hector was not the conqueror but merely the executioner of Patroclus, who had already been wounded and disabled by Euphorbus. It must be matter of surprise how a figure so palpably foreign to the subject could ever have suggested itself.'

The character of Hector partakes of bluster and bravery in a certain definite proportion, and of special qualities. It is a matter of Homeric irony to keep it in countenance by making much of his importance in epithets and similes, and at the same time to very significantly intimate drawbacks. He bursts through the gates of the wall, but it is only when Ajax is called away elsewhere; his greatest exploits afterwards are by help of Apollo and the aegis (xv. 320), and after all he only slaughters rank and file, no chief of any mark ever falling by his hand. The poet's announcement of the terror that he causes is always followed by a revival of spirit in the Achæians. In the simile now in question, the more dignified type of the lion is conceded to him, but the advantage at stake is still but a trifle—a scant runnel—as Patroclus is already mortally wounded; he has as little to lose as there is glory for Hector to gain by adding another stroke. Patroclus has not only been fatally wounded by Euphorbus, but had been previously struck with flat hand on the back of his shoulders by Apollo, and had his armour loosened by him—an apparent intimation of exhaustion of strength by extreme labour and under a hot sun. The boar is overcome, 'heavily panting,' that is, in exhaustion of strength, and the phrase translated—'many a pant he is heaving,' is parallel—and also in position in the next line—to 'after many he had slaughtered.' (*πολλὰ δὲ τ' ἄσθμαίνοντα—ὥς πολέας πέφνοντα.*)

'Equally inappropriate and inconsequent,' the critic pursues, 'is the comparison of Hector marshalling his troops for the assault on the Greek rampart to a wild beast encircled by a troop of dogs and huntsmen.' But, as will be seen, Hector is only encouraging his troops, not marshalling them; that occurs later, and the wild beast of the simile is not encircled but confronted by dogs and hunters.

Thus then in after time were Apollo and Poseidaon
To dispose, but battle was then and clamorous outcry ablaze round
The well constructed wall and the beams of the towers were rattling
Under missiles; but the Argeians, by scourge of Zeus being vanquished,
Were by the hulls of the navy retained very closely and hemmed in
In consternation at Hector, of flight the valiant deviser;
But he, even as before, was like a whirlwind fighting,
And as when beset by dogs and by a throng of hunters,
A wild boar or lion is turning about in his strength, wildly glaring;
And they, as they mass themselves together like a strong tower,
Stand against him opposed, and javelins are they darting,
In thick flights from their hands; but for him his noble heart is not
Troubled nor turned to flight, but his courage unflinching slays him,
And ever he goes round about the ranks of men and attempts them,
And wherever he rushes right on there the ranks of men are yielding:
Thus Hector wound about, and he went through the crowd, and his comrades
Was urging to pass across the trench.—('Iliad,' xii, 34.)

The wild beast is confronted by a mass of enemies as solid as the manned wall which is before Hector, is as resolute to attack it, but at present only makes desultory attempts to find a point of attack, as Hector, according to his frequent wont, goes in and out among his troops and rouses their energies. The simile is extended to forewarn of what is to ensue. Hector is destined, like the wild beast, to make an impression on the ranks of men opposed to him, and at last his very gallantry is to bring him to his end. The poet, in full possession of the whole course of the story, cannot or does not wish to quite restrain himself from a preparatory adumbration.

(To be continued.)

W. WATKISS LLOYD.

SEPTEMBER 1.—A question which, for a time, excited that inner circle of connoisseurs which is so narrow, and that outer one of dealers and collectors which is rapidly becoming so large, has had more light thrown upon it within the last week or two by a discovery, and an acquisition, made by the Director, the indefatigable Dr. Bredius, of the Hague Museum. For some time the Museum has owned a certain small picture to which the name of no known artist could be confidently attached. The subject is very Dutch. It is one treated many times every year by some painter of *genre* in the country which lies between Dordrecht and Amsterdam. A young Dutch-woman sits industriously at work, while some idle male—a fisherman resting for the moment or an agriculturist in the same case—leans over her, watches her nimble fingers, and tempts her with soft words or gold. The picture is quite small, and until recently was very dark and dirty. Some three months ago it was shown to an English 'expert'—an unpleasant word that 'expert'—who recognised in it the same hand as that which painted the now famous Frans Hals which figured about that time in the Law Courts. Since then the little picture has been cleaned, and the monogram over which there was so much discussion, a J, an L, and a star, found upon it; so that it, too, must be added to the *oeuvre* of the hitherto unknown Judith Leijster. Judith was the pupil of Hals, and the wife of Jan Miense Molenaer. She was probably the real author of a large number of pictures given by those who know a little to *the* Hals himself, and by those who know a good deal to one of those *cadets* of the house—Dirck, and Jan, and Frans—of whom so very little is really known. Additional light has been thrown on the genesis of Judith Leijster's talent by the acquisition alluded to above. This consists of one of those series of the Five Senses of which the Dutchmen, still more the Flemings, were so fond. It is the work of Judith's husband, Molenaer. Unhappily Molenaer has chosen incidents to illustrate the senses of 'Smell' and 'Feeling' that no English pen can be allowed to describe. Still more unluckily, one of these outrageous compositions is the best—by far the best—of the whole series. Parts of it are not only good enough for Frans Hals—they are uncommonly like his work. A woman's head, the head of a woman who looks much less indignant than she ought, is only distinguished in method from that of the greater master when he painted in small by a comparative absence of the short, straight, almost impatient brushing which marks such things as his portraits on a diminutive scale. The Judith Leijster is hung among the Molenaers, and supplies the link between the two masters.

ANOTHER Five Senses series has been lately acquired by the Antwerp Gallery. It is the work of Gonzalez Coques, and follows pretty much the same lines as the series in the National Gallery. It is, however, freer and more sketchy, occasionally better, but, on the whole, not quite so good. There is nothing in it so fine as the 'Hearing' in our series; neither is there anything so stiff, *posé*, and professionally photographic as the 'Sight.' When is Coques going to get his due? No Fleming or Dutchman came near him in the combination of delicacy, dexterity, and grace with which he treated portraits in small. Terburg's portraits are better designed—not better drawn—than his, but they are far inferior in individuality and in that vivacity of interest which prevents a sitter from going to sleep. The group in the Peel collection (?); another one, still finer, in the collection of the late Prince Frederick of the Netherlands; and a third, a single figure, in the National Gallery of Ireland, and many more we could name, have a charm that scarcely anything else of the same sort, and of the same school, can boast.

THE Amsterdam Museum has just been enormously enriched by the careful cleaning, or rather refreshment, of the *Syndics*, surely the greatest of all Rembrandts. It has been simply washed, revarnished, and reframed; and the result is all that could have been hoped. The picture is now so deep, so rich, so full of force and vitality, that if you were to put the *Night Watch*, and the *Jewish Bride*, and all the rest of the Rijks Museum, in the one hand,

and the *Syndics* in the other, and offer his choice to the judicious connoisseur, he might well take the one canvas in preference to the fifteen hundred set against it. It should have a room to itself. Well seen as it is where it hangs, it would profit still more by the absence of inferior but competing productions. But they have curious notions on this subject of hanging at Amsterdam. Last year saw the collection increased by, among other things, an extraordinarily fine portrait by Karel Fabritius; by a Johannes Vermeer of Delft which is good and cost a great deal of money; and by a Hoekgeest—a rare master—of remarkable excellence. All these have been hidden away in a remote apartment, filled, for the most part, with fifth-rate pictures, ill-lighted and crowded with screens.

THE Museum of Leijden, which competes with Utrecht for the wooden spoon of the more important Dutch collections, has lately been enlarged by the addition of a room into which its best pictures have been collected. There is nothing, however, before which any one but the Dryadusts of art will come to pause, except of course the *Last Judgment* of Lucas van Leijden, and the better of the two triptychs of his master, Cornelis Engelbrechtsz. The museum of Dordrecht has been added to through the instrumentality of Dr. Bredius, who has acquired some good examples of painters connected with the neighbourhood; and the authorities at Haarlem have been ill-advised enough to hang a number of atrocious portraits by native 'artists' of the first half of the present century under the same roof as the Corporation pictures of Frans Hals.

THE Trustees of the National Portrait Gallery have published their Report for 1892-3. The most interesting paragraph refers to the reception of the pictures left to the nation by Lady Franklin, a bequest which became operative through the death, in 1892, of that lady's friend, Miss Cracroft, to whom the enjoyment of the pictures had been left for her life. The bequest consists of a series of twenty-two portraits, all bearing more or less relation to the loss of Sir John Franklin and his companions, and the subsequent search for their remains. The most generally acceptable will, no doubt, be the portraits of Sir John and Lady Franklin themselves, of Sir Roderick Murchison, Sir Edward Sabine, Sir Edward Parry, Sir Leopold McClintock, Sir John Barrow, and Sir James Ross. Another valuable acquisition is Hogarth's picture of a sitting of the House of Commons Committee before which Thomas Bambridge, Warden of the Fleet, was brought up in February, 1729. The Committee included General Oglethorpe, Sir Archibald Grant of Monymusk (who commissioned the picture), Sir James Thornhill, Sir Andrew Fountaine, General Wade, Mr. Francis Child, Mr. Wm. Hucks, and Lord Morpeth. The picture has been given to the nation by the Earl of Carlisle. Lord Ronald Gower has presented portraits of Reynolds and Gainsborough, by themselves; Miss Amelia B. Edwards bequeathed her own bust, by Percival Ball; Mr. Walter James, M.P., has given the portrait of Lord Chief Justice Cockburn; Mr. Henry Graves bequeathed the portraits of Alderman Boydell and John Burnet; Mrs. Owen gave the portrait of her father-in-law, Sir Richard Owen; Lord Carlisle has given John Partridge's portrait of Lord Melbourne; Mrs. Blanchard Jerrold, Baily's bust of Douglas Jerrold; Mrs. Dixon, a portrait of Robert Owen; Mr. Lionel Cust, an electrotype of Warin's rare medal of Hubert Le Sueur; and Mr. Stanley Lane Poole, a plaster statue, in Oriental costume, of Edward W. Lane, the translator of the 'Arabian Nights,' by Richard Lane, A.R.A. The purchases have been no more than four, to wit: Sir John Jervis, first Earl St. Vincent; Sir William Boxall, by M. A. Pittatore; Archbishop Bancroft; and General the Hon. Sir Lowry Cole, by William Dyce. Two portraits have changed their names: Henry Jermyn, Earl of St. Albans, has become Thomas, Lord Clifford of Chudleigh; and Rachel, Lady Russell, has been transposed into that very different person, Barbara Villiers, Countess of Castlemaine, and afterwards Duchess of Cleveland. Mr. Scharf and his trustees express their satisfaction

with the new house Mr. Christian has designed—and nearly completed—for them at the back of the National Gallery; but we must confess to something like dismay at hearing that it is to include three stories of rooms for exhibition, and that some part, at least, of the lighting depends upon the space between the new building and the back wall of its neighbour.

MR. HOLMAN HUNT is preparing for publication a volume on the Pre-Raphaelite movement.

THE MESSRS. Agnew have presented to the Print Room of the British Museum a selection of their publications in black and white, including etchings, &c., after Sir J. E. Millais, Fred Walker, G. Mason, and others.

It is high time that something should be done to stop the plague of advertisements which threaten to disfigure not only English towns, but English fields as well. For the sake of driving a few thousands of pounds into a few vulgar pockets, our great lines of railway are being rapidly turned into avenues of hideous boards, on which the virtues of some pill or soap are proclaimed with more insistence than veracity. No one, except the Philistine who takes such a means of adding to his income, profits by all this. No end of small and modest traders are ruined by it. That national sense of beauty, for the cultivation of which we think it politic to spend hundreds of thousands *per annum*, is outraged, and must in time be dulled. In fact, the whole proceeding is indefensible—in any European country but England would not be tolerated for a moment. It is curious that the small traders have not yet awakened to the injury done them by the great advertisers. If Mr. Boulnois would enlist their interest in the bill he proposes to bring into Parliament next year, he might score a big political success.

SOME interesting additions have recently been made to the National Gallery of Ireland. Through the kindness of Mr. Robert Millner, of Dublin, a good example of Pieter Potter, the father of the more famous Paul, has been acquired. It represents the interior of a guard-room, with soldiers at cards, and is notable for high finish and for agreeable tone. It is signed *P. Potter*. A good example of one of the best and rarest of the Dutch painters of still life, Pieter Claesz, has been acquired in Paris. Some fruit, a silver cup, a knife, &c., are lying on a table, and the whole panel is a masterpiece of tone and of judicious—which means artistic—finish. A fine example of Romeijn, who was not often fine, was acquired at the sale of the Bingham-Mildmay collection; and a good Bronwer, of his middle period, at the dispersal of Lord Clifden's pictures. Far more important, however, than either of these, is an Italian portrait, ascribed by the Director to the great Andrea da Solaro. It represents a square-faced man, clean shaven all but an inch of whisker, posed in a landscape much as the Cristoforo Longono of the National Gallery is posed—with his right hand he makes a declaratory gesture, as he seems about to address the spectator; with his left he holds the pommel of his sword: his dress and cap are black. The landscape is quite similar to that in the Longono picture, even to the little ant-like figures which people it. This is one of the most important additions which have yet been made to the collection.

ONE of the best volumes yet published by the *Librairie de l'Art*, in its series of *Artistes Célèbres*, is that dedicated to the Moreau, which has just appeared. It is from the

pen of M. Adrien Moureau—what a pity he has that superfluous 'u'!—and is illustrated by no fewer than 105 more or less satisfactory reproductions, mainly from the engravings of 'Moreau le Jeune.' This Moreau has been the subject of a good deal of writing—although his French biographer, with characteristic *chauvinism*, names only French books in the bibliography at the end. But not even the Goncourts, in their *L'Art du XVIII^{me} Siècle*, go sufficiently into the *milieu* in which Moreau sprung. M. Moureau endeavours to remedy this defect, and does it with some success. For the most part he confines himself to description, sparing us most of those elaborate attempts to break their own excellent principle, that painting is painting and writing writing, in which so many French critics indulge. It is to be lamented that the makers of process blocks have not yet succeeded in discovering some method by which line engravings can be reproduced without having their fine lines destroyed and their coarser ones broken up. If this could only be avoided what delightful books—à *bon marché*—could be made out of the line engravings of the eighteenth century. Imagine the '*C'est un fils, Monsieur*,' of Moreau, reproduced in small, with all the precision, delicacy, and refinement of the plate multiplied fourfold by the diminution in size; could a more perfect illustration be devised for such a volume as that with which we are now concerned?

FROM Paris comes the announcement of the death of Auguste Barthélemy Glaize, a painter who had long held a respected place in the French school. He was a most consummate draughtsman and a master of design. As a colourist he left much, almost everything, to be desired. Some few years ago he sent to the Salon a study of a naked woman, sharply foreshortened and in a most difficult attitude, which was a marvel of knowledge. It was also a marvel of bad colour, and in both respects was characteristic of its author. M. Glaize was born at Montpellier in 1807. He was the pupil of Achille and Eugène Deveria. He first exhibited in the Salon in 1836. His best-known pictures were *Suzanne au Bain*, *Faust et Marguerite*, *Dante écrivant*, *Les Femmes Gauloises*, *L'Allocution de l'Empereur Napoléon III. à la Distribution des Aigles*, 1852; *L'Aveugle et le Paralytique*, and *Repos*. He was a good deal employed in mural decoration.

THE Committee of the Burlington Fine Art Club has decided to hold in the coming winter an exhibition of Japanese bronzes and lacquer. Next summer this gallery will be given up to a collection of pictures of the school of Ferrara, which will, it is hoped, throw additional light on a school which has never been studied so deeply as others in the Italian peninsula.

AN earnest of what Mr. Henry Wallis's 'Typical Examples of Persian and Oriental Ceramic Art' is going to be has been given in the two parts which have already been published. Each part consists of text, illustrations in the text, and two plates. In the first we have two fine lusted bottles from the collections of Mr. F. du Cane Godman and Mr. Wallis himself. The second has a plate from a fine lusted vase with figures which belongs to Mr. C. A. Dana, of New York, and a vase of less elaborate character from the South Kensington Museum. We are next promised reproductions of a Damascus jug and a Rhodian candlestick, in the Drury-Fortnum collection—to be described by Mr. Fortnum himself—and of a Damascus jug belonging to Sir Frederick Leighton.



THE RETURN FROM WORK

ORIGINAL ETCHING BY GEORGE GASCOIGNE

THIS etching is original in the sense that it was designed by the artist who engraved it, but he had a picture of the same subject in the Royal Academy of 1887. As will generally happen, when the painter and etcher are the same person, the picture has been translated with a certain freedom. The etching was exhibited in the Painter-Etchers in 1893.

Though still a young artist, Mr. Gascoigne has had considerable experience, having exhibited six times at the Royal Academy, as well as at the New Gallery this year and at Liverpool. His experience as a student included four years at the Slade School and two in Paris, the last of the two under Olivier Merson.

As an etcher, Mr. Gascoigne is distinguished by the strong character that he puts into his work, and by remarkable simplicity of purpose. He evidently knows exactly how far he intends to go in the imitation of nature, and always stops in time. Several of his plates must win the hearty admiration of all observers of animals. In one plate (too large for THE PORTFOLIO) he represents two sturdy cart-horses in a field, each gently biting the other over the dorsal vertebrae, and pleased with the mutual service. One horse is light-coloured, the other dark, so they make a simple contrast. In another plate, a huntsman leaping over a hedge brandishes his long whip with which he has just chastised a dog. The dog tumbles over the hedge with a deplorable air of having received punishment and expecting more of it. There is also an important plate of a huntsman galloping and blowing his horn while the dogs are tumultuously running and leaping—a most lively design, but somewhat spoilt by too much deference to the truth of equine action as it is given by instantaneous photography. A few smaller plates complete what is known to me of Mr. Gascoigne's work as an etcher. It is genuine *painter's etching* as distinguished from the laborious imitative work of the engravers, and always sound in the biting.

EDITOR.

ASPECTS OF MODERN OXFORD

VI

THE business of those who teach in the Universities is to criticise mistakes, and criticism of style has two results for the master and the scholar. It may produce that straining after correctness in small matters which the cold world calls pedantry; and in the case of those who are not content only to observe, but are afflicted with a desire to produce, criticism of style takes the form of parody or imitation; for a good parody or a good imitation of an author's manner is an object-lesson in criticism. Hence it is that that same intolerance of error which makes members of a University slow in the production of really great works stimulates the genesis of ephemeral and mostly imitative literature.

The more Oxford concerns herself with literary style, the more she is likely in her less serious moods to ape the manner of contemporary literature. It all comes, in the first instance, of being taught to copy Sophocles and travesty Virgil. Ephemeral literature, then, at the Universities has always been essentially imitative. In the last century, when it was the fashion to be classical—and when as in the earlier poems of Mr. Barry Lyndon, ‘Sol be-decked the verdant mead, or pallid Luna shed her ray’—Oxonian minor poets imitated the London wits and sang the charms of the local belles under the sobriquets of Chloe and Delia, and academic essayists copied the manner of the ‘Spectator,’ and hit off the weak-

nesses of their friends, Androtion and Clearchus; and now that the world has come to be ruled by newspapers, it is only natural that the style and the methods of the daily and weekly press should in some degree affect the lighter literature of Universities, and that not only undergraduates, who are naturally imitative, but even dons, who might be supposed to know better, should find themselves contributing to and redacting publications which are conducted more or less on the lines of the ‘new journalism.’

Oxford has been slow to develop in this particular direction, and the reasons are not far to seek. The conditions just now are exceptionally favourable—that is, a *cacoëthes scribendi* has coincided with abundance of matter to write about, but the organs of the great external world naturally provide a model for the writer. But it is only recently that these causes have been all together present and operative, and the absence of one or more of them has at different times been as effectual as the absence of all. In the early part of the present century there



SMOKING-ROOM AT THE UNION. DRAWN BY T. H. CRAWFORD.

can have been no lack of matter: University reform was at least in the air, athletics were developing, the examination system was already in full swing. But for some reason the tendency of the University was not in the direction of the production of ephemeral or at least frivolous literature. The pompous Toryism of University authorities seventy years ago did not encourage any intellectual activity unconnected with the regular curriculum of the student, and when intellectual activity began to develop, it was rather on the lines of theological discussion—the subjects were hardly fitted for the columns of a newspaper. At an earlier date the Vice-Chancellor was interviewed by the delegate of an aspiring clique of undergraduates, who wished to form a literary club and to obtain the sanction of authority for its formation. He refused to grant the society any formal recognition, on the ground that while it was true that the statutes did not absolutely forbid such things, they certainly did not specifically mention them; and the members of the club—when it was eventually founded independent of the Vice-Cancellarial auspices—were known among their friends as the ‘Lunatics.’ Such was the somewhat obscuranist temper of the University about the year 1820; and we can imagine that the Vice-Chancellor, who could find nothing in the statutes encouraging a debating

society, would not have looked with enthusiastic approbation on a newspaper designed to discuss University matters without respect for authority. Even if he had, it would have been hard to appeal to all sections of the community; though there was certainly more general activity in the University than formerly, the *gaudia* and *discursus* of undergraduates were matters of comparatively small importance to their friends, and of none at all to their pastors and masters.

In the earlier part of the eighteenth century the conditions were exactly reversed. To judge from the specimens that have

survived to the present day (and how much of our own lighter literature will be in evidence 170 years hence?) there must have been plenty of 'available talent.' It was an age of essayists. Addison and Steele set the fashion for the metropolis: and as has been said before, Oxford satirists followed at some distance in the wake of these giants. The form of 'Terrae Filius' is that of the 'Tatler' and 'Spectator,' and the 'Oxford Magazine' of that day is largely composed of essays on men, women, and manners; many are still quite readable, and most have been recognised as remarkably smart in their day. Nor is it only in professed and formal satire that the talent of the time displays itself. Thomas Hearne of the Bodleian was careful to keep a voluminous note-book, chronicling not only the 'plums' extracted by his daily researches from the dark recesses of the library, but also various anecdotes, scandalous or respectable, of his contemporaries; and one is tempted to regret that so admirable a talent for

bepraising his friends and libelling his enemies should be comparatively *perdu* among extracts from 'Schoppius de Arte Critica,' copies of church brasses, and such-like antiquarian lumber—the whole forming a 'Collection' only recently published for the world's edification by the Oxford Historical Society. His 'appreciations' would have made the fortune of any paper relying for its main interest on personalities, after the fashion which we are learning from the Americans. Descriptions of his friends and enemies, such as 'An extravagant, haughty, loose man,' 'a Dull, Stupid, whiggish Companion,' are frequent and free; and anecdotes of obscure college scandal abound. We read how the 'Snivelling, conceited, and ignorant, as well as Fanatical Vice-Principal of St. Edmund Hall . . . *sconc'd* two gentlemen, which is a Plain Indication of his Furious Temper;' and how 'Mr. — of Christ Church last Easter-day, under pretence of being ill, desired one of the other chaplains to read Prayers for him: which accordingly was done. Yet such was the impudence of the man that he appeared in the Hall at dinner!'

As it was, however, those very collections which exhibit Hearne's peculiar genius show us at the same time how impossible, even granting the supposition to be not altogether anachronistic,



CORNMARKET STREET. DRAWN BY T. H. CRAWFORD.

a regular University 'News-letter' would have been. We talk now in a vague and, perhaps, rather unintelligible fashion of 'University politics,' and in some way contrive to identify Gladstonianism with a susceptibility to the claims of a school of English literature, or whatever is the latest phrase of progress—mixing up internal legislation with the external politics of the great world. But in Hearne's time there were no University politics to discuss. 'Their toasts,' says Gibbon of the Fellows of Magdalen College, 'were not expressive of the most lively loyalty to the House of Hanover,' and Hearne's interest in politics has nothing to do with the Hebdomadal Council. When he speaks of 'our white-liver'd Professor, Dr. —,' or describes the highest official in the University as 'old Smooth-boots, the Vice-Chancellor,' it is generally for the very sufficient reason that the person in question is what Dr. Johnson called a 'vile Whig.' But Tory politics and common-room scandal and jobbery apart, the



IN COLLEGE ROOMS. DRAWN BY T. H. CRAWFORD.

University would appear to have slept the sleep of the unjust. 'Terra Filius' grumbles at the corrupt method of 'examination,' and 'The Student' is lively and satirical on the peccadilloes and escapades of various members of society. But your prose essayist is apt to be intermittent, and the publication that relies mainly on him leans on a breaking reed; so that we can hardly be surprised that the last-named periodical should eke out its pages with imitations of Tibullus, to the first of which the Editor appends the encouraging note, 'If this is approved by the publick, the Author will occasionally oblige us with more *Elegies* in the same style and manner.'

Now that every one is anxious to see his own name and his friend's name in print, and that the general public takes, or pretends to take, a keen interest in the details of every cricket-match and boat-race, a paper chronicling University matters cannot complain of the smallness of its *clientèle*. Every one wants news. The undergraduate who has made a speech at the Union, or a century for his college second eleven, wants a printed certificate of his glorious achievements. Dons, and undergraduates too, for that matter, are anxious to read about the last hint of a possible Commission or the newest thing in University Extension. Men who have gone down but a short time ago are still interested in the doings of the (of course degenerate) remnant who are left; and even the non-academic Oxford residents, a large and increasing class, are on the watch for some glimpse of University doings, and some distant echo of common-room gossip. Modern journalism



In the Cathedral.

appeals more or less to all these classes; it cannot complain of the want of an audience, nor, on the whole, of a want of news to satisfy it, and certainly an Oxford organ cannot lack models for imitation, or awful examples to avoid. It is, in fact, the very multiplicity of contemporary periodicals that is the source of difficulty. A paper conducted in the provinces by amateurs—that is, by persons who have also other things to do—is always on its probation. The fierce light of the opinion of a limited public is continually beating on it. Its contributors should do everything a little better than the hirelings of the merely professional organs of the unlearned metropolis; its leaders must be more judicious than those of the ‘Times,’ its occasional notes a little more spicy than Mr. Labouchere’s, and its reviews a little more learned than those of the ‘Journal of Philology.’ Should it fall short of perfection in any of these branches, it ‘has no reason for existence,’ and is in fact described as ‘probably moribund.’ Yet another terror is added to the life of an Oxford editor: he *must* be at least often ‘funny;’ he must endeavour in some sort to carry out the great traditions of the ‘Oxford Spectator’ and the ‘Shotover Papers;’ and as the English public is generally best amused by personalities, he must be careful to observe the almost invisible line which separates the justifiable skit from the offensive attack. Now, the undergraduate contributor to the press is seldom successful as a humourist. He is occasionally violent and he is often—more especially after the festive season of Christmas—addicted to sentimental verse; but for mere frivolity and ‘lightness of touch’ it is safer to apply to his tutor.

It is a rather remarkable fact that almost all University papers—certainly all that have succeeded under the trying conditions of the game—have been managed and for the most part written, not by the exuberant vitality of undergraduate youth, but by the less interesting prudence of graduate maturity. It is remarkable, but not surprising. Undergraduate talent is occasionally brilliant, but is naturally transient. Generations succeed each other with such rapidity that the most capable editorial staff is vanishing into thin air just at the moment when a journal has reached the highest pitch of popularity. Moreover, amateur talent is always hard to deal with, as organizers of private theatricals know to their cost; and there is no member of society more capable of disappointing his friends at a critical moment than the amateur contributor to the press. Should the spirit move him, he will send four columns when the editor wants one; but if he is not in the vein, or happens to have something else to do, there is no promise so sacred and no threat so terrible as to persuade him to put pen to paper. If these are statements of general application, they are doubly true of undergraduates, who are always distracted by a too great diversity of occupations: Jones, whose power of intermittent satire has made him the terror of his Dons, has unaccountably taken to reading for the Schools; the poet, Smith, has gone into training for the Torpids; and Brown, whose ‘*Voces Populi* in a Ladies’ College’ were to have been something quite too excruciatingly funny, has fallen in love in the vacation and will write nothing but bad poetry. Such are the trials of the editor who drives an undergraduate team; and hence it comes about that the steady-



A BALL AT CHRIST CHURCH. DRAWN BY T. H. CRAWFORD.

going periodicals for which the public can pay a yearly subscription in advance, with the prospect of seeing at any rate half the value of its money, are principally controlled by graduates. No doubt they sometimes preserve a certain appearance of youthful vigour by worshipping undergraduate talent, and using the word 'Donnish' as often and as contemptuously as possible.

Nevertheless, there appear from time to time various ephemeral and meteoric publications, edited by junior members of the University. They waste the editor's valuable time, no doubt; and yet he is learning a lesson which may, perhaps, be useful to him in after-life; for it is said that until he is undeceived by hard experience, every man is born with the conviction that he can do three things—drive a dog-cart, sail a boat, and edit a paper.

A. D. GODLEY.

ENGLISH EFFIGIES IN WOOD

II

TO every period of mediaeval art belongs a certain amount of conventionalism, which is, indeed, often the very soul of the subject represented. Mediaeval sculptors never forgot—or was it inherent in their nature to recognise?—that the *gisant* should be in accord with the art of the tomb upon which it lay, and of the canopy which sheltered it. This caused the sympathetic propriety which adds so much to the harmony and charm of tombs of former times. But the principle, so to speak, hardened, as architecture became more



HEAD OF BLACK PRINCE.
From an etching by C. A. Stothard.



SIR GUY DE BRYAN.
From an etching by C. A. Stothard.

constrained and rigid, and—speaking, of course, of Gothic days—ended by setting aside, save in a few special cases, any idea of individual likeness in the memorials of the persons represented. Effigies, in fact, of all periods can be pointed out unlike any human creatures that ever existed, even in that vague era, which seems to be stereotyped on the tongue of man and to have preceded every age—'the good old times.' The bulk of monumental effigies supply us certainly with most valuable information, but it may not be assumed that they provide a national portrait gallery, that they are absolute copies of personal armour or costume, or that we may gather from them more than they were ever intended to give. Even in the case of the Black Prince, he merely directs in his will 'that an image in relieved work of laton gilt shall be placed in memory of us all armed in steel for battle;' he did not so order it, but the face of the effigy no doubt is a portrait. An 'image counterfait à un Esquier en Armes en toutz pointz,' and another 'countrefait à une dame gisant en sa surcote overte,' is all the instruction that Thomas Prentys and Robert Sutton of Chellaston had given to them in the agreement for making, in 1419, the still-existing alabaster effigies, neither of which are portraits, of Ralph Greene and his wife at Lowick,

Northamptonshire; and Sir Thomas Burgh only desires by his will in 1495 that his tomb should have two figures thereon of himself and his wife, his own effigy to be clad in the mantle of the Garter.

To what extent and with how much conventionality the old English sculptors copied real armour during a period of three hundred years, we may gather from a comparison of a number of measured drawings of effigies, both of wood and stone, of a fixed period. That many of them should thus appear as replicas—with such slight differences as the chance direction of a relative of the dead man, or even, in later times, the fancy of the sculptor may have suggested—would alone be proof that the picturesque rattling harness was reproduced on the effigies only up to a certain point; we have, for the early period, to supplement the information by the evidence of illuminated MSS., and for the later by the still-existing armour itself, with its delicate fan-ribs and flutes, so justly cherished by collectors.



RALPH GREENE AND WIFE.
From a drawing by A. Hartshorne.

Alabaster seems to have come into use at the end of the first quarter of the fourteenth

century with the beautiful memorials of that time; its employment lasted exactly three hundred years, over-running the wooden effigies and ending with monstrous painted, stained, and blotched presentments of humanity when Stone and his sons came to the rescue with their marble figures.

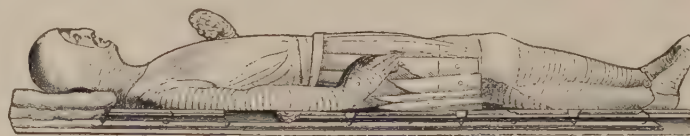
Alabaster was worked at Hartshorne, Chellaston, Burton, Fauld, and Tutbury. It was so easy to manipulate that the details, such as mail and ornament, accustomed to be done in relief in gesso, were sculptured, but in coarser style and usually gilt. Thus, from the end of the fourteenth century the delicate gesso-work on effigies, save on the few then produced in wood, gradually died away. Late and highly important examples of the ancient art, applied to stone, are shown on the rare kneeling figure of Sir Edward Despencer, 1375, and the recumbent effigy of Sir Guy de Bryan, 1390, both Knights of the Garter, in the solemn church of Tewkesbury.

To return to the wooden effigies. The sculptor having done his work, and fastened with wooden pins such parts as lay outside



SIR EDWARD DESPENCER.
From a drawing by A. Hartshorne.

the compass of his block, the decorator took the effigy in hand. Having sized the figure as far as was necessary, he glued pieces of linen over the open cracks and knots to bridge over the inequalities. He then gave the statue a thin coat of gesso—that is to say, a mixture of parchment-size and whitening, with a view to subsequent painting—and he applied a



SIR HUGH BARDOLPH. Drawn by T. Kerrich.

thicker coating of gesso to those portions of the effigy which he intended to decorate in relief, such as mail, or large surfaces to be afterwards gilded or silvered, and which he desired, as the mediaeval artists always did, to break up by slightly raised work in order



SIR STEPHEN DE HACCOMBE.
Drawn by R. Stothard.

to supply value and ornamental importance to the gold or silver. The gesso he impressed before it hardened with matrices or stamps of various patterns, mail of different sizes being among them, certain *liney* marks showing the removal of the mould on the large spaces to be covered, as the operator proceeded with his work. As to the surfaces to be gilded, there were many processes. They were usually first treated with bole Armenian, to give depth and richness to the gold leaf, which was much thicker than that of the present day—often, in early times, beaten out of gleaming bezants from the East—and, as well as the silver, applied with white of egg, left dead, or burnished with an agate, the *dent de loup* of the Frenchman. This treatment has partly survived with bookbinders of the present day. Most of the processes were fully exemplified on the wooden effigy of Sir Hugh Bardolph at Banham, Norfolk, who took part in the siege of Carlarverock—‘riches homs preus e courtois’—and died in 1303. The figure is accurately illustrated and described by Mr. Kerrich in Gough’s ‘Sepulchral Monuments,’ Vol. I., Part I., p. 38. It is now painted and sanded to represent stone! Occasionally fine patterns were worked with a brush in slight relief on sunk panels, imitating enamels, on the gilded or silvered surfaces of the sword-belts and other details, as in the Fersfield examples, or decorations introduced of punctured or painted designs of the greatest variety and beauty, many of the early ones being clearly inspired by oriental fabrics, the results of the Crusades. Exactly the same processes obtained in the stone effigies. With regard to the mail, which we have seen was represented by gesso, in relief, it was coloured black, brown, yellow, red, or blue; frequently, in the early period, the links were painted on a flat surface, as at Banham, and at the end of the

fourteenth century often gilt. A remarkable stone effigy at Hacombe, Devonshire, of Sir Stephen de Hacombe, presents the rare feature of a flowing pattern in black, running over the gilt gesso mail hauberk, hood, and chausses. The decorations on the stone effigy of John de Sheppy, bishop of Rochester, died 1360, are notable examples of work of the kind to which allusion has been made, as are also those of a later time on the stone reredos in the Lady Chapel at Gloucester, and on the wooden screen at Southwold. The



EFFIGY OF JOHN DE SHEPPY, BISHOP OF ROCHESTER, IN ROCHESTER CATHEDRAL.

whole of the painting upon wooden effigies was, of course, done in distemper—*tempera*; it was finally covered with a coat of plain or tinted oleaginous varnish, a very necessary but not sufficient protection.

Such was the general handling of English effigies in wood, and inasmuch as it differs in no important particular, save in so far as the treatment of the surface worked upon was concerned, from that applied to stone, it follows that the one class of monuments cannot, in any general notes upon them, be dissociated from the other. The process was also pushed to a minute and delicate degree in the decorations of attributes of altars, caskets and other small objects of domestic use, with varying manipulations and dexterity too numerous to detail here. By a careful examination of the slight vestiges which remain upon wooden effigies, as well as a study of the fuller and similar ruins that exist on stone figures, the entire mediaeval treatment of such memorials may be called up from the dim and fading past and again stand clearly revealed. A few more examples will suffice to tell and illustrate the story to its end.

The effigy at Alderton, Northamptonshire, of William de Combermartyn, died 1318, takes us a step further both in time and development of decay. It is accurately carved in oak in an attitude of great repose; and though it has lost every particle of colour, in its looped and windowed raggedness it yet exhibits much that arrests the attention. The straight under-eyelid, that favourite fashion of mediaeval sculptors, and the loose fit of the mail, are features that are usually associated with military effigies of this, the best age; and when we compare the Alderton figure with the stone effigies of Edmund, earl of Lancaster, died 1296, and Aylmer de Valence, died 1323, both in the Abbey, and particularly with the wooden one at Abergavenny, attributed for three centuries to that bright ornament of the peerage, John de Hastings, who died in 1313—a figure now assigned, wrongly as we believe, to George de Cantelupe, died 1275, it can hardly be doubted—no one who has measured and drawn them can doubt it—that all four effigies are from the same art centre, London, perhaps from the same workshop; indeed, the fact of John de Hastings having married as his first wife Isabel, sister of Aylmer de Valence, may well account for the employment of the same sculptor. The superior character of wooden effigies of this period, and of the decoration that was applied to them, lift them above the works of the numerous local schools in stone-bearing districts; from their lightness there would have been no more difficulty in transporting a hollow wooden effigy in a packing-case to Monmouthshire than to Northamptonshire, but it must be doubted whether in either example we have anything more than the general character of the person represented. The effigy of Hastings was, according to the travelled Churchyard, writing in 1587—



WILLIAM DE COMBERMARTYN. From a drawing by A. Hartshorne.

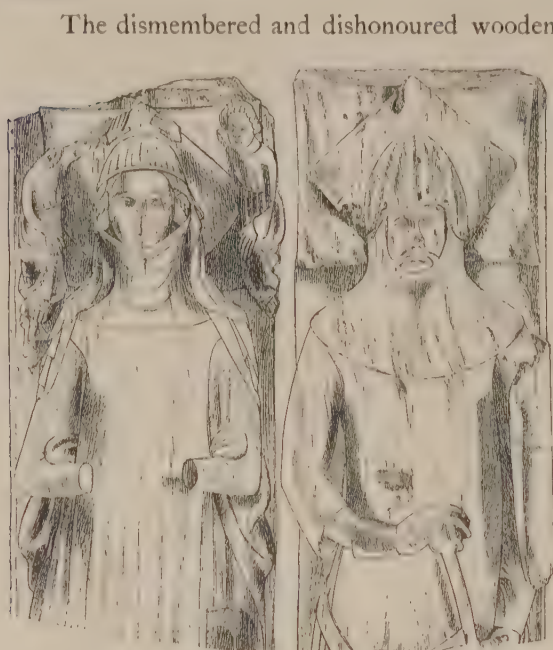


HAWISE DE KEYNES. From a drawing by A. Hartshorne.

‘ . . . removed away
By fine device of man:
And layd within a window right,
Full flat on stonie wall:
Where now he doth in open sight,
Remaine to people all.’

There it still continues. The statue of Combermartyn was banished from the church at the

restoration of 1848, and, again 'by fine device of man,' relegated to an upper stage of the tower.



SIR L. DE PAVELEY AND WIFE.
From a drawing by A. Hartshorne.

The dismembered and dishonoured wooden effigy at Dodford, Northamptonshire, of Hawise de Keynes, died after 1329—mother of Sir Robert de Keynes, whose fine polished Purbeck marble effigy, showing him in 'banded mail,' is in the same church—takes us almost out of the good period, and is in other respects the penultimate step to the vestry fire. The traces of colour on gesso that remain indicate a cotehardie of blue, and a white wimple. On the wall within the arch at the back of the tomb is a distemper picture in black and red showing two angels bearing to heaven the released soul of Hawise in a napkin, the hand of the Deity issuing out of clouds to receive it; below are shields of arms.

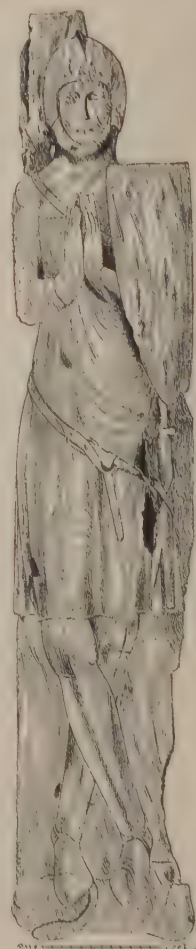
The effigy of Sir Lawrence de Paveley, about 1330, at Paulerspury, Northamptonshire, shows a manifest decline both in art and execution, but the rare features of military equipment presented in the fluted bascinet and the

sleeved cyclas certainly redeem it from the commonplace. The statue of the lady, his wife, has great merit; the gathered-up folds of the drapery, so usual in effigies of women of that time, has much to do with the artistic success of the figure. There is nothing to be learned as to the original decorations when these antiquities were novelties, the effigies having been whitewashed in evil times.

We have now quite quitted the works in wood of the good period, and as in the art's advancing so in its declining state, it will not be necessary to follow the subject in progressive detail to the end of its course; this was intimated at the outset, yet it will be desirable to refer briefly to a few more examples of English effigies in wood as stones to step on down the stream of time.

The remarkably proportioned figure of Sir Thomas le Latymer at Braybrooke, Northamptonshire, who died in 1334, is curious as possibly the work of a local Phidias; it might have formed the text of an interesting question as to the capacity of village effigy carvers and decorators in the fourteenth century. The painting has unfortunately vanished, but the gnarled and knotty oak indicates how much preparation must have been necessary upon this intractable subject before the decorator could do his work and make the best of so ill-shaped a figure.

Michael de la Pole, earl of Suffolk, died 1415, and his wife 'lie tumulate full worshipfull' in Wingfield Church, Suffolk. The effigies are sculptured with great precision, and are capital examples of the armour and costume of the time of Henry V.; the accurate forms of the earl's harness 'give dreadful note of preparation,' and both figures show, if not exactly the genius of the artist, at least his infinite capacity for taking pains, which is not far removed from the divine quality. It is sad to relate that a little more than a hundred years ago these figures, originally resplendent with gilding and colours, were covered with a thick coat of paint.



SIR THOMAS LE LATTYMER.
From a drawing by A. Hartshorne.

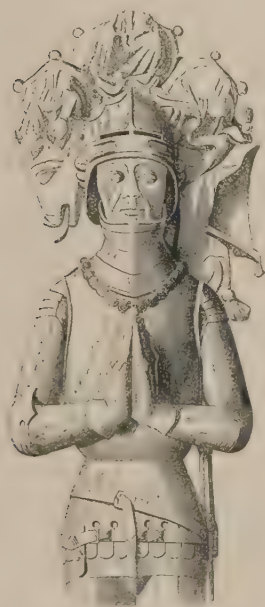
The effigies of Ralph Nevill, second Earl of Westmorland, died 1484, and his wife Elizabeth, widow of Lord Clifford and daughter of Hotspur, in Brancepeth Church, Durham, are notable figures in wood; no colours seem to be now visible, but the remarkable anachronisms in the armour of the man, such as a vizored salade and a collar of the rose *en soleil*—‘this sun of York’—with a pendant badge, the white boar of Richard III., worn with a jupon and armour of a hundred years before, seem to imply either that Nevill chose to use inherited harness or that a country sculptor copied some ‘bruised arms hung up for monuments.’ Lelande, whose memory all antiquaries esteem, tells us in his ‘Laborious Journey and Serche’ that ‘this Neville lakkid heires male, wherapoean great concertation rose betwixt the next heire male and one of the Gascoynes.’ This opens out a tempting historical vista which may not be entered upon now.

A few examples of wooden tombs bearing wooden effigies have survived. Such is the fourteenth-century example at Pitchford, Salop. Conspicuous among this small class is the striking oak monument at Thornhill, Yorkshire, sustaining the statues of Sir John Savile and his two wives—Alice Vernon and Elizabeth Paston. On the verge of the tomb is the following



MICHAEL DE LA POLE AND WIFE.
From C. A. Stothard.

inscription:—‘BONYS EMONG STONYS LYS HERE FUL STYL QWYLSTE THE SAWLE WANDERIS WERE THAT GOD WYL IN ANNO DM MILLIMO QUINGENTISSIMO VIGESIMO NONO.’ Another is that of Henry Nevill, fifth Earl of Westmorland, died 1564, and his two wives, at Staindrop, Durham; this has been richly painted and gilded. A final step brings us to the wooden effigy—*wooden* in every sense of the word—of John Heath, died 1590, in St. Giles’s, Durham. It suffered the final indignity of ‘restoration’—restoration of an effigy!—half a century ago, and appears to be the latest monument of the kind that has been noticed.



RALPH NEVILL.
Etched by C. J. Smith, from a
drawing by C. A. Stothard.

We have thus pursued to its end, in the intermittent way necessitated by the nature of the subject, the story of English Effigies in Wood, and surely no other branch of art so widely spread presents as dismal a record of neglect and destruction. Yet, out of the dire havoc a remnant has been spared, as we have seen, for which we must be thankful, because we can retrieve from it the methods of more arts than one which were practised in England during the space of four centuries. Imagination, indeed, might recreate from the fast-perishing fragments many a memorial once shapely and brilliant with the honest artistic touch and bright fancy of men who were un-

trammelled by greed of gain, and the exigencies of commercial ‘culture,’ in times, in this regard at least, both good and old.

It will be readily imagined that during the progress of these observations the thoughts have often wandered away to other and notable examples of wooden statues—the Bustlers at Hildersham, the Reyneses and Borards at Clifton Reynes, the St. Clares at Danbury, the Westons at Weston-under-Lizard, the De Horkesleys at Horkesley, the Achards at Sparsholt, the poor pickled ecclesiastic at Derby, and many others. Each would contribute something of corroboration or of strengthening to this particular art record, but too much lengthen the present account to be treated of in detail here.

During the last fifty years the shameful scourge of ‘restoration’—which the world woke

up forty years too late to fight against—has been but rarely extended to wooden effigies. They were tacitly consigned by their legal guardians to ruder but not more destructive hands than those of the professional ‘restorer.’ It may fairly be questioned whether a process which obliterates every vestige of the ancient decoration and—precisely as in the case of a church—sets up as ‘restoration’ a condition of things which never existed before, as in the lamentable gilding of the painted Purbeck effigy of King John at Worcester in 1873, is not more wickedly destructive than either oil-painting and sanding, scrubbing by the relentless parish clerk, the churchwarden’s dark shroud of whitewash, or even burning in the vestry fire.

ALBERT HARTSHORNE.

THE PICTURESQUE IN HOMER

II

THE similes of the ‘Odyssey’ are comparatively few. Two of them—a large proportion of the whole—are declared by Colonel Mure to be inappropriate:—

‘In the Odyssey, the comparison of Penelope circumvented by the wiles of the suitors to a lion hemmed in by a host of pursuers, is also somewhat startling. A gentler victim of the hunter’s snares were more appropriate. The otherwise strongly marked partiality of the poet for the lion as a source of figurative illustration is nowhere certainly more broadly exemplified.’

The lion of the comparison is not yet hemmed in, and in what respect Penelope may be most naturally compared to him will appear on consideration of the circumstances which lead up to the simile. Penelope has just been shocked by information of the faithful herald, Medon, that the suitors are no longer content with making her palace a scene of riot and gratuitous waste, but that they are prosecuting a plot to waylay and murder her son Telemachus, who, she hears for the first time, is away from Ithaca.

Around her a soul-wasting grief was diffused, nor longer endured she
To sit on a chair, of the many that were in the apartment,
But down on the threshold she sat of her well-built chamber,
Wailing piteously, and the servants mourned around her,
All, whether young or elder, as many as were in the household.—(716.)

The simile is suggestive of brooding on such other feelings and purposes towards the plotters against her as are natural, not to say excusable, in a mother against the intending murderers of a child, and indeed we find that her feelings in regard to them are as fierce as those of Ulysses himself (xvii. 194).

The lion, who sees the toils closing round him, is not to be supposed scrupulous as to any violence in an attempt to extricate himself:—

But Penelopeia, the prudent, there in her upper chamber
Was lying down fasting, and neither of food nor of drink was partaker,
Revolving whether her faultless son from death would escape free,
Or whether would be subdued by the suitors, overweening;
And, whatever a lion amidst a press of men has had thought of
In fear as to when they may draw the crafty circle round him,
Upon her all this revolving descended gentle slumber,
And sinking reclined she slept, and all her limbs relaxed were.

Another simile of the ‘Odyssey’ may more naturally excite surprise, if it does not truly justify cavil, as it certainly does not the particular objection of Colonel Mure.

In the last book but one, Ulysses, long disguised, gives to his wife—as yet holding off—the complete assurance of his identity by disclosing his knowledge of a secret token arranged between them from old time—

He spake, and upon the spot her knees and dear heart relaxed were,
 As the tokens she recognised which Ulysses with certainty told her,
 And thereupon weeping she ran on direct, and her arms about the
 Neck of Ulysses she cast, and kissed his head and addressed him.

Upon her affectionate speech follows the simile—

Thus said she, and in him still more of lament she indulgence excited,
 And he wept as he held his well-loved wife, of faithfulness mindful.
 And even as welcome the land may appear to men who are swimming,
 Whose well-built ship in the open sea may Poseidaon
 Have wrecked, as it on by the blast and solid wave was driven;
 And only a few from the hoary sea escaped clear shoreward
 By swimming, and brine abundant about their skin is crusted;
 And welcomely greeting on land they set foot, distress escaping;
 Even so welcome to her as on him she gazed was her husband;
 And still not from his neck her white arms ever took she.

As the details of the simile follow on after the mention of Ulysses holding his long-hoped-for wife in his embrace, a reader may excusably expect that the circumstances of the rescued sailors reflect those of Ulysses, who has voyaged so far, so repeatedly been saved from shipwreck, and has now regained his home with pain and difficulty. But it is manifest that such a comparison of two precise similars would have been no proper simile at all—tame and commonplace inexpressibly. The apprehension of so grievous an anti-climax is sufficiently suggested to give piquancy to the application, as it turns off to the case of Penelope, who has assuredly been tossed and driven upon a sea of troubles, has only just escaped from direst disaster, the murderous intentions of the suitors against her son, and now after a sustained conflict with her difficulties, finds herself landed in safety, if not without bearing some necessary signs of what she has gone through.

Wherefore it is that I cannot agree with the critic, so many¹ of whose dicta I so cordially approve—

‘The sad condition of the shipwrecked mariners, so graphically described, finds no analogy whatever in the case of Penelope.’—(ii. p. 96.)

The pregnancy of import of Homer’s similes may be illustrated by two examples from the ‘Iliad.’ The picture presented in the first is an artisan exercising skill in shaping a piece of ship timber, and assisted by the superior temper and the weight of his axe. It is thus applied. Paris, rebuked by Hector for starting back to avoid an encounter with Menelaus, recovers courage, and replies to him with an intimation at the same time of a characteristic which his brother displays conspicuously, but only in incidents yet to be narrated:—

And him again, Alexander, the godlike in form, replied to
 Hector—since fairly enough you have rated me, nowise unfairly—
 Ever a heart have you which, like an axe, is unswerving,
 Which through the timber is driven by one who with skill accomplished,
 Hews out a plank for a ship, and it aids the artisan’s impact;
 So in thy bosom ever intrepid is the intention.

In many a future battle we find the energy of Hector mainly expended in exhortations which give stimulus and momentum to the courage and military qualities of Trojans, Lycians, Dardans, and allies. Even when galled himself by Sarpedon’s taxation of slackness, it is in this form that he exerts himself, and no personal exploit ensues:—

So Sarpedon spake, and the words bit the soul of Hector,
 And down at once from his car to the ground with his arms he bounded,
 And went through the host in all directions shaking his keen spears,
 Exciting them to fight, and he stirred up grievous conflict;
 And turning they rallied, and came to stand against the Achaians.—(v. 493.)

In the other simile adverted to, we are introduced to a royal treasury or store, where the ivory cheek-piece of a horse's head-stall, stained with purple by some woman of Caria or Maeonia, is an object not only of admiration but intense desire by gazing horsemen, but is too precious not to be reserved as an ornament and glory of the caparison of a king alone. The simile is introduced by the simple description of how the blood of Menelaus, who is treacherously wounded by a Trojan arrow during truce, flows down and stains his white thighs. But in the extension of the simile we find significant adumbration of the sentiments aroused in the bosom of Agamemnon, and the key of his character.

And graze did the arrow the surface of the flesh of the hero,
 And from the wound on the instant flowed the cloud-dark blood drops ;
 And even as when some woman has ivory stained with purple—
 Maonian she may be or Carian—to serve as cheek-piece for horses,
 And stored in chamber it lies, and of it desire very many
 Horsemen possession, but stored it lies for a king's adornment,
 Decoration at once for the horse and a glory for its driver :
 Such, as stained with blood, were those thighs of thine, Menelaus,
 The fair proportioned, and legs and beautiful ankles below them.—(iv. 139.)

The relation between the stained limbs of the hero and the stained ivory is obvious enough, and so also between the grudging cavaliers and Pandarus and his disappointed comrades on the one hand, and the exultation of King Agamemnon on the other. But it will be noticed that there is no hint which would answer to any severe sympathetic distress on the part of the generalissimo and brother, and that Menelaus is not elevated in dignity by being compared to a property, costly as it may be.

The alarm is soon over ; the barbs have not penetrated, and the sentiments of the speech of Agamemnon are solely and naïvely expressive of the bearing of the possible catastrophe on his interests and prospects as commander of a composite force which he will risk all to keep together. The perjury of the Trojans makes their destruction by Zeus a certainty, and would have done so in any case. But had Menelaus perished, there would have been an end of the *casus belli* founded on the rape of Helen ; the allies would then have dispersed, and in what shame and disgrace would his hopes of power and glory have ended ?

And amidst them spake the Lord Agamemnon, heavily groaning,
 As he held by the hand Menelaus, and after him groaned his companions.
 155 Brother dear ! now to thy death was I a treaty concluding,
 And exposed you to singly fight with the Trojans for the Achaïans.
 So have the Trojans struck you, and trampled on loyal treaties.
 The sacred oath and blood of the lambs shall by no means be futile,
 And the unmixed libations and right hands on which we confided ;
 160 For if even not at once has Olympius given fulfilment,
 Entirely, though late, he will give it, and they have incurred vast forfeit,
 With their own heads, and their wives moreover, and their children ;
 For well know I this in my mind, and full well in my spirit I know it,
 A day will there be when Ilion sacred at last shall perish,
 And Priam, and the people of stout-spear-brandishing Priam ;
 And Zeus Cronides, high-throned, the dweller in aether, against them
 Himself will over them be shaking his lurid aegis,
 At treachery angered ; assuredly this will be not unaccomplished.
 But grievous to me will the pang be on thy account, O Menelaus !
 170 If you should die and complete the destiny of lifetime ;
 Very contemptible then should I get me to thirsty Argos,
 For instantly will the Achaïans have thought of their native country,
 And we should leave as a boast to Priam and the Trojans,
 Argeian Helen ; and here will in earth thy bones be rotting,
 As you in Troia lie by a labour uncompleted ;
 And may be, will thus one say of the overweening Trojans,

As on the tomb be stamps of warlike Menelaus,—
 I would that just thus Agamemnon against all may wreak his choler,
 As hither he even now led in vain an army Achaian,
 180 And homeward had to depart to his dear native country,
 With empty ships, and leaving the brave Menelaus behind him.
 Thus on a time will one say, then for me may wide earth be yawning.—(iv. 155.)

It was not only that Menelaus could not decline the challenge of his personal enemy and injurer, Paris, but Agamemnon might well feel easy as to his success against an archer, a purely light-armed man, who had to borrow armour and arms for the combat. Even so he was careful to keep open the quarrel by the stipulation, that in the event of the death of Paris the war should continue till some undefined indemnity should be paid. He is careful enough afterwards to keep Menelaus out of harm's way from the general challenge of Hector and the perilous night expedition.

The apprehension which Agamemnon in his excitement blurts out so unceremoniously is present to the mind of Antilochus when he sees Menelaus exposing himself:—

And of these as they fell had Ares-beloved Menelaus compassion,
 And through the fore-fighters he went accoutred in armour resplendent,
 Poising his spear, and Ares gave to his courage incitement,
 With the intent that he might be subdued by the hands of Aeneas.
 But him Antilochus noted, the son of high-soul'd Nestor,
 And through the fore-fighters he went, for he feared for the shepherd of people,
 Lest he should suffer aught, and make all their labour futile.—(v. 561.)

The Greek dramatists treated the character and position of Menelaus with scorn; and Shakespeare, who only followed their lead when he treated all the other Homeric characters as unceremoniously—he had not to observe, like Homer, patriotic considerations—allowed Thersites to call him 'a handy shoehorn hanging at his brother's leg.'

When Troy was captured and Helen regained, Menelaus was one of the first to assert himself and take his way home.

But the study of Homer as a descriptive poet has conducted us insensibly to the verge of that of his principles and experiences as an observant politician. What a vista is not open before us!—but here we are bound to draw rein.

W. WATKISS LLOYD.

PARISIAN ARCHITECTURE SINCE THE EMPIRE

MY purpose in these papers will be to show the various directions of certain changes which are, I believe, destined to bring about something like a revolution in Parisian architecture in the twentieth century. I do not believe that the style which is associated with the names of Napoleon III. and Baron Haussmann is likely to be final. It will probably endure for a long time in the sense that the houses erected under the Second Empire are too well built to fall down of themselves, and too valuable as property to be pulled down for a mere question of taste, but it is not likely that the principles of that architecture will govern the house-designing of the coming century and its successors. The circumstances under which the Paris of Haussmann was erected were most peculiar. The dominant motive was not artistic, but military and political. Except in the great edifices, such as the new buildings between the Louvre and the Place du Carrousel and the new churches, the artistic element was generally limited to the avoidance of what would have been offensive to Parisian taste and, on the positive side, to a somewhat timid admission of ornament—timid, I mean, in the sense that whether abundantly or sparsely given, it rarely exhibited any striking originality. There was, however, a certain progress in the artistic direction, even under the Second Empire.

The Parisian improvements began with the Rue de Rivoli, and certainly if all Paris had been reconstructed after that pattern, it would have become one of the most mechanically monotonous of great cities. The Rue de Rivoli, for our present purpose, may be divided into two parts, one extending from the Rue de Fourcy to the Rue du Louvre, and the other from the Rue du Louvre to the Ministère de la Marine at the Place de la Concorde. The first, or eastern part, is much more interesting than the western, except that the western includes one long side of the Louvre, from the corner of Perrault's colonnade to the Pavillon de Marsan.



WINDOWS IN THE RUE DE LA TOUR, PASSY.

This gives a fine perspective view as we go eastwards; but we are not at present concerned with great public buildings. The ordinary street architecture is not rich anywhere in the Rue de Rivoli; the designs of the houses are usually meagre and wanting in invention, nevertheless there is variety enough in the eastern half to preserve one from *ennui*. It is from the Rue du Louvre westwards that the mechanical architecture reigns in all its dullness. Considering the enormous rents, and the economy of land effected by bringing the upper storeys over the footway, the fronts of the houses being all supported on pillars, there is no reason why the street should not have been entrusted to architects instead of simple masons. The reader who knows Paris remembers what the arcade is like at the Hôtel Meurice or the Hôtel Continental; one arch of it is enough, for they are all alike, hundreds of them—plain round arches on square pillars. Above them runs a line of balconies supported on very simple brackets, and the iron railing of the balconies themselves is all in plain straight rods—there is no fine art in it whatever. Then come the windows of the first floor, with a simple projecting cornice above each window (nothing on the sides), above this a thin moulding on which rest the windows of the second storey, then a very poor upper balcony,—a third storey, and the attics. Matthew Arnold paid it an undeserved compliment when he said that such architecture expressed ‘wealth, splendour, pleasure.’ Of course such buildings cost money—the Louvre shop sold for 600,000*l.*; but they have no richness either of materials or of ornament, they have no splendour, and they suggest no pleasure but the feminine delights of shopping. The Rue de Rivoli was built in a hurry to have a perfectly straight line for cannon balls alongside the Tuileries and the Louvre. It fortunately happened that the arcade system did not turn out to be popular: the shopkeepers disliked it as diminishing the light and the effect of their shops, whilst the idlers preferred uncovered footpaths, except in rainy weather. Paris was thus preserved from the deplorable fate of being filled with repetitions of the Rue de Rivoli, and as the first strategic necessities had been attended to, the rest of the great task of street-making could be carried forward rather more at leisure. The Boulevards of Sebastopol, St. Michel, and St. Germain are not

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only without the bareness and the monotony of the Rue de Rivoli, but they permitted, and even to some extent encouraged, a degree of originality in architectural invention. The Boulevard Haussmann and the Avenue de Friedland, gave still greater liberty, and so did the region of palatial dwellings in the neighbourhood of the Parc de Monceau. It was easy, even before the fall of the Empire, to see that if architects could not escape from the conditions imposed by the lofty tenement house with balconies, they were at least alive to the necessity for a varied treatment of the theme. But besides these lofty houses, there were many separate private mansions to build, and it was in these that the genius of the architect emancipated itself from the regularity of the street front, with its lines of windows and balconies.

Since the establishment of the Republic, there has been still less hurry about the reconstruction of Paris. It has gone on gradually, and in the same general sense as to the ground-plan, that is, with a view to facilitating communication, if not now so much for strategic reasons as under the despotic government. The ground-plan of Paris lies outside of my subject, as it has nothing to do with architecture except indirectly; but I may say, in passing, that the modern city has been laid out almost as one would lay out a garden, with its broad alleys and minor alleys and its narrower streets answering to the ordinary walks. The difference is that a garden is usually laid out on unoccupied ground, whilst the lines of new Paris were drawn upon the map of an ancient city, which at the time of the projected change was, for its area, one of the most densely populated in the world. Napoleon III. probably intended to complete the reconstruction of Paris during his own lifetime. Under the Republic no man's lifetime is of any particular importance, and the improvements of Paris now go on little by little, like those of London, the difference being that in Paris the city is considered more as a whole, and the improvements are in accordance with a comprehensive scheme.

I should say that the main difference between the architectural art of the Second Empire and that of which we now see a beginning is the difference between business ability and the free play of the mind in architectural invention. The old style of work still survives, it had become too much of a habit to be readily cast aside, and it unfortunately offers a convenient refuge for mediocrity, besides which it looks handsome enough to be always satisfactory to the vulgar. In its most complete development it is even imposing. The workmen are just now finishing an enormous and particularly magnificent block of tall houses at the end of the Avenue du Bois de Boulogne, close to the station on the girdle railway. That is quite in the *style Napoléon III.*, though it is erected so long after his fall, or rather, it is a more complete development of the principles of that style with the help



HOUSE IN THE RUE DES BERNARDINS.

of greater massiveness and more overloaded ornament. For example, the great stone brackets under the balconies (quite a regiment of them) are adorned with most elaborate heavy sculpture, and at the corner there is a sort of rotunda surmounted by a dome, which is rich, like the rest of the roof, in leaden ornaments answering to the carvings of the stone. Not one of the countless windows is left without ornament, so that one's first reflection is that the rents of the flats will be enormous, and the fact is, simply, that all this decorative sculpture has been so freely lavished for no other purpose than as a pretext for high rents.



WINDOWS AND DOORWAY IN THE RUE DE LA POMPE.

If we look into it a little we see that it is full of repetition, that the heavy garlands and bosses and lions' heads are all alike—that it is merely commercial sculpture, without taste, or delicacy, or genuine invention in it anywhere. I know an architect who is also an artist, and who lives far away from the capital. On his occasional visits he shows the most complete indifference to these accumulated evidences of ostentation. One glance at them is enough, the business is too familiar to him; it is not more impressive than the gilding on picture-frames.

One of the most important changes in the new tendencies of French architecture is a disposition to estimate commercial sculpture at its proper value, that is, simply to do without it. One cannot imagine that it would add in the slightest degree to the happiness of any true lover of what is delicate and genuine in the fine arts, to live in a house that had been carved all over with coarse festoons of impossible leaves and flowers,

alternating with heads of unnatural animals. There comes a time when these things are not only superfluous but wearisome, as carved furniture vexes a taste that is not either infantine or barbarous unless it is intelligently designed. In the new Parisian architecture carving is often rejected altogether, and when admitted it is not employed without reserve. So far the change is in the classical direction. Superabundant carving does not belong to the ages when sculpture is at its best, but to ages, such as our own Elizabethan, which from the artistic point of view are still essentially barbarous. I do not wish to undervalue the Parisian carvers of ornament. They are the best in the world, and it is just because they are capable of doing refined work under good architects that they ought not to be set to vulgar commercial work. Let them be employed in realising beautiful designs without the hurry

of rapid manufacture. The advance of the critical faculty, whilst discouraging the mere trade of carving, would be favourable to the art. There are, by this time, a number of new houses in Paris on which sculpture has been employed sparingly, but in the most important positions and isolated by restful margins of plain stone.

The reader probably knows the calcareous stone of which Paris is built, and which comes from inexhaustible quarries chiefly to the north of the capital. Superb blocks of it are brought into the city every day on massive trucks drawn by long strings of horses. The fronts of the new houses are always substantially built, and the heavy white stones may be seen protruding and awaiting the hand of the carver, who turns them into brackets, cornices, or carved panels. The temptation to carve such stone is almost irresistible. It is soft and pleasant to chisel, yet not so soft as to refuse to take sharp edges, and it does immediate justice to the sculptor's intentions, the surface being uniform in its dead whiteness. In the days when there was hardly any coal smoke in Paris, the stone first turned yellowish and then gradually passed to a light golden-brown, whilst the surface became harder as time went on. In such favourable conditions as these, it is not surprising that sculpture should have been overdone and vulgarised, so that the tendency is now rather towards other modes of decoration. The case reminds me of a change of fashion that occurred lately in the ceramic art. A new way of decorating *faïences* had been invented and brought to great perfection by a few practitioners, particularly by one lady artist of distinction. Then came imitators who vulgarised the process and established a low scale of prices, to which their betters had to conform, but not without a sacrifice of quality. The public perceived the deterioration and withdrew its encouragement, so the art fell to the ground and was abandoned.

The art of ornamental sculpture in stone is in danger of sharing the same fate. One reason against its continued prosperity is the demand for colour in external decoration which has sprung up during the last few years. Panels of painted *faïence* or coloured marbles are let into the walls, and so are courses of glazed bricks. As these give a good and sometimes a brilliant decorative effect, the need for sculpture is hardly felt, and a very little of it suffices. The present tendency in this direction was foreseen many years ago by Viollet-le-duc, when he gave amongst the illustrations to his 'Entretiens sur l'Architecture' an example of a shop and house-front constructed as an iron framework, the spaces being filled up with bricks faced with coloured *faïences*. Another modern tendency has the effect of making sculpture almost superfluous. Artistic wrought ironwork has been better understood than formerly, and produced more abundantly for balconies. It can be made the principal decoration, and in a few instances it has been



ORIEL WINDOWS IN THE BOULEVARD DES ITALIENS.

made the almost exclusive decoration. There is a new house in the Rue des Bernardins of plain brick with hardly any structural interest except a loggia on the top, yet it is rich enough in consequence of its balconies of wrought iron, which are ingeniously connected together so as practically to mask the otherwise too great simplicity of the masonry, and the whole produces quite a satisfactory effect as the reader may judge from the illustration. He will observe a stone house beyond, which is, in fact, a school, and which also shows the present tendency to originality in Parisian building if we compare its windows with those of the Rue de Rivoli. The loggia, or open gallery, so common in Italy, and occasionally met with in old French châteaux and towns, has been very rarely adopted in Paris, but it is beginning to appear rather more frequently in the new houses, and is a most valuable



Oriel window in the Boulevard des
Italiens.

architectural feature on account of the variety it gives to a design, as well as a lightness to the upper storey that can be equalled by no other arrangement. In the bright sunshine, which is not rare even so far north as Paris, the loggia gives superb effects of light and shade, as well as an excellent opportunity for the introduction of colour. With good judgment the architect has answered the lightness of the loggia by introducing heavy stone arches in the basement, where they have to carry the weight of the edifice. It is very characteristic of France, where architecture has always been valued on its own account, that this house has been erected in one of the narrowest and most obscure little side streets of the capital, unfrequented by the fashionable world.

The combination of iron and *faïence* with stone architecture is now becoming frequent, in consequence of the very general adoption of oriel windows, which are usually made of iron, with little panels of coloured pottery. They are occasionally of stone, and built from the first on the stone corbels or brackets that support a heavy balcony. Our first illustration is an example from a new house by M. Sauvage in the Rue de la Tour at Passy. Stone, as in this instance, harmonises more completely with the edifice itself, but it does not give the apparent lightness of iron or the gaiety of the coloured *faïence* in the panels. The use of iron and pottery for this

purpose is very well shown in a house in the Rue de la Pompe, also at Passy. Here the oriel window is, in fact, a balcony lightly but sufficiently protected from the weather. The house, as the reader perceives, is in a mixture of styles; the windows are modern Parisian, except that near the entrance, which, like the entrance itself, is derived, in fact, from debased Gothic, a tendency especially visible in the clever and picturesque carvings of demons and a winged dragon in the middle. This is a very good instance of the almost playful freedom exercised by the Parisian architects of the present day, for nothing could be more incongruous than this intrusion of Gothic reminiscences in an edifice which, on the whole, is classical, yet the result is rather interesting than offensive. Perhaps the most important instance in Paris of the recent use of light oriels is a series of them on the Boulevard des Italiens, to the right as one goes down the hill after the Passage Jouffroy, walking westwards. They are elegant in design, and greatly enhance the picturesque

appearance of the street. Each gives light to three storeys, the glass being in small panes according to a very prevalent Parisian fashion. Both in the use of these small panes, and in the general design of the windows, these adjuncts approach much more nearly to the spirit of Gothic architecture than to that of the Second Empire, and yet it is not probable that they came to our French contemporaries from Gothic. They came rather from the East, and are a modern French adaptation of the moucharaby or lattice, to the intricate trellis-work of which the tiny panes give an additional resemblance. They have become especially prevalent since the Exhibition of 1889, where the Rue du Caire attracted universal attention and admiration. Whatever their origin, these projections are a very valuable addition to Parisian architecture, which, before their introduction, was often greatly wanting in variety of surface, and grievously needed something that would advance or retreat from the too uniform levels of its frontages. They offer, too, variety of another kind in colour, for however they are painted, it is not likely that they will be exactly of the same colour as the stone of the solid wall, and, in fact, they have naturally suggested the use of chromatic decoration, which was employed timidly at first and afterwards with greater resolution.

The effect of these oriel windows on the interiors of houses has been to increase the gaiety and picturesqueness of certain rooms, generally one room in the flat. They give more light than the old windows, they greatly increase the space, and as the small panes are very frequently of tinted or coloured glass they give colour, though not of a kind favourable to the exhibition of pictures. Frequently the intersections of the leads are marked by lozenges of coloured glass, which are cut or cast in massive pieces like sapphires or topazes. On a summer evening when one is sitting at dinner in a room with a window of this kind, before the candles are lighted, and a glow from the western sky fills it with still richer colour, the effect on the mind is stimulating to the imagination, and when the house is in one of the quiet streets near the Bois de Boulogne, where there is less noise than in a village, one may fancy himself at any distance from a great capital. The objection to these windows is that one cannot see the view without opening them, but as in France it is the custom to hide ordinary windows (not these) by permanent blinds with embroidered or woven designs, the loss is scarcely felt.

It seems evident that the Universal Exhibitions of 1878 and 1889 have had considerable effect on the new tendencies in Parisian architecture, by awakening the French mind to the merits of foreign examples. Something has also been due to the innovations practically shown in the construction of the Exhibition buildings themselves. They have led to the freer and more visible employment of iron and coloured earthenware, and, besides that, they have encouraged a certain inventiveness. It was the fashion amongst the aesthetic writers of the Parisian press to condemn the Exhibition buildings indiscriminately. As for the Eiffel Tower, of course we know that it was not a work of architecture but simply a most interesting engineering feat, and the arches which were added (from the ground to the first platform) were merely intended to palliate the absence of artistic design. Its aesthetic value is for the study of effects of light and atmosphere, for which it is almost as good as a minor mountain. Sometimes the summit is concealed in mist, sometimes the base. Occasionally the whole structure looks dim and aerial and at other times it is sharp and clear, with its decorations blazing like fires. Of the other buildings, the enormous machine gallery, though a marvellous proof of knowledge and skill, is an example only for the architecture of railway-stations. But it is by no means impossible that the unquestionable elegance of the domes belonging to the two palaces of the Fine Arts and the Liberal Arts may have an effect upon the future architecture of Paris. The General Post Office was reconstructed some years ago on an enormous scale and in a massively simple style of architecture entirely, as to the exterior walls, of stone, but the inside is a complicated iron structure of the most modern

type. After a short experience the building was found to be too small, and then it was decided to construct an *annexe*, not touching the first building but divided from it by a street. In this second building the iron structure is shown plainly and the stone shell is dispensed with. It is utterly unlike the architecture of the Second Empire, and evidently a result of the experience gained by the Universal Exhibition. It goes far to confirm the idea entertained by Viollet-le-duc and other architects, that modern necessities and modern experience in the use of materials are destined to bring about an architecture of the future in which iron would be freely and visibly employed; an architecture that would leave full scope to the exercise of an architect's taste and invention in the search for a new elegance.

P. G. HAMERTON.



MENTONE

MR. ANSTED, whose illustrations of the rivers of Devon appeared in the early numbers of *THE PORTFOLIO* for this year, has been engaged for some time past on a set of sketches of the Riviera from Hyères to the Bay of Spezia, which are about to be published in a volume, with notes by the Artist. They are more than sixty in number, twenty of them being etchings, and the rest reproductions of pen drawings. We borrow a sketch of Mentone, and a curious note.

'The native population of Mentone, and the principality of Monaco generally, are not without their peculiar characteristics and their traditions, among many of which latter we hear of strange people who used to come into the towns until comparatively recent times, bringing oil and sometimes milk and cheese:—a people unfamiliar to the Monagasques, speaking a foreign dialect, and, in some cases, almost unable to speak at all. I have met men who positively assert that they have had dealings with a scattered remnant of these wild creatures, deformed often, and half savage, living principally on oil, coarse bread, and fruit, and in nature more akin to beasts than to their own kind. They were big men, often standing six feet in height, despite short crooked legs, frequently bent inwards, and they had long heavy arms reaching nearly to the knees. They came out of the country far away behind the Mont Agel—where old Hercules founded the original *Portus Herculis Monœci*—from ten to fifteen miles inland, helping their loaded mules or donkeys over the rough paths, and speaking to them as they spoke to each other. They brought wine too; for wine was made in their country, and strong wine and good it is said to have been. Want of space forbids any discussion as to the origin of these men, or the cause of their peculiar deformities, for it appears that they were all very similar in shape; but, though never seen now, they are still often spoken of by those whose fathers bought their produce.'

OCTOBER 1.—The gathering of book plates has one great advantage over most other forms of collecting, in that the amateur can always, if he likes, add one more to the prizable stock. At present, too, and, let us hope, for many years to come, he can turn for this purpose to one of the most remarkable engravers in small since the days of the Little Masters themselves. Mr. C. W. Sherborn is responsible for something like fourscore book plates, from the elaborate designs engraved for patrons like All Souls' College and the Duke of Westminster, down to the modest things which content the owners of a few good books. He has recently completed one of the most ambitious plates he has ever done. It is for the library of the Burlington Fine Arts Club, and is the gift of one of the members, Mr. S. S. Joseph, the well-known amateur. The design is emblematic of the Club's purposes. The upper part of the plate is filled with an ornamental arrangement of acanthus leaves, on two stems of which hang medallion portraits of Rembrandt and Lord Arundel, both typical collectors, and one the cause of no end of collecting in others. The head of Lord Arundel is taken from the well-known portrait by Vandyck, that of Rembrandt from the portrait of 1640 in the National Gallery. About these two medallions winds a scroll with a motto taken from Thucydides, ΦΙΛΟ ΚΑΛΟΥΜΕΝ ΑΝΕΥ ΜΑΛΑΚΙΑΣ—'We cultivate the beautiful without effeminacy'—while underneath such objects as a head of Apollo, an Arab lamp, books, &c., help to suggest the directions in which the Club throws out its energies. At the bottom of the plate is a well-designed tablet for MS. inscriptions. The plate is large, about the height of a crown octavo page, but rather narrower. It will probably be one of the great bones of contention among the collectors of *ex libris* a thousand years hence.

THE Society for Protecting Ancient Buildings, commonly known as the Anti-scrape Society, would do more good than it does if, in the first place, it would be more careful in its language; and, in the second, if it would judge each case a little more on its own merits. It is discourteous to habitually speak of opponents as if they were all either knaves or fools, just as it is foolish to say that art can *never* be restored. It is quite true, of course, that a personal piece of art, like a picture, cannot be 'restored.' The only process applicable to it is that which the Society claims for an old church—namely, the careful nursing by which the inevitable day of dissolution can be postponed. But for the art that lies mainly in design it is another question. Supposing an earthquake were to throw down our fragment of Inigo Jones's Whitehall, we could, of course, not recreate the present building with its associations and its signs of age, but we could restore the *art*; we could reproduce the design of the architect, and leave it to our descendants in a form as perfect as that in which we received it from our ancestors. Speaking broadly, the question to be asked before any proposal for restoration is simply this: Can we, by restoration, renew the life of that which gives its value to the building we have to treat? When the fame of a building depends upon its *art*, using that word in its true sense, the answer to such a question must very often be 'Yes,' the chief exception being those great Gothic churches in which the carver and statuary had more or less of a free hand. Any building erected from the designs of an architect, by hands hired for the purpose, can be reproduced so long as the practice and grammar of its style have not become obsolete. Supposing beauty of design to be the cause of its fame, to disallow such reproduction is to prefer the picturesqueness of decay to the beauty of art. Such a preference may be all right and proper, but it should be put on the true grounds, and should not masquerade as care for art. It will be in the memory of many of our readers, that not long ago a certain famous ruin was more or less stripped of its ivy and otherwise put in a condition of defence against the attacks of time, weather, and vegetation. This was protested against as a vandalism, and yet it would have been easy to prove, on anti-scrape principles, that it was exactly the right thing to do. Members of the Society, and especially their advocates in the press, should make up their minds on some properly reasoned out principle, and then their protests would have their just effect.

A SMALL exhibition of samples from the collection of postage-stamps left to the nation by the late Mr. T. K. Tapling, M.P., has been arranged in the King's Library at the British Museum. It is the first of a series of selections, which are to follow each other at intervals of about six weeks, so that in time collectors will have an opportunity of seeing the pick of the whole collection. The total number of stamps, envelopes, and post-cards left by Mr. Tapling amounts to several hundreds of thousands, while the total value is estimated at something over 50,000*l*. The classification of the whole has been entrusted by the museum authorities to Mr. E. D. Bacon, of the Philatelic Society of London. The selection now on view is confined to the issues of New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, Newfoundland, Prince Edward Island, British Columbia and Vancouver Island, Buenos Ayres and Hawaii. The New Brunswick section includes two specimens of what is known as the Connell stamp, a five cent stamp on which the postmaster of the colony caused his own head to be printed instead of the Queen's. The stamps were recalled immediately after issue, and it is doubtful whether they ever reached the public at all. The most precious part of the collection is the series of twelve first issue Hawaiian stamps, which are valued at about 650*l*.

THE Continental Gallery in Bond Street has opened an exhibition of pictures from the two Salons of 1893, which the visitor will find more interesting than usual. Some 130 pictures in all have been hung, and they include a considerable number of the more characteristic things from the Champs 'Elysées' and 'de Mars,' as well as a few canvases of some importance which come from neither the one nor the other. Among the latter the most amusing is M. Béraud's *Comédie Française* on its way to London. As usual, at this gallery, the Norse section, or echo, of the French school is well to the fore.

ONE of the most sumptuous books published during the present year is the 'Life of Mary Stuart,' by Mr. John Skelton, which has just been issued by Messrs. Bousso, Valadon, & Co. The *édition de luxe*, on Japanese paper, with two sets of the plates and all the other 'fixings' now in fashion, is an admirable piece of typography. The illustrations, though very unequal in interest, are all well done, the frontispiece being an admirable facsimile of the Queen's famous miniature by Jean Clouet, which was one of the centres of attraction at the Stuart Exhibition. Mr. Skelton blesses the unhappy queen altogether, and in one point at least—the 'Casket Letters' business—he goes far to prove her innocence. Encouraged by the reception of this book, the publishers announce a companion volume on Mary's foe, 'Elizabeth,' by 'one of the most eminent Elizabethan historians of our time—should his health permit,' and in any case by an accomplished hand. Such a theme will lend itself better to illustration than the life of Mary, and should result in a still more attractive volume.

THE dingy brick front which has so long marked the most famous auction rooms in the world, has been destroyed during the last few weeks, and by the time that amateurs, dealers, and artistic *flâneurs* come together for the campaign of 1894, 'Christie's' will have a new face. When the transformation is complete, King Street, St. James's, will not be recognisable by one who last saw it eighteen months ago. Since the beginning of 1892, it will have been changed from a dark slice of Georgian London into a shiny specimen of the late Victorian period.

THE Duke of Rutland and Mr. Penrose, the accomplished architect to the Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's, are to be congratulated on having lived to see an enterprise that they were the chief means of setting afoot, carried almost to completion. It was to Mr. Penrose and to Lord John Manners, then First Commissioner of Works, that the selection of Alfred Stevens as the sculptor of the Wellington Monument for St. Paul's was chiefly due, and to one at least of the pair it was a cruel blow when the monument was first banished into the consistory court, and, secondly, shorn of its crowning ornament, the equestrian group.

The monument has now been successfully translated to the site for which it was originally designed, and it only remains to find the funds, and the sculptor, for the finishing of Stephens's conception. The model for the 'horse and his rider' was so left by Stevens that his intentions, in the general design, can be readily followed. It belonged for a time to Mr. Hugh Stannus, by whom, we believe, it has been surrendered to the Dean and Chapter. It is estimated that between fifteen hundred and two thousand pounds will be required to finally complete the monument. Such a sum ought to be readily forthcoming, especially as it is not required for an experiment, but for the perfecting of a work universally acknowledged to be one of the masterpieces of modern art.

THE exhibition of works premiated by the authorities of the École des Beaux Arts in the competition for the various Grand Prix de Rome, has just been held in the building on the Quai Malaquais. The Grand Prix in the painting section has been won by M. Mitrécy, a pupil of MM. Lefebvre and Tony Robert Fleury, the subject being *Sampson Turning the Mill for the Philistines*. In the sculpture section, the subject was *The Golden Age*, and the successful competitor, M. Octobre, a pupil of MM. Cavelier and Gauthier. In the section of architecture, the chief prize was won by M. Chaussemiche, a pupil of MM. André and Laloux, the theme being a palace for Scientific Societies. The prize for engraving fell to M. Coudray, the subject being the hackneyed one of *Cerberus lulled to sleep by Orpheus*.

THE last addition to the series of artistic biographies published by the Librairie de l'Art under the collective title of *Artistes Célèbres*, has just been issued. It deals with the Cochin family, chiefly known to us through the Cochin variously known as Cochin Eques and le Chevalier Cochin, who did so much for our knowledge of society at the court of *Louis le bien-aimé*. The other members of the family to whom M. S. Rocheblave, the author of the volume, has given his attention, were Cochin fils, the father of the Chevalier, and his progenitor, Cochin de Troyes, or Cochin le Vieux. The book is much thicker than most of the series; it is well written and most profusely illustrated.

UNDER the serial heading of 'Painting in Europe: Methodical and Descriptive Catalogues of the Principal Works kept in the Museums, Collections, and Edifices both Civil and Religious,' an illustrated catalogue of the Louvre has been issued with the names of MM. George Lafenestre and Eugène Richtenberger on the title-page. It contains 100 typographic illustrations, which though poor in quality compared to those in the illustrated catalogues issued by the museums of Munich, Berlin, and Cassel, are sufficient, perhaps, for the only purpose to which such things can be put. The selection of examples for illustration seems a little curious, however. The only Titian reproduced is the *Young Man with the Glove*, for instance. But a worse defect than this is the absurdity of the English translation. This is the work of Professor B. H. Gausseron, and for style and grammar can only be compared to the notices stuck up in the bedrooms of foreign hotels. Here, for instance, is the comment upon the *Nicolas van Beresteyn* of Frans Hals: 'This picture, which probably dates from 1629, is quite undamaged (?) and masterly executed, in a scale energetic and gloomy, remarkably intense, with refinements of transparency, forcible strokes in the model, and a suppleness in the relief of a rare quality.' We can understand what is meant, no doubt, by this curious English, just as we grasp the meaning of a Swiss Boniface when he says that he will 'be responsible alone at those valuables which will at him be by his guests deposited,' but in a production of such dignity as an illustrated catalogue of the Louvre, we have a right to look for something better. It is to be hoped that for the other volumes of the series an English translator may be employed. These volumes are to deal with 'Paris and its Environs,' 'Northern France,' 'Southern France,' 'Northern,' 'Central,' and 'Southern Italy,' 'Florence and its Environs,' 'Northern Germany,' 'Southern Germany,' 'England,' 'Belgium and Holland,' 'Spain,' and 'Russia

and Sweden.' The series is to be published by the *Maison Quantin*.

BOUCHARDON's famous statue of a Sleeping Fawn has been at last moved up from the cellars of the Louvre and placed in the *Salle de Diane*. Some twenty years ago it was removed from the gardens of the Luxembourg, where it had suffered greatly from the weather, since when it has been repaired so far as reparation is possible.

THE statue of Gambetta on which M. Falguière has now been at work for some years, is at last complete, and will shortly be set up in its destined place in the *Salle des Pas Perdus* of the building in which the Dictator's last successes were won, that is the Chamber of Deputies. We could have wished it a better site.

THE picture of *Charles the Bold at Nesle*, which helped M. Roybet to win the Médaille d'Honneur at this year's Salon, was frequently questioned from the historical standpoint during the period of its exhibition, and the controversy has been going on ever since. Some writers, with M. Maurice Maindron at their head, denied that the Duke of Burgundy ever massacred the inhabitants of Nesle at all, and asserted that his severity was shown only to the *francs archers*—what we should now call the *francs tireurs*—found in the city. On the other hand, M. A. Ledieu, librarian at Abbeville, sends to the 'Chronique des Arts' the following extract from the Procès-verbal de 1521—the very document relied on by M. Maindron in his defence of Charles—which seems to fully justify M. Roybet's reading of history:—'The *Manans et principaux habitants* (of Nesle) betook themselves in procession before Charles the Bold, but, as soon as the Burgundian soldiers entered the town, they began to blow trumpets and to kill the people in that town, and most of these fled to the church for greater safety. Nevertheless the Burgundians who found them there, killed them in great numbers in that church, upon the altars as well as in other parts of the building, so that the nave was full of blood and of dead bodies.' It will be seen, however, that even here nothing is said of any massacre of women, who were introduced so freely among the victims by M. Roybet.

It is proposed to celebrate the fourth centenary of the death of Hans Memlinc by an exhibition of as many of his works as can be brought together at Bruges. More than one difficulty stands in the way of such a proposal. In the first place, most of Memlinc's better works are in public galleries, and so, unless special measures were adopted, would not be available. Secondly, Bruges, though indissolubly connected with the name of Memlinc, is not well adapted for such an exhibition. It has no gallery in which a collection of Memlincs could be thoroughly and conveniently studied, and we doubt whether the owners of fine pictures by the master, such as the Duke of Devonshire's triptych, would be wise in trusting them to the inexperience of the Brugeois. If it comes off, the exhibition should be open early next August, for the painter's death took place on August 11th, 1494. Supposing the project to be realised, it is sincerely to be hoped that the great *Last Judgment*, of Dantzie, may be allowed to travel westwards. It would save some of us a pilgrimage.

M. GASTON THYS, who won the Prix de Rome in 1889 with his *Christ Healing the Paralytic*, and upon whom great hopes were fixed, has died in Rome. He had already exhibited four times at the Salon, and been premiated.

THE death is announced of M. Adolphe Yvon, one of the best known of the official school of French historical painters. Born in 1817, he was seventy-five years of age. His best known works, perhaps, are the *Retreat from Russia*, several scenes from the Crimean War now at Versailles, and a similar series from the Italian War of 1859. M. Yvon also painted a considerable number of portraits, several members of the Imperial family and *entourage* being among his sitters. In 1857 he won the Médaille d'Honneur at the Salon, and in 1883 he was appointed to succeed Léon Cogniet at the École Polytechnique.





STUDY OF A MAN IN ARMOUR

BY REMBRANDT VAN RYN. FROM THE PICTURE IN THE GLASGOW GALLERY

THE Glasgow Gallery possesses six genuine Rembrandts, a more than respectable number for any collection, and quite a remarkable group to find in a provincial gallery so far removed from the centre of things as that of the city on the Clyde. Two were in the collection of Mr. Archibald M'Lellan, the real founder of the Gallery, while the remaining four were bequeathed by Mrs. Graham Gilbert, of York Hill, in 1877. The pictures forming this lady's bequest were collected by her husband, John Graham Gilbert, R.S.A., a painter who, like so many artists who have been enthusiastic collectors, could only boast of mediocre powers himself. The two best of the Glasgow specimens are a portrait of Rembrandt, from the M'Lellan collection, and the *Man in Armour* here reproduced. This belonged to Mr. Graham Gilbert. It was exhibited last winter at the 'Old Masters,' where it aroused great admiration by its vigour of conception and execution and its fine state. It once belonged to Sir Joshua Reynolds, who alludes to it in his fifth discourse: 'Rembrandt, who thought it of more consequence to paint light than the objects that are seen by it, has done this in a picture of Achilles, which I have. The head is kept down to a very low tone, in order to preserve this one gradation and distinction between the armour and the face; the consequence is that, upon the whole, the picture is too black.' That 'too' rests upon the assumption that the sequence of tones in any combination of objects is an insufficient motive for such a study as this so-called *Achilles*. All pictures are too black if compared to nature. The lightest production of the *plein-air* school would tell as a dark against any natural landscape, and so the degree of light to be sought depends entirely on the painter's aim. When the instrument on which he plays is so infinitely lower in tone than that of nature, it is difficult to forbid him to set his harmony as far down in the bass as he likes. This, however, is trenching on rather too large a question. The one thing on which we need here insist is the magnificent unity resulting from the scheme of tone, colour, and line selected.

No one, I think, who is familiar with the portrait in the Six house at Amsterdam, or even with the *tour de force* in dry point which occupies a place it scarcely deserves among the most famous of the master's etchings, can fail to see the likeness between the features of this *Achilles* and those of Jan Six. Can Rembrandt's friend have posed for it?

The picture is signed 'Rembrandt,' but it bears no date. It was probably painted between 1655 and 1658.

W. A.

ASPECTS OF MODERN OXFORD

VII

IT has been said that the function of a University is to criticise; but the proposition is at least equally true that Oxford and Cambridge are continually conjugating the verb in the passive. We—and more especially we who live in Oxford, for the sister University

apparently is either more virtuous or more skilful in concealing her peccadilloes from the public eye—enjoy the priceless advantage of possessing innumerable friends whose good nature is equalled by their frankness; and if we do not learn wisdom, that is not because the opportunity is not offered to us. It is true that our great governing body, the Hebdomadal Council, has hitherto preserved its independence by a prudent concealment of its deliberations; no reporter has ever as yet penetrated into that august assemblage; but whatever emerges to the light of day is seized upon with avidity. Debates in Convocation or even in Congregation (the latter body including only the resident Masters of Arts), although the subject may have been somewhat remote from the interests of the general public, and the number of the voters perhaps considerably increased by the frivolous reason that it was a wet afternoon, when there was nothing else to do than to govern the University—debates on every conceivable subject blush to find themselves reported the next morning almost in the greatest of daily papers; and perhaps the result of a division on the addition of one more Oriental language to Responsions, or one more croquet to a new pinnacle of St. Mary's Church, is even honoured by a leading article. This is highly gratifying to residents in the precincts of the University, but even to them it is now and then not altogether comprehensible. Nor is it only questions concerning the University as a whole which appeal to the external public; even college business and college scandal sometimes assume an unnatural importance. Years ago one of the tutors of a certain college was subjected to the venerable and now almost obsolete process of 'screwing up,' and some young gentlemen were rusticated for complicity in the offence. Even in academic circles the crime and its punishment were not supposed to be likely to interfere with the customary revolution of the solar system; but the editor of a London daily paper—and one, too, which was supposed to be more especially in touch with that great heart of the people which is well known to hold Universities in contempt—considered the incident so important as to publish a leading article with the remarkable exordium, 'Every one knew that Mr. —, of — College, would be screwed up some day!' Most of the *abonnés* of this journal must, it is to be feared, have blushed for their discreditable ignorance of Mr. —'s existence, not to mention that leaden-footed retribution which was dogging him to a merited doom.

It is hardly necessary to say that in nine cases out of ten comment on the proceedings of a learned University takes the form of censure: nor are censors far to seek. There are always plenty of young men more or less connected with the Press who have wrongs to avenge; who are only too glad to have an opportunity of 'scoring off' the college authority which did its best—perhaps unsuccessfully, but still with a manifest intention—to embitter their academic existence; or of branding once for all as reactionary and obscurantist the hide-bound regulations of a University which did not accord them the highest honours. In these cases accuracy of facts and statistics is seldom a matter of much importance. Generally speaking, you can say what you like about a college, or the University, without much fear of contradiction—provided that you abstain from mere personalities. For one thing, the cap is always fitted on some one else's head. It is not the business of St. Botolph's to concern itself with an attack which is obviously meant for St. Boniface: it is darkly whispered in the St. Boniface common-room that after all no one knows what actually *does* go on in St. Botolph's: and obviously neither of these venerable foundations can have anything to do with answering impeachments of the University and its financial system. Moreover, even if the Dons should rouse themselves from their usual torpor and attempt a defence, it is not very likely that the public will listen to them: any statement proceeding from an academic source being always regarded with the gravest suspicion. That is why 'any stick is good enough to beat the Universities,' and there are always plenty of sticks who are quite ready to perform the necessary castigation.

Moreover, these writers generally deal with a subject which is always interesting, because it is one on which every one has an opinion, and an opinion which is entitled to respect—the education of youth. Any one can pick holes in the University system of teaching and examination—‘can strike a finger on the place, and say, “Thou ailest here and here,”’—or construct schemes of reform: more especially young men who have recently quitted their Alma Mater, and are therefore qualified to assert (as they do, and at times not without a certain plausibility) that she has failed to teach them anything.

That the British public, with so much to think about, should find time to be diverted by abuse of its seats of learning, is at first a little surprising; but there is no doubt that such satire has an agreeable piquancy, and for tolerably obvious reasons. English humour is generally of the personal kind, and needs a butt; a capacity in which all persons connected with education have from time immemorial been qualified to perform, *ex officio* (education being generally considered as an imparting of unnecessary and even harmful knowledge, and obviously dissociated from the pursuit of financial prosperity, both as regards the teachers and the taught): Shakespeare set the fashion, and Dickens and Thackeray have settled the hash of schoolmasters and college tutors for the next fifty years, at any rate. Schoolmasters, indeed, are becoming so important and prosperous a part of the community that they will probably be the first to reinstate themselves in the respect of the public; but Dons have more difficulties to contend against. They have seldom any prospect of opulence. Then, again, they suffer from the quasi-monastic character of colleges; they have inherited some of the railing accusations which used to be brought against monasteries. The voice of scandal—especially feminine scandal—is not likely to be long silent about celibate societies, and no Rudyard Kipling has yet arisen to plead on behalf of Fellows that they



IN EXETER COLLEGE CHAPEL.

‘aren’t no blackguards too,
But single men in barracks, most remarkable like you.’

Altogether the legend of ‘monks,’ ‘port wine and prejudice,’ ‘dull and deep potations,’ and all the rest of it, still damages Dons in the eyes of the general public. ‘That’s — College,’ says the local guide to his sightseers, ‘and there they sits, on their Turkey carpets, a-drinking of their Madeira, and Burgundy, and Tokay.’ Such is, apparently, the impression still entertained by Society. And no doubt successive generations of Fellows who hunted four days a week, or, being in Orders, ‘thanked Heaven that no one ever took *them* for parsons,’ did to a certain extent perpetuate the traditions of ‘Bolton Abbey in the olden time.’ Well, their day is over now. If the Fellow *fin de siècle* should ever venture to indulge in the sports of the field, he must pretend that he has met the hounds by accident; and even then he risks his reputation.

It is always pleasant, too, to be wiser than one’s erstwhile pastors and masters. The

pupil goes out into the great world; the teacher remains behind, and continues apparently to go on in his old and crusted errors. Outwardly the Universities do not change much, and it is easy to assume that the habits and ideas of their denizens do not change either. Thus it is that the young men of the 'National Observer,' coming back from a Saturday-to-Monday visit to a university which they never respected and are now entitled to despise, are moved to declare to the world the complete inutility of what they call the 'Futile Don.' 'He is dead,' they say, 'quite dead;' and if he is, might not the poor relic of mortality be allowed in mere charity to lie peacefully entombed in his collegiate cloisters? Yet, after all, it is only among the great Anglo-Saxon race that the profession of teaching is without



COMMEMORATION: OUTSIDE THE SHELDONIAN THEATRE.

honour; and even among us it may be allowed that it is a mode of earning a pittance as decent and comparatively innocuous as another. We cannot, all of us, taste the fierce joys of writing for the daily or weekly press, and the barrister's 'crowded hours of glorious life' in the law courts would be more overcrowded than ever were not a few *fainéants* suffered to moulder in the retirement of a university. Seriously, it was all very well for the young lions of the Press to denounce the torpor of Dons in the bad old days when colleges were close corporations—when Fellows inherited their bloated revenues without competition, and simply because they happened to be born in a particular corner of some rural district. But now that nearly every First-class man has the chance of election and would be a Fellow if he could, one is tempted to recall the ancient fable of the sour grapes. Or at least the *esprits forts* whom the University has reluctantly driven out into the great world might be grateful to her for saving them in spite of themselves from an existence of futile incapacity.

Probably as long as colleges exist in something like their present form—until the People takes a short way with them, abolishes common rooms and the Long Vacation, and pays college tutors by a system of 'results fees'—these things will continue to be said. Deans and Senior Tutors will never escape the stigma of torpor or incapacity. That quite respectable rhymester, Mr. Robert Montgomery (who, had he not been unlucky enough to cross the path of Lord Macaulay, might have lived and died and been forgotten as the author of metrical works not worse than many that have escaped the lash), has left to the world a long poem—of which the sentiments are always, and the rhymes usually,

correct—entitled ‘Oxford.’ He has taken all Oxford life for his subject, Dons included; and this is how he describes the fate of College Tutors:—

‘The dunce, the drone, the freshman or the fool,
 ’Tis theirs to counsel, teach, o’erawe, and rule!
 Their only meed—some execrating word
 To blight the hour when first their voice was heard.’

To a certain extent this is true in all ages. But there are worse things than mere sloth: this is not the measure of the crimes charged against college authorities. They—even such contemptible beings as they—are said to have the audacity to neglect untitled merit, and to truckle to the aristocracy. Every one knows Thackeray’s terrible indictment of University snobs: Crump, the pompous dignitary (who, to do him justice, seriously thinks himself greater than the Czar of All the Russias), and Hugby, the tutor, grovelling before the lordling who has played him a practical joke. Every one remembers how even the late Laureate gibbeted his Dons—how

‘One
 Discussed his tutor, rough to common men,
 But honeying at the whisper of a lord:
 And one the Master, as a rogue in grain,
 Veneer’d with sanctimonious theory.’

No doubt Universities are not immaculate. There have been Tartuffes and tuft-hunters there, as in the great world. No doubt, too, it was very wrong to allow noblemen to wear badges of their rank, and take their degrees without examination (although the crime was a lesser one in the days before class-lists were, when even the untitled commoner became a Bachelor by dark and disreputable methods); but these things are not done any more. At this day there are probably few places where a title is less regarded than at Oxford or Cambridge. It is true that rumour asserts the existence of certain circles where, *ceteris paribus*, the virtuous proprietor of wealth and a handle to his name is welcomed with more effusion than the equally respectable, but less fortunate, holder of an eleemosynary exhibition. But, after all, even external Society, which regards tuft-hunting with just displeasure, does—it is said—continue to maintain these invidious distinctions when it is sending out invitations to dinner. The fact is that there are a great many peccadilloes in London which become crimes at the University.

Satire, however, does not confine itself to Dons: undergraduates come in for a share of it too, though in a different way. When the novelist condescends to depict the Fellow of a college, it is usually as a person more or less feeble, futile, and generally *manqué*. The Don can never be a hero, but neither is he qualified to play the part of villain; his virtues and his vices are all alike inadequate. If he is bad, his badness is rarely more than contemptible; if he is good, it is in a negative and passionless way, and the great rewards of life are, as a rule, considered as being out of his reach. But with the undergraduate the case is different. He—as we have said—is always in extremes: literature gives him the premier rôle either as hero or villain; but it is as the villain that he is the most interesting and picturesque. Satire and fiction generally describe him as an adept in vicious habits. So sings Mr. Robert Montgomery, with admirable propriety:—

‘In Oxford see the Reprobate appear!
 Big with the promise of a mad career:
 With cash and consequence to lead the way,
 A fool by night and more than fop by day!’

Over and over again we have the old picture of the Rake’s Progress which the world has learnt to know so well: the youth absents himself from his lectures, perhaps even goes

to Woodstock (horrid thought!)—‘Woodstock rattles with eternal wheels’ is the elegant phrase of Mr. Montgomery—and, in short, plays the fool generally :—

‘Till night advance, whose reign divine
Is chastely dedicate to cards and wine.’

The specimen student of the nineteenth century will probably survive in history as represented in these remarkable colours, and the virtuous youth of a hundred years hence will shudder to think of a generation so completely given over to drunkenness, debauchery, and neglect of the Higher Life generally. There is a *naïveté* and directness about undergraduate error which is the easy prey of any satirist; and curiously enough the public, and even that large class which sends its sons to the Universities, apparently likes to pretend a belief that youth is really brought up in an atmosphere of open and unchecked deviation from the paths of discipline and morality. If Paterfamilias seriously believed that the academic types presented to him in literature were genuine and frequent phenomena, he would probably send his offspring in for the London Matriculation. But he knows pretty well that the University is really not rotten to the core, and that colleges are not always ruled by incapables, nor college opinion mainly formed by rakes and spendthrifts; and at the same time it gives the British Public a certain pleasure to imagine that it too has heard the chimes at midnight, although it now goes to bed at half-past ten—that it has been a devil of a fellow in its youth. This fancy is always piquant, and raises a man in his own estimation and that of his friends.

These little inconsistencies are of a piece with the whole attitude of the unacademic world towards the Universities. Men come down from London to rest, perhaps, for a day or two from the labours of the Session. They are inspired with a transient enthusiasm for antiquity. They praise academic calm: they affect to wish that they, too, were privileged to live that life of learned leisure which is commonly supposed to be the lot of all Fellows and Tutors. Then they go away, and vote for a new University Commission.

A. D. GODLEY.

SIR JAMES D. LINTON, P.R.I.

A TECHNICAL opinion awards to the President of the Institutes of Painters in Water Colours and in Oil Colours that rare eminence which is implied by phrases that describe him as a faultless executant, a draughtsman of flawless skill, and a designer of unusual dramatic power. It has long been a notion of mine that if the artist of *Incidents in the Life of a Warrior* had been less accomplished, his popularity would have been even wider, if not higher, than we know it to be, and I have convinced myself that it is no paradox which avers that mankind resents nothing more thoroughly than such faultlessness as his. Especially is this true, as it seems to me, of the artistic variety of man, which always seeks, and often secures, comfort in fault-finding, an exercise that, so far as the workmanship and studious invention of Sir James's productions are concerned, may be said to be its own reward, inasmuch as it scarcely ever secures any other return than the pleasures of a suspicious resentment. Such praise as these terms infer, while it is not of the very highest kind in criticism, belongs to no other English painter than our present subject, except it may be to Sir Frederic Leighton—of whom it has been said that, according to his own standard, he seldom errs in the execution and conception of his pictures—and Mr. Holman Hunt; these are artists, each of whom, although working on lines very different from those of the other, thoroughly achieves his own ideal, and Sir

James succeeds equally in this way. It is no small matter for a painter who aims high and thinks seriously to be able to carry out his own principles and achieve his own ideal. In this respect it seems that, without comparing the self-selected standards of the three men, those of the youngest of the trio, as manifest in his *Banquet* and *The Declaration of War*—which is before the reader—are not inferior to any.

In Sir James we have what may be called a lineal representative and technical descendant of some fine Low Country Master, such as Eglon van der Meer rather than Terburg (who



THE HAWK. AFTER SIR J. D. LINTON.

was not at his best in designing a subject), or Metsu (who excelled in character-painting and humour rather than in dramatising the themes he selected). Eglon's vigorous colouring and laborious and exact studies, interfused with the genius of an Italian of rare ability and living under seventeenth-century influences, would, it seems to me, produce a master of the type of the accomplished nineteenth-century Londoner who is now in question. The art and inspiration of Sir James suggest to me what a master who had been thus diversely affected would have done. This is said with, of course, due allowance for the higher motives of modern life acting upon a painter, and, above all, for that profound and abiding impression which those studies of the antique that were impossible in the seventeenth century have made upon art of all sorts since knowledge of the Phidian marbles raised the standards

of design.* I hope no reader fails to see in most of Sir James's works something of that rich coloration, that strong and massive tonality, and that sense of style which are, doubtless, due to a fortunate combination of the diverse agencies here referred to. It is his choice to paint in small, if not in miniature, but it would be interesting to know the outcome of an ambitious attempt of his to work on the scale of life which he has, even in a modest way, very seldom made. It seems that his manifestly strong and innate sense of style would stand our artist in good stead in such an effort, however bold and comprehensive it might be; all his larger works which are known to me encourage hopes in this matter, hopes that are founded on examples such as the smaller illustrations of this essay, not less than upon those more ambitious pictures which were intended to depict *The Life of a Warrior*, some of which are now reproduced. The important series which is thus named appears so to say, to call out for repainting on a larger scale. Its members are, it is true, unequal in the degrees of merit and success to which they have attained, but the least admirable of them looks like a large picture reproduced on a small scale, and thus, as with a rare charm, affirms itself in artistic eyes. It was aptly, though not very elegantly, said of, for instance, *The Banquet*—one of the sequence of paintings in question—that it suggests to a spectator a picture of great size seen through a reversed telescope. In these respects *The Declaration of War*, a plate of which forms the frontispiece to this essay, and, still more, that first-rate piece called *The Banquet*, which has been more than once engraved,† excel as the consummation of that mode and mood of art in which it is the aim of Sir James Linton to excel. That he has attained his aim in all but two comparatively unimportant respects—unimportant, that is, when so much was achieved in a series so bold and difficult—cannot be denied. One of these minor shortcomings, it is impossible to call them defects, seems to me inherent in art which is based on studies so searching and laborious as Sir James's—it is that some of the figures and expressions lack a little more spontaneity and initial energy, though they exhibit no small portion of both. The other shortcoming derives from the too exclusive use of a studio light compelling a non-natural excess of blackness in the shadows of pictures that represent out-of-door effects and incidents occurring in the open air.‡ I dread to appear hypercritical in writing thus, but am bound to deliver some such an opinion.

The studies and career of an artist having an individuality so marked and distinct as these works and their very uncommon characteristics imply, cannot but be noteworthy and important. I find, on his own authority, that, on the 26th of December, 1840, he was born somewhere in what was then called the 'New Road,' and is now the Euston Road, in the Fitzroy Square region, which was at that time a much less unlovely district than now. Even in childhood he had a fixed wish to become a painter. Such a desire is only too common without that power to study or to paint which only can ensure good fortune to the tyro, but in young Linton's case the will and the power were fortunately combined, and, although his father demurred at first to allowing the youth to 'take to art,' he was soon induced to consent to the son being articled to a glass-painter, *i.e.*, the practitioner of what is, oddly enough, now called an 'art-craft,' and is really a sort of half-trade, half-profession, which requires considerable technical skill on the part of its followers,

* The present generation can hardly be expected to be thoroughly aware of the stupendous influence of the knowledge which is thus indicated. Nevertheless, the prophecies of Haydon and Canova as to the effects upon the artistic style of what was for them the future have been justified to the utmost by students of the marbles of the Parthenon.

† It is the Veronese-like composition which shows, in chief, a beautiful dancer floating, so to say, over her own steps and gracefully tripping on the marble pavement of a large hall, while a numerous company of statesmen, soldiers, priests, and musicians, seated at a long table, study her movements with delight.

‡ It should be observed that the five compositions collectively called *The Life of a Warrior* were painted for the decoration of a room and according to the commission of a single client.



The Declaration of War.

but of a much less difficult sort than obtains when art *per se* and proper has to be cultivated with a view to Fortune's favours. In pursuing the studies required in this connexion, the future Sir James attended the well-known school of Mr. Leigh, in Newman Street, where many a callow R.A. and A.R.A. has had initiation in the mysteries of design. In time his apprentice stage was got through, and the tyro was able to spare many an hour from the 'art-craft' by which he had to live, for the cultivation of that higher art and its severer studies which promised better than glass-staining and its kindred exercises in decoration. He turned his hands to many useful artistic purposes, and at the same time continued to follow the more lofty ones, dividing himself practically between the two, sometimes studying the one, at other times practising the other.

To the art of the *verrier* it is probable the painter owed something which developed that feeling for strong and rich colours which has since distinguished his pictures and drawings; and it is noteworthy, and probably a result of the above-mentioned duplicated studies, that—whereas artists proper who have been trained, so to say, upon glass-painting, usually err in the thinness as well as the brilliancy of their coloration—such is by no means the case with Linton, whose colours are solid as well as sumptuous, while the tones of his pictures are anything but attenuated. Some of the Low-Country Masters enjoyed similar training in being either the sons or pupils of artists in glass: it is said that Albert Dürer furnished designs for windows (among which were certainly not those ascribed to him at Fairford); there is no doubt that Lucas van Leyden excelled in this direction, while Rubens and some of his abler pupils exercised their powers in the like manner. In our own time the late Mr. F. Madox Brown

was, and Mr. E. Burne-Jones is, an illustrious practitioner in the combined arts in view. Sir James's labours in glass were carried on under the teacher to whom he was apprenticed, at the academy in Newman Street, which divided the students who were not of the Royal Academy—where, by the way, our subject never worked—with the *atelier* of the still better known Mr. Sass, which was in Bloomsbury, and in which he followed Art proper. At this period his time was certainly devoted to drawing pure and simple and to painting in oil. It was not till 1865 that Linton made a mark in water-colour art, but it was in 1863 that he made his *début*, which was by means of a picture in oil comprised in the Suffolk Street Gallery of that year, and representing Mary, Queen of Scots, defending Secretary Lethington against Bothwell and Huntley in her chamber at Dunbar, when she threw herself between the ruffian lords and their intended victim. This subject, to say nothing of its treatment, which I do not remember, proclaimed the taste and studies of the artist, who was then in his twenty-third year. In 1864 a smaller picture, called *Rest*, for which the



ELAINE. AFTER SIR J. D. LINTON.

modest price of ten pounds was asked, followed *Queen Mary*, *Bothwell*, *Huntley*, and *Lethington* in the same gallery, where, in 1866, was a much more ambitious water-colour drawing of *A Soldier of Fortune*, which attracted a large share of attention.

In the next year, *Giorgione*, another drawing, was more than equally fortunate. Linton was known as a water-colour painter when he sent *Desdemona* and *The Amateur* to the Academy in 1865, where both instances were marked as examples of a high degree. The artist did not send again to Trafalgar Square till 1878, when the telling *Biron*, an important Shakespearian subject painted in oil, had an honourable place in Gallery II, *The Benediction*, one of the under-mentioned 'series of five,' was in Gallery IV, in 1881, and greatly distinguished the author. *The Banquet*, one of the series illustrating the 'History of a Soldier of the Sixteenth Century,' is the *chef-d'oeuvre* already named as comprising the elegant



THE BENEDICTION. FROM 'THE LIFE OF A WARRIOR OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.'
PAINTED FOR C. F. JACOBY, ESQ.

figure of the dancer; *The Surrender*, another of the same series, followed *The Banquet* in 1883; 1884 took to the Academy *The Declaration of War*, which is our frontispiece, and was a remarkable year's work; for 1885's Academy the Queen employed Mr. Linton, as he was then, to paint *The Marriage of H.R.H. the Duke of Albany*, which among other pictures of Royal incidents we have since seen at the New Gallery. I have purposely followed this sequence of contributions to the most important of the metropolitan galleries because it suffices to show the progress of the artist as a painter in oil, a medium in which his stronger efforts have secured his greatest success; this is the case, although he is more frequently reckoned among the leading aquarellists than as a worker in the more potent medium.

Meanwhile the future P.R.I. took a leading place in the exhibitions held in the Dudley Gallery, Egyptian Hall, where so long ago as 1867, after the Academy contained *Desdemona* and *The Amateur*, was a characteristic picture of his in oil, entitled *Gage d'Amour*. This was the first exhibition of the Society, and in 1865, at the same place, Linton's contributions to the cognate 'General Exhibition of Water-colour Drawings' had been three comparatively unimportant examples in that latter method of which *A German Free Lance* was compared to a Meissonier in some of its qualities, and was easily recognised as the work of our artist. Since that date he was frequently represented at the Dudley Gallery, and this circumstance had an important influence on his future. Still more so had his election, which occurred in 1867, to the then Institute of Painters in

Water-Colours (the *ci-devant* 'New Society' of an older and troubled life) to whose collection of that year he sent—

'Gazing, I seem to see thought folded over thought,'

the very title of which is suggestive of Mr. Linton's characteristic mood and his peculiar mode of studies. It was the figure of a meditative damsel of fair aspect and a graceful pose, of clear and brilliant carnations, dressed in a charmingly painted white robe, and it affirmed that the struggling society had gained an efficient recruit in its new and young Associate, whose value was recognised by his election as a full Member in 1870; in this capacity he was very frequently represented at the long, narrow, and well-lit gallery in Pall Mall, where the Institute did not flourish, until its dissolution. But he did not send his best works there; they were at the Academy and the Egyptian Hall.



THE SURRENDER. FROM 'THE LIFE OF A WARRIOR OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.'
PAINTED FOR C. F. JACOBY, ESQ.

In the interval our painter continued to appear at both exhibitions of the Dudley Gallery, which were held in the Egyptian Hall till 1882, when the members separated into two bodies, one of which remained at the hall as the Dudley Gallery Art Society—which is still, I believe, in existence—while the other joined the Institute of Painters in Oil-Colours, and its fellow association, whose members flourish in water-colours, with Sir James at their head. From 1872 until, with the 'Dudley Gallery,' it came to grief in 1882, our painter was often to be found at the very valuable Exhibitions of Works of Art in Black and White, which, with the gatherings in oil and water-colours respectively, formed a trio of shows in the Egyptian Hall. These productions had a great deal to do with the (at that epoch) leading occupation of the artist as one of the designers and draughtsmen who were fully employed by the 'Graphic' newspaper. In 1878, with several other well-known men, he took part in hanging the English drawings at the Paris Exposition Universelle. In 1879 he was represented at the Grosvenor Gallery, where it was an honour to be seen, by not fewer than nine drawings, all capital specimens of an art of which I have yet to attempt an analysis.

In was in this year (1879) Mr. Linton was fortunate enough to be commissioned by Mr. C. Jacoby of Nottingham, to produce those 'Illustrations of the History of a Warrior,' of which the first-fruits, called *Victorious*, were at the Grosvenor Gallery in 1880, and seems to have been suggested by the above-named *Soldier of Fortune*, of the Suffolk Street Gallery in 1866. *The Benediction* (R.A., 1880) belongs to the same category.

This catalogue of contributions, here named in groups according to their places of exhibition, attests the painter's indefatigable industry and ample resources, which must seem the greater to those who remember that many of the works were crowded with figures and of large dimensions. That industry, being invariably exercised with equally extraordinary care, research, and self-respect, could not fail in developing to the highest results the native powers of its possessor. It is one thing to be industrious in producing, as many do, a multitude of trivialities; quite another thing is the energy which lets nothing pass that is inferior to the maker's best.

The energies of the artist were by no means exhausted in the cultivation of his art. It might have been better for him and that art if those energies had never been diverted from the front of his easel, but it is certain that, without this diversion, a noteworthy movement in current English artistic politics would have been less adventurous and less hopeful of success than it appears to be. Such success is looked for by means of the setting up of that dual Institute which, with our subject for its duplicate President, gallantly continues in action on the south side of Piccadilly. In 1884, when, as I have already stated, the society which had been so long moribund in the Egyptian Hall was, so to say, 'translated,' Mr. Linton was elected President of the newly-formed Institute of Painters in Oil-Colours. This was in just recognition of his pictures at the Academy, and, in due time, his efforts and those of his allies took solid form in the opening of the fine group of galleries designed by Mr. Robson, in conjunction with the Prince's Hall. These efforts would have promised more if all the allies of Mr. Linton had been possessed by the same courteous and considerate spirit, as well as a similar moderation of tone, act, and language to his. On the other hand, the movement in question was more than imperilled by the vulgar blustering, untimely boasting, and occasionally irregular proceedings of other persons concerned in the matter. Success was most to be hoped for by means of the proposed fusion of the 'Old Water-Colour Society' and the new 'Institute.' It is, nevertheless, a fact that a party of the leaders of the former body flatly refused to allow the fusion, which others were not greatly averse to, on account of the offensive tone and insolent demeanour of a particular champion of the Institute, for whom no one could be less responsible than the first President of that Society. Mr. Louis Haghe was the first President of the Institute of Painters in Water-Colours according to the later *régime*; on his resignation his colleagues chose Linton for his successor. Thus he became the chief of both the bodies which were formed to develop the parallel modes of painting, which, as it is above shown, he had alike practised for many years. Since this second election placed him in the dual office, our subject, who in 1885 received knighthood in consequence; has been an admirable and active leader of the Institutes, and those bodies owe not a little to him in that capacity, as well as on account of his frequent additions to the annual gatherings of the members' works, amongst which his pictures have always held most important places, and conferred distinction on the whole. In 1884 a collection of fifty-six of his works was, with *éclat*, held in the rooms of the Fine Art Society, New Bond Street. This included the five paintings of *The Life of a Warrior in the Sixteenth Century*, to wit, *The Declaration of War*, which is before the reader in a plate; *The Benediction*—bestowed upon the leader of a war-like host ere he sets forth for battle, of which we have a reproduction; *The Surrender*, as to which see a second block; *Victorious*, where the warrior, returning after battle, gives an account of his success; and *The Banquet*, which has been described above.

Having to analyse these works with regard to their art and the mind which created them, I submit in criticism, besides what is already set forth, that they are highly dramatic and original, luminous in regard to their coloration as well as their chiaroscuro, even more brilliantly lighted than the minor productions of Sir James are found to be, and, with a few exceptions in single figures, of first-rate quality; rather defective in the expression of emotion and the stronger passions; compact of masses admirably composed, but somewhat too obviously

studied—I might say over-studied, because of which some energy in the conception and designs has been lost. The local colours of the dresses, furniture, and ornaments abounding in these works excel in their strength, harmony, and beauty, while their shadows tend towards excess in darkness, a shortcoming which isolates the spaces of colour from each other, and causes each instance to look rather hard. The velvety textures obtaining in all Sir James's productions are delightful to artistic eyes, not only on their own account, but through their attesting the exquisite care which has been expended on the developing and finishing of every part. Laborious as are the methods of our artist, they have not made his hand heavy, or the lights less pure, nor caused the shadows to be opaque, or deprived his tints of clearness and fire. Technical knowledge cannot over-estimate the merit of the drawing proper and the learned modelling of every element in those pictures; while, as to the soundness of the skill which has imported so much of a choice solidity, that which is called morbidezza, to the flesh, especially to the arms and faces of the figures, it would be very hard indeed to say too much in its favour. I do not know any artist who 'puts his figures on their feet,' as painters call it, better than Sir James, nor is there another who is happier in depicting the gradation of the planes, *i.e.*, the spaces between the figures and the canvases, more correctly and learnedly than he.

F. G. STEPHENS.

ENGLISH ENAMELS

I

AMONG much valuable information concerning the arts of the third century, Philostratus mentions that of enamelling. Describing the picture of a boar-hunt, he thus alludes to the variegated trappings of the horses: 'They say that the barbarians who live in (ἐν ὠκεανῷ βαρβάρους) the ocean, pour these colours on to heated bronze, and that they adhere,



FIG. 1.—BRITISH ENAMELLED BOWL FOUND IN DENMARK.
From Du Chaillu's 'Viking Age.'



FIG. 2.—THE RUDGE BOWL.

become as hard as stone, and preserve the designs which are made in them.' This passage describes, beyond any dispute, the art of enamelling; but the French affect to believe that by these 'barbarians who live in the ocean' the eminent sophist intended to refer to the Gauls of the mainland, and probably of Brittany; whilst we maintain that the expression more aptly applies to the inhabitants of the British Isles. The Gauls were certainly acquainted with the process, but no discoveries have as yet tended to show that it was practised in Brittany, or



FIG. 3.—ENAMELLED ROMANO-BRITISH ALTAR.
An engraved metal found in the Thames. British Museum.



FIG. 4.—CELTIC SHIELD FOUND IN THE THAMES.
Of bronze with red enamels. British Museum.

other regions near the coast, or that the results were in any degree comparable to those achieved by the Britons.

The art, if it can be said ever to have existed in the Levant, was at best but fitfully practised, and had either perished or only lingered in remote places beyond the ken of the Roman empire. Whether introduced into Britain in some indirect way by the Phoenicians, who were famous for their glass, or whether discovered spontaneously, can probably never be known, but among a race of bronze-smelters such a discovery is at any moment possible. The accidental fall of a Phoenician bead into the mould, the upset of tin or copper slag on to ashes and sand, or a film of the oxide of one of these metals on the sandstone mould, might suffice to produce an effect most precious in savage eyes. But however discovered, the vast wealth of enamelled objects in England strikingly contrasts with the scarcity and poverty of the admittedly Gallic enamels. Brooches and fibulae for the adornment of martial humanity, and gay trappings for his horse, constitute their bulk. In these we find the bronze matrix skilfully cast, the designs firm, and the colours rich and dexterously poured or melted each into its separate cell, or more rarely blended together. Among those assignable to the period of the Roman occupation are the small trinket brooches in form of hares, boars, hens, horses, and even equestrian figures; the fibulae, the horse-trappings, the seal-boxes, &c., of which there are in the aggregate hundreds of examples in the British Museum; while more indicative of culture are the small altars and the vases and cups which could only have been required by inhabitants of civilised dwellings. These latter constitute the *chefs-d'œuvre* of British enamelling, though perhaps, as few have been found in Italy, they were regarded as barbaric, and poorly esteemed by the polished possessors of such art treasures as those of Bernay or Hildesheim.

The most important and, until injured in a fire, the most perfect of these objects was the Bartlow Hill vase of about the time of Hadrian. It is in shape something like a gipsy kettle, with handle, the chief decoration being a narrow laurel wreath between two broader bands of ivy, the leaves a dark green with red stem on a deep blue ground. Of more usual and classic form are the bowls found at Linlithgow, Braughin, Herts, and

Harwood in Northumberland, and among Viking spoils in Denmark (Fig. 1), which are similar in ornament and identical as to colouring with the Bartlow example. Time has deprived some of these of their enamel, as in a curious bowl found at Rudge, in Wiltshire (Fig. 2), inscribed with the names of five British towns along the Roman wall. No doubt is entertained as to all these being truly British productions; and this admitted, the same origin cannot be denied to certain pieces of identical technique and colouring found in a few widely severed localities on the Continent. Ordinary channels of intercommunication between the provinces of a great empire would account for their distribution, but the Roman custom of drafting British troops to every quarter, the great armies which followed ambitious praefects, and vast and destructive emigrations like those of St. Ursula and Riothamus, must have scattered British productions broadcast over Europe. The Ambleteuse vase, wrecked probably on its passage out of Britain and dredged on



FIG. 5.—THE ARDAGH CHALICE.



FIG. 6.—THE KREMSMÜNSTER CHALICE.

the French coast, had been for centuries rolled along the sands by the tides until it has lost every vestige of its enamel; but others of the same rich designs have been found, one in Limoges, another at Pymont in Germany, a third in Istria, and a fourth, of tall goblet shape, at Beneventum, in Italy. Differing somewhat in colour and feeling, the large plaque representing a Roman altar (Fig. 3), found in the Thames, and now in the British Museum, is a work of which even mediaeval art might be proud, and which from its unfinished state is unquestionably a home production.

As Roman civilisation waned and was swept away, articles which could only possess value in a cultivated community disappear, and enamelling is again reduced merely to brooches, bullae and fibulae, and war-trappings for personal adornment. Some of these show little trace of Roman design, which seems, indeed, to have been lost as rapidly as the Roman language. The Celtic taste reasserts itself in the intertwining trumpet pattern and the juxtaposition of yellow with red, blue, or green. Some few geometric designs are of English aspect, most beautiful among these being a brooch of gilt bronze bearing two interlaced triangles very delicately worked, and introducing, in addition to the usual colours, a white-and-black enamel. Deposited in the Sheffield Museum, it unfortunately merely bears the record that it was found in a tomb in Oxfordshire. Equally English, perhaps, is a blue enamel of a bird swallowing a fish from Cambon, Durham.

Thus far our enamels are on bronze, with the cells probably cast in the metal and subsequently chased out, to be classed as *champlevé*. From the matrix being an alloy of copper and tin, all the colours are opaque, for the heat fuses the tin, which, penetrating the translucent paste, clouds it like milk added to tea or coffee.

As the Teutonic invasions more and more completely established the English in Britain, we find the ancient art of enamelling applied no longer to bronze, but reserved for more precious jewels. It did not, however, pass altogether out of the hands of the Celt, who in applying it to gold and silver was almost forced to adopt a new and more delicate *cloisonné* process, and now found himself able to use enamels in their pristine translucency. The close relation between Irish and British enamels is apparent in the magnificent shield (Fig. 4) and helmet found in the London reaches of the Thames and



FIG. 7.—THE RING OF AHLSTAN.

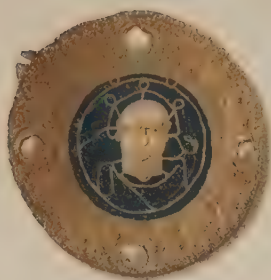
now in the British Museum. The restraint with which these fine designs are treated, with only one or two blood-red *cloisonné* bosses, is artistically admirable. Their dates, as of many Irish pre-Christian enamels, can scarcely be determined, but in the exquisite silver cup, known as the Ardagh chalice (Fig. 5), enriched with bands and bosses of gold filigree and enamel, we have in all probability a work of the seventh or eighth century. The extraordinary diversity of the enamelling processes employed in its embellishment renders it even more remarkable than the perfect mastery of his art displayed by the goldsmith. It may be further venerated as presenting almost certainly the earliest surviving application of enamel to ecclesiastical purposes, and as having perhaps to some extent inspired the form and decoration of the early chalices of the Continent.



FIG. 8.—THE ALFRED JEWEL.

which it is found is in a country long frequented by Irish missionaries from the eighth century to the eleventh.' The art of enamelling was practised continuously in Ireland down to at least the twelfth century, as we see in the 'Breac Moedog,' or shrine of St. Mogue, the Lismore crozier, and numerous other examples.

Returning to England, we find, if the ring of blue *champlevé* on gold with the name of Ethelwulf upon it is rightly ascribed to the father of Alfred, the art of enamelling precious metals installed among us pretty early in the ninth century. The ring of Ahlstan (Fig. 7) is a contemporary work in *niello*, and another interesting ring appears also prepared to receive either this or enamel. There seems to be no great interval to account for between these and the latest of the bronze enamels, and nothing leads to the belief that the process was ever discontinued in these isles. Unquestionably the most interesting and historical of English gems is Alfred's jewel (Fig. 8) in the Ashmolean Museum. With the single exception, perhaps, of the Milanese *paliotto*, signed Wolvinus, 835, conjectured to be an English signature, this jewel is the oldest enamel signed by its maker extant. It bears in gold *cloisonné* a portrait holding in either hand the sceptre bursting into leaf, so often met with in Irish art; the head and arms being in opaque enamel and the rest in



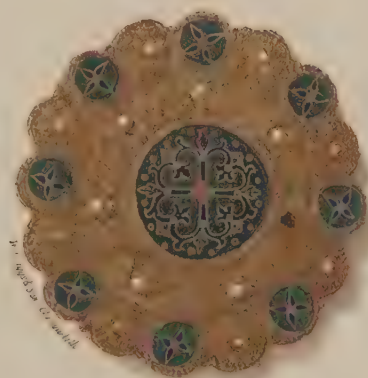
ENAMELLED BROOCH, FOUND ON DOWGATE HILL.
British Museum.



BACK OF ENAMELLED GOLD CASE OF A MINIATURE OF
QUEEN ELIZABETH.
South Kensington Museum.



BACK OF MINIATURE-CASE IN ENAMELLED SILVER
Collection of H. Willett, Esq.



ENAMELLED BROOCH, HAMILTON COLLECTION.
British Museum.

translucent blues and greens, except some little red in the costume. The inscription in old English bears the unequivocal legend, 'Alfred me has worked,' and there is nothing in the life of that active and truly great king to hinder this from being a literally true statement; while the rare precaution of placing it under a rock-crystal cover proves it to have been an object of peculiar veneration and care. Of more elegant design is the charming brooch found on Dowgate Hill, with its setting of filigree, enriched with pearls and rosettes of



FIG. 9.—THE MEYRICK CROZIER. *The Head, and details from the Knop and Crook.*

black enamel. The crowned bust, ascribed to Alfred or his father, has the face in opaque enamel and the crown of a peculiar yellow, with deep sapphire-blue dress on a translucent emerald background. Reposing by its side in the British Museum is the even more delicate Hamilton brooch, rumoured to have been found in Scotland, identical in technique, with the same peculiar yellow sparsely floating on the same emerald sea. Both these are reproduced in our coloured plate.

Exquisite as these are, there is absolutely nothing like them on the Continent, and no foreign school to which they can be assigned. Unfortunately, no further specimens of early English enamelling are known; but, among the gems, paste, amber, antique cameos, mother-of-pearl, or other brilliant and precious objects swept together to stud ancient missal-covers and reliquaries, are sometimes found enamels of gold filigree immersed in translucent green, and even introducing the black and yellow peculiar to the objects just described. Associated as some of these are with metal-work of a date long antecedent to the known practice of enamelling in Europe,* they deserve the most careful examination with the view of ascertaining the

* The earliest authentic dates for enamelling are: Byzantium and Germany, late tenth century; Italy, mid-eleventh century; Limoges, early twelfth century; Lorraine, mid-twelfth century.

country of their production, when, perhaps, they may be found more closely connected with English art than has hitherto been suspected.

Scarcely a vestige remains of any kind of English jewellery or goldsmith's work of the eleventh or twelfth centuries, but the work of the sister isle shows that enamelling was



FIG. 10.—THE WARWICK BOWL.

still practised. There are records that gold and silver work was produced in abundance at Ely, Glastonbury, Durham, York, Colchester, and St. Albans, from the eleventh to the thirteenth centuries, and in cases like that of Walsingham Church, enormous treasures were accumulated. Since at this period enamelled objects were most esteemed in Europe, it is highly improbable that the art was allowed to die out with us, and we, in fact, find English enamels frequently mentioned in inventories of princely treasure, even in France, and in 1292 a London enameller is domiciled in Paris. Moreover, our craftsmen excelled in the kindred arts of embroidery, illuminating, painting on glass,

carving, and bookbinding, and from these we may form an idea of the characteristics by which English enamels were so clearly distinguished from Continental. Our arts at this period were distinguished by refinement in drawing and colour, and a display of erudition, and such objects especially as the painted-glass windows of Canterbury or York should go far to enable us to recognise English enamels if any still exist.

Now, one of the objects of this article is to show that several do exist, and that they surpass in salient qualities, the contemporary enamels of the Continent. First among those we claim is the Meyrick crozier (Fig. 9), unaccountably described as having been found in the tomb of Ragenfroi, bishop of Chartres, who died a full century before it could possibly have been produced. M. Ernest Rupin (*'L'Oeuvre de Limoges'*) has exhausted every argument to prove it a Limoges work, with the result of establishing to unprejudiced minds that, whatever it may be, it is not that. The crook is finely diapered all over with a knotted label, which, as it widens, receives the names of the virtues and vices, while enclosing peculiarly graceful figures in the interspaces. The knop also bears four charming medallions, with subjects from the life of David, bound together by a flowing label, on which a descriptive narrative is written in leonine verse. The colours used are three shades of blue, with green, white, red, and brown, and it is inscribed *'Frater Willelms me fecit.'* It has unfortunately left the country, and is now in Florence.

The ciborium in the possession of Lord Balfour of Burleigh, described by Mr. Franks as the *'Bruce bowl,'* has a pedigree which tradition has extended back to Malcolm Canmore, king of Scotland from 1056 to 1092. There are six medallions on the cup, and six on the cover, representing scenes from the Bible, framed by stems of twining foliage. The figures are chiefly in gilt metal, on a background of blue or green, with Latin inscriptions in leonine verse. The drawing is refined, and the colours vivid and shaded. By Mary queen of Scots it was given to Sir James Balfour.

A second ciborium, almost a replica of Lord Balfour's, was lent to the South Kensington Museum in 1874 by the Rev. G. W. Braikenridge. Several of the subjects, and six of the verses, are identical in both. Tradition assigns this beautiful specimen to Malmesbury Abbey.

The Warwick bowl (Fig. 10), bought in 1717 out of a London brazier's shop, came into the possession of the Deputy Record Keeper of the Tower. Like the last, it is decorated with six medallions of subjects from the life of Christ, enclosed by richly foliated scrolls. Three of the leonine verses are shared by each of the bowls just noticed, the colours are the same, and the drawing freer and finer.

The British Museum possesses the cover of a ciborium somewhat similar in workmanship and style to Lord Balfour's cover. Though it has lost most of its enamel, vestiges of the characteristic vivid apple-green and blues and red remain.

A splendid twelfth-century enamelled chalice, preserved at Wilten in the Tyrol (Fig. 11), is similarly decorated with medallions of sacred subjects, crowded with small figures with the same refinement of drawing, separated by a flowing scroll, and inscribed with leonine verses.

Lastly, the brilliant triptych from Alton Towers, now in the South Kensington Museum, bears nine medallions with biblical subjects and leonine verses, and though coarser in design and execution than the rest, evidently belongs to the same school.

Three peculiarities are to be remarked in these enamels which are not found in combination in any others. Firstly, the abundant use of Latin in inscriptions and leonine verses. Secondly, the invariable custom of breaking up the surface into numerous small compartments containing separate subjects. Thirdly, the small size and quaint drawing of the figures, which are unusually full of detail, less affectedly posed than the French, and more refined and natural than the Rhenish or Lorrainer's. Besides these the colouring is somewhat peculiar.

They have been commonly ascribed to Limoges or the Rhine. Mr. Franks at first considered them German, but has since pointed out their affinity with the more delicate work of Lorraine, now represented by the altar-front of Klosterneuberg. He had, of course, weighty grounds for these comparisons, and it seems almost presumptuous to differ from him; but they certainly appear to be entirely different in spirit and drawing from the numerous specimens whose German origin is well established. When we consider the English pedigrees of so many of them, the esteem English enamels were held in, and that their characteristics are in no way foreign to contemporary English art, we feel decidedly entitled to claim them as English until the contrary is proven.



FIG. 11.—THE WILTEN CHALICE.

J. STARKIE GARDNER.

PARISIAN ARCHITECTURE SINCE THE EMPIRE

II

THIS brief account of recent Parisian architecture was not intended to include Gothic, which is not likely to be the style of the future. The French mind has been so deeply imbued with the education given to it by the Renaissance, that it does not easily, or as a rule sincerely, revert to mediaeval ideas. Great knowledge was acquired by Viollet-le-duc, and others, in the course of their studies for the restoration of cathedrals; but when that eminent architect looked to the future, he thought more of the probable employment of iron, and the changes it might bring about, than of the adaptation of mediaeval forms to modern requirements. When anything resembling Gothic is adopted in the present day for the construction of houses, the period selected for imitation is most frequently the latter half of the fifteenth century, which is unquestionably the best for domestic convenience. There existed in Paris itself, down to our own times, examples of that date which would have afforded excellent models. The richest and most beautiful of these, the Hôtel de Trémoille, was destroyed in 1840, notwithstanding some praiseworthy efforts for its preservation. The Hôtel de Cluny is still fortunately preserved, and shows the capabilities of a style that might be adapted to modern wants without sacrificing its picturesque qualities. This has occasionally been attempted, and in some instances on an important scale. The style is, however, suitable for small houses as well as large ones. Two good examples are small houses by M. Rousseau, Nos. 138 and 140 in the Rue de Longchamp. The close relationship between the French domestic architecture of the fifteenth century and the Renaissance which succeeded to it is curiously illustrated by two houses close to these (Nos. 136 and 142) by M. Salvan, which are essentially the same in convenience and accommodation, even in the height of the roof and the use of dormer windows, and do not shock the eye by any incongruity. They seem, indeed, a translation of the native architecture into Renaissance forms. One of them (No. 142) is distinguished by the delicacy of its ornamentation.

I have said that the French domestic architecture of the fifteenth century is as suitable for small houses as for great; but this could not be said with any truth of the military architecture of the earlier feudal times, which is unsuitable for modern habitation in any case, and cannot be reduced to a small scale without losing all its effect upon the mind. Situation, though less important than size, also counts for much. A castle that is sublime on a rocky height above the Rhone, would scarcely attract attention if copied, however faithfully, in a flat Parisian street, with lofty houses opposite. When to the commonplace situation is added reduction of scale, the result is not merely inadequate, but ludicrous. The most absurd little pseudo-Gothic castle I ever met with is in a quiet street near the Avenue du Bois de Boulogne. It has two little towers of red brick, besides a stuccoed wall with ornamental windows and a tiny stucco bartizan. Between the brick towers (one of them endowed with meagre dragon gargoyles poking out like sticks to hang clothes upon) is an entrance with a pointed arch, and a slit for a lancet window on each side. An elephant would almost carry the whole castle on his back; certainly he could walk through the walls of it. A much more serious attempt is a spacious and well-built mansion in the Rue des Sablons, an essentially modern house with fifteenth-century windows and ornaments. The objection is that the mansion, as a whole, is obviously not conceived as it would have been in the century it professes to represent. It looks like a dwelling of the nineteenth century in which windows of an older fashion had been inserted, and although the ornaments may have been copied from old models, there is a want of inventive adaptation in the use of

them.* This may be said of many other attempts to use mediaeval ornamentation for modern houses. A good instance is a mansion now in course of erection in the Rue de Longchamp, on which nothing has been spared in care and excellence of workmanship, but which no true lover of old domestic French architecture would wish to look at twice, whilst he would have gone repeatedly to visit such a work as the old Hôtel de Trémoille, if the Vandals had consented to spare it. The reason for these failures is that, although the architects learn the art of the past, it remains for them, as it were, a foreign language that does not come as a natural and easy expression of their own minds, so that they cannot deal freely with it, or invent in it. I apprehend, then, that whatever may be the merits of one or two modern Gothic architects, such as M. Rousseau (who is one of the best), the style is not likely to become a living style again. It does, however, still occasionally influence very inventive modern work which is not directly borrowed from it. One of the most distinctly original of modern architects is M. Delmas, and a very inventive work of his is the house No. 1 in the Rue de la Faisanderie, where that street meets the Avenue Bugeaud and the Avenue du Bois de Boulogne. The inspiration is distinctly mediaeval without being



BASEMENT OF HOUSE IN THE RUE DE LA FAISANDERIE.

‘ogival.’ The openings in the basement are strong and simple round arches, and above them the windows have each four little round arches in the massive stone balconies. The illustration conveys the idea of extreme plainness in the windows themselves; but, in the reality, their square heads are relieved by richly carved corbels in the angles. Under the continuous balcony of the third storey, there are a number of small corbels carved with a flower, or a head, alternately, the heads all different and sometimes unexpectedly replaced by a bird. Below the roof runs a rich frieze of sculptured stone, and

* There is a sort of cornice which in domestic architecture is derived, I believe, from the machicolations of military construction, though there is something like it in ecclesiastical romanesque. It consists of a small arcade of blank arches—that is, arches blocked behind by a dead wall. In genuine military work, these little arches bridge the spaces between the corbels of the machicolations, and support a thinner parapet wall in advance of the main wall, the open space between the two serving the besieged to throw molten lead, or other agreeable matter, down on the heads of the assailants. In true machicolations there are several important elements of the picturesque. The corbels are big and deep, and they advance well in successively jutting stones, one above another. The space between the two walls gives a fine shadow, and the arches mean something as they have a wall to carry. Now, in such a house as that in the Rue des Sablons, all this is reduced to a flat arcade without any corbels whatever, and stuck on the wall itself as if it had been cut out of white cardboard (for stone) and glued on red cardboard (for brick). These feeble reminiscences of the most powerful elements in a masculine architecture are particularly dear to the modern professors of Gothic, and much of the frivolous aspect of their work is due to them. In the house in question, the eye goes suddenly from a richly carved cornice which, if not exactly elegant, is certainly very decorative and ornamental, to the wretched and uninventive little flat *arcature* I have just described.

the inspiration of all the carving is mediaeval. There is some original ironwork in the front door with gilded dragons, perceptible in the photograph, and in the grating to the right the ornaments have little gilded dragons' heads that one only finds out on coming near. Still, the house does not pretend to be anything but modern, and is, in fact, the



ORIEL WINDOW IN THE AVENUE BUGEAUD.

production of an inventive modern mind dealing freely with its reminiscences of another age. The same excellent architect has erected close by, in the Avenue Bugeaud (No. 57), what seems to me one of the most perfect houses in modern Paris. It is not an imposing edifice. It does not catch the eye like the showy palaces of the Avenue du Bois de Boulogne, but it has some of the best qualities of domestic architecture, including sobriety and refinement. No intelligent gentleman would like to live in a house that had not at least these two qualities, and such an inhabitant would greatly value the purely negative virtues of a dwelling, particularly the absence of foolish ornament. Now, the first merit of this house is the entire absence of everything in the slightest degree vulgar or ridiculous. The most fastidious criticism has nothing to say against it; a man with the highest reputation for artistic discernment might live in it without the fear of evil

tongues. The reader may judge of it, in some degree, by the very elegant window represented in the illustration. All the windows are arched with arches answering to this. Sculpture is used very sparingly in small panels and in corbels under weather mouldings. The roof projects, the rafters being supported by wooden brackets resting on stone corbels. Though the inspiration of this work comes from the Renaissance, it is easy to see that the author has also been a student of mediaeval architecture. He seems to be in that state of mind most favourable to modern work, in which the knowledge of the past leaves only a culture without enslaving the student by impeding the free exercise of a modern and personal taste.

P. G. HAMERTON.

NOVEMBER 1.—The interval which has elapsed since we printed our last 'Chronicle' has been more than usually fatal to artists and those who specially concern themselves with art. We have to note the deaths of Mr. Ford Madox Brown, Mr. Albert Moore, Mr. C. B. Birch, A.R.A., Lady Eastlake, Miss Mutrie, the flower-painter, and M. Marie Auguste Flameng, a French artist of some distinction.

Ford Madox Brown was the grandson of a Scottish physician, Dr. John Brown, of Edinburgh—the founder of what is known as the Brunonian theory of medicine, and by no means the creator of 'Rab'—and the son of Ford Brown, a commissary in the British Navy. His mother was Caroline Madox, a Kentish woman. Ford Madox himself was born on the 16th of April, 1821, at Calais, whither his parents had retired for economy's sake at the close of the Napoleonic wars. While still a child he showed so strong a bent for art that the family moved into Belgium to give his powers a chance. His first teacher was Gregorius, of Bruges; his second, Hanselaer, of Ghent; his third, Wappers, of Antwerp. At the age of twenty he went to Paris, where he spent three years in independent study, and closed his era of pupilage. The first picture Brown exhibited in England was *The Giaour's Confession*, which was at the Academy in 1841. In 1842 he painted *Parisina's Sleep*, which, if our memory serves us, was engraved in one of the early numbers of the 'Art Journal.' To the exhibition of cartoons, held in Westminster Hall in 1844, he contributed a *Bringing the Body of Harold to the Conqueror* and *Our first Parents hearing the voice of God in Eden*. To the 1845 exhibition of fresco specimens held in the same place he sent a *Justice*, of which Haydon wrote: 'Passed the morning in Westminster Hall. The only bit of fresco fit to look at is by Ford Brown. It is a figure of Justice, and exquisite, so far as that figure goes.' ('Diary,' 3rd July, 1845.) After a visit to Italy in 1845, Brown settled in London. In 1848 he sent his famous *Wickliff reading his Translation of the Bible to John of Gaunt* to an exhibition held in a gallery which then stood near Hyde Park Corner, behind the houses in St. George's Place. This picture had a great effect upon the young rebels of the day, and focussed, as it were, the principles upon which the Pre-Raphaelite movement was founded. Brown himself, however, never joined the brotherhood, and, although Rossetti actually became his pupil, it was not long before his example lost much of its influence. In 1849 Brown painted his *Cordelia and Lear*; in 1851, his *Chaucer reading the Legend of Custance*; in 1852, his *Christ washing Peter's Feet*. About this time he sent a picture to the Academy which was treated in a way he chose to think unjust, and from that slight may be said to date his aloofness from the general body of English painters. In 1856 he painted the *Last of England*, now in the Birmingham Gallery. Another Birmingham picture, the *Romeo taking leave of Juliet*, is among his finer things, and we must also mention *King René's Honeymoon*, *Elijah and the Widow's Son*, *An English Summer Afternoon*, and *Work*, the last-named now in the gallery at Manchester. The concluding fifteen years of his life were mainly devoted to the series of twelve pictures for the Manchester Town Hall. Between the first and the last they illustrate both the strength and the weakness of his art, and of the ideas which governed it. Mr. Brown was among the contributors to the 'Germ,' and among the partners in 'Morris & Co.' He married, first, his cousin, Elizabeth Bromley, who died in 1846; secondly, Emma Madox Brown, née Hill, by whom he had one son and two daughters. She died in 1890. His son, Oliver, died in his first youth, after showing much promise as a writer and winning much love by his charm of character. The daughters are Mrs. W. Rossetti and Mrs. F. Hueffer.

Lady Eastlake, widow of the whilom President of the Royal Academy, died at her house in Fitzroy Square on the 2nd of October. She was the daughter of the well-known Dr. Rigby, of Norwich, in which city she was born in 1810. While still little more than a girl she made various essays in literature, the most successful being 'Letters from the shores of the Baltic,' written while on a visit to a sister who had married a Russian nobleman. This was succeeded by a volume of 'Livonian Tales,' issued in 1846; but

meanwhile she had published, under the direction of Mr. Eastlake, then Keeper of the National Gallery, an English version of Kugler's 'Handbook of Painting: Italian Schools.' This appeared in 1841, and was the first of a numerous brood of contributions to art literature. After her marriage to Mr. Eastlake, which took place a year before his election to the P. R. A.-ship, two successive revisions of this work were published, but only to be superseded by the edition of 1874, as that in turn has had to give way to Sir Henry Layard's edition of 1887. In 1855, in consequence of the recommendations made by the Commission of 1853, Sir Charles Eastlake became the first Director of the National Gallery, and his wife's opportunities for self-education as a connoisseur were greatly extended. Her opinions were, of course, inspired to a very considerable degree by her husband, but her own unassisted taste was good and her industry abnormal. Among other labours, she edited a life of John Gibson, the sculptor, an intimate friend of her own, and completed the 'History of our Lord as exemplified in Works of Art,' which had been left unfinished by Anna Jameson at her death in 1860. To the second series of 'Contributions to the Literature of the Fine Arts' by her husband, published four years after his death, she contributed an interesting account of his life and work. She also commemorated him by the gift of a masterpiece from his collection to the National Gallery, namely, the *St. Anthony and St. George*, which is the *chef-d'oeuvre* of Vittore Pisano, the medallist, in what to him was the bye-art of painting. In her later years Lady Eastlake was suspected of being a frequent contributor to the older reviews, especially the 'Quarterly,' and, indeed, five studies contributed in the first instance to their pages, were afterwards collected into a volume, or rather into two, under the title of 'Five Great Painters.'

Miss Annie Mutrie, the well-known painter of fruit and flowers, who survived her younger sister and fellow-labourer by some five years, died at Brighton on the 28th of September. Her graceful and delicate work, though less appreciated by the younger generation, was very popular in the 'fifties' and 'sixties,' the reputation of the artist having greatly benefited by the high praises bestowed on her studies by Mr. Ruskin in his 'Notes on some of the Principal Pictures in the Royal Academy, 1855.' From 1851 to 1882 she was a constant exhibitor at the Academy, among her best drawings being *Flowers*, in 1853; *Where the Bee Sucks*, in 1860; *York and Lancaster*, in 1861; and *Farewell, Summer!* in 1876. She had ceased to exhibit for some ten years before her death.

Mr. Charles Bell Birch, A.R.A., died on the 16th of October, at the age of sixty-one. He was born at Brixton in September, 1832. He began his education as an artist at the age of twelve, in the old School of Design at Somerset House, where Alfred Stevens was among his teachers. Shortly afterwards his family moved to Berlin, where he became a student of the Academy. Rauch, who was then one of the professors, had an influence over him which is conspicuous in all his later work. Birch returned to England in 1852, having already produced a good thing in a bust of Lord Westmoreland, carried out in marble for the King of Prussia. In England he became first a student at the Royal Academy, where he won two medals, and afterwards the pupil and chief assistant of Foley, with whom he remained for some ten years. His first conspicuous success was achieved with his *Wood Nymph*, to which was awarded a prize of 600*l.* offered by the Art Union of London. From this time onwards Mr. Birch was among the few English sculptors to whom clients were seldom lacking. Among his contributions to the Royal Academy were busts of the late E. M. Ward, R.A., and Mrs. Ward; of the late Emperor Frederick, done before his marriage to our Princess Royal; and of Lord Russell, for the City Liberal Club. He also exhibited statuettes of Lady Agatha Russell; of William III., in silver, to serve as the *Orange Cup*, given to be run for at Goodwood by the late King of Holland; and of Lords Exeter, Lonsdale, and Sandwich. His best statues are those of Mr. Chadwick, at Bolton; of Lord Beaconsfield and of General Earle, at Liverpool; of Lord Dudley, at Dudley; of Lord Beacons-

field, in the Junior Carlton Club; of Margaret Wilson, the Solway Martyr; of the Queen, at Oodeypore; and of *Justice and Plenty*, at the entrance of the Australian Joint Stock Bank, at Sydney. The capital of New South Wales also owns his *Retaliation*, an ideal group, purchased by the authorities of the Sydney Art Gallery, and his *Water Nymph*, a life-size bronze statue designed for a fountain. Mr. Birch also produced some successful groups. His *Godiva*, his *Last Call*, and his *Lieut. Hamilton, V.C.*, are his best-known works in this class. Mr. Birch was an accomplished draughtsman in 'black and white;' in 1880 the Art Union of London issued a series of twenty illustrations to *Lara*, by him. His chief mishap as an artist was his selection to execute the *Griffin*, at Temple Bar, which may do for his reputation pretty much what the deposed *Wellington* did for that of Wyatt. He was elected an Associate of the Academy in 1880.

Mr. Albert Moore, who died in London on the 25th of September, was born at York in 1841. His father was William Moore, an artist of some reputation who spent most of his life in Yorkshire, and was the first teacher of his son. Albert Moore first attracted attention by his contributions to the Academy of 1861, *Elijah running before Ahab's Chariot*, and *The Mother of Sisera looked out at a Window*; but it was not until 1863 that he took the first step on the path he was ever afterwards to tread. *The Marble Seat* was the forerunner of the long series of harmonies in line and colour with which he won his unique reputation. Albert Moore's real school was the eastern pediment of the Parthenon. If we look for the highest expression of the ideas which govern such productions as the *Marble Seat*, the *Dancing Girl Reposing*, *Silver*, *The Reader*, and many more things of which the titles were mere protests against the demand for a title at all, we must look for it in the group of all groups, the *Fates*—or whatever you choose to call it—of Phidias. Moore's ideal was that of the Athenian, modified by the difficulties 'progress' had put in the way of sincerity. His appeal was exclusively to those who could appreciate harmony of line and colour, uncomplicated by story-telling of any sort or description, and so, of course, his public was narrow. That he was never elected into the Royal Academy is not in the least surprising. His work was a protest, and he never cultivated those popular gifts which might have won him admission in spite of it. The advantages derived from the existence of such a body as our Royal Academy can only be had at a price, and part of the price is that neglect of eccentric genius which is, after all, a blessing in disguise. Albert Moore was the brother of Mr. Henry Moore, R.A., the best of all painters of the sea; and of Mr. J. C. Moore, an excellent painter of portraits and landscape.

M. Marie Auguste Flameng, a well-known French painter of landscape and marine subjects, died on September 26th. He was born in Metz in 1843, and was successively the pupil of E. Vernier, Dubufe, Mazerolle, J. P. Laurens, and Puvis de Chavannes. His first appearance at the Salon was in 1870, when he exhibited *Un Village en Lorraine*. In later years he painted chiefly coast views and picturesque studies of shipping and fisher-folk. He is represented in the Luxembourg by a *Bateau de Pêche à Dieppe*, for which a medal of the third class was awarded him at the Salon of 1881.

By the death of M. Gautier the 'Petit Journal pour Rire' loses a clever and popular contributor; and, as we go to press, we hear of the deaths of Emile Hébert, the sculptor, and Landyer, the distinguished painter of landscape.

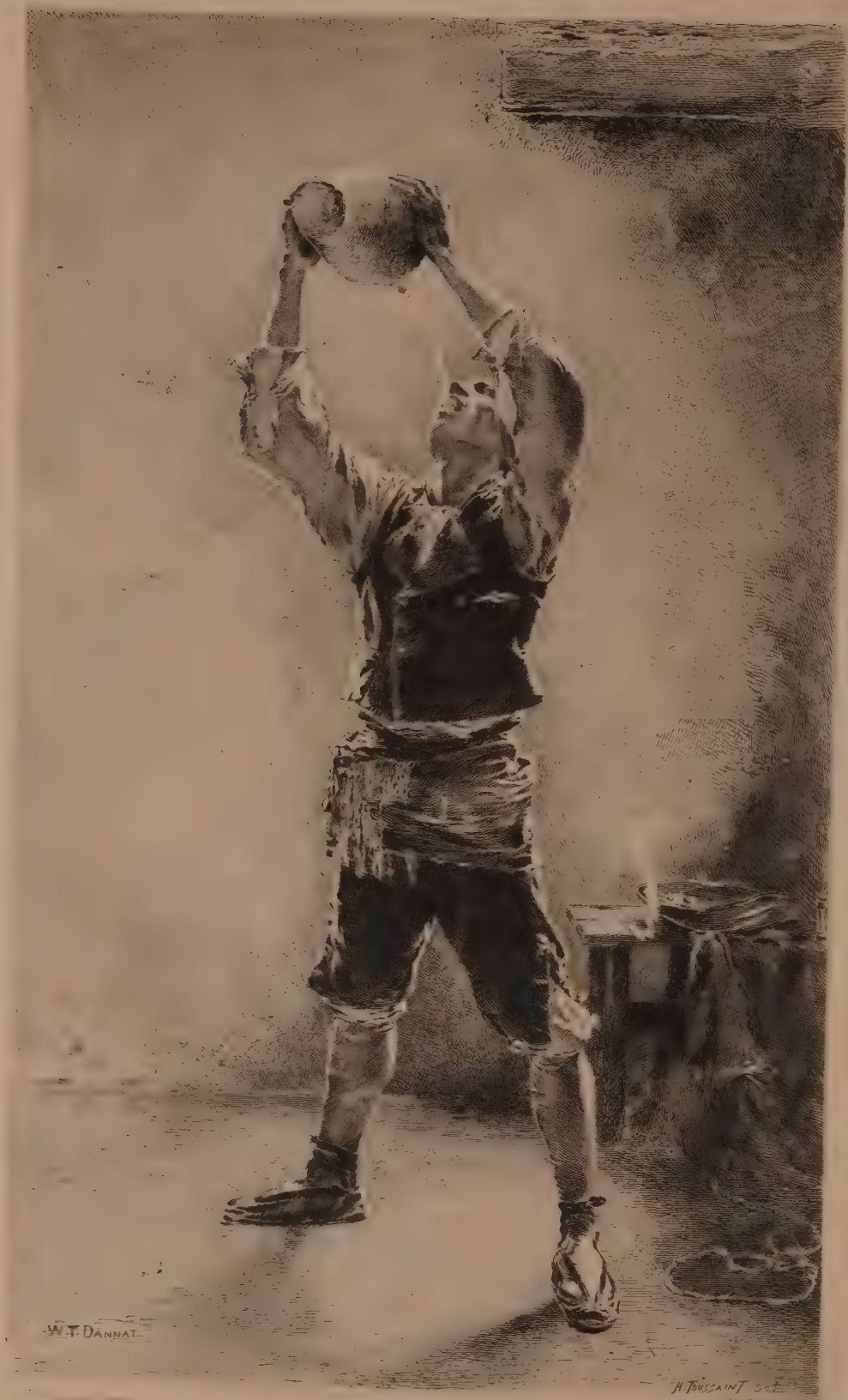
THE fourth exhibition in London of the Society called by its members and other irreverent people the 'Crafty Arts,' was opened at the New Gallery on the 2nd of October. Neither in character nor in merit is it to be distinguished from its predecessors. It contains the usual number of well-designed and well-woven tapestries, of solidly made and expensive furniture, of dexterously hammered grilles and sconces, of patient and sometimes well-directed needlework, of well-bound books and of perversely excellent printing. But, as usual, it fails to bring much comfort to those who have at heart the future of English artistic activities. If it preaches a gospel at all it is the

gospel of pure individualism. And art of the decorative kind only flourishes where the individual works within a tradition, where he accepts the progress made good by his forerunners, and devotes his own powers to making another step toward what we call perfection—toward what is, as a fact, an ever-shifting harmony between life and its material accompaniments. No one can spend an hour in the New Gallery without being struck by the fact that a large proportion of the objects exhibited can only, as far as their design goes, be described as barbarous. They are too often returns to a primitive crudeness of expression, to be explained simply by the inability of their designers to distinguish between those refinements which are artistically true and logical, and those which are meaningless and vulgar. To our mind, such an undertaking as the Kelmscott Press is based on an essentially narrow and fruitless notion of art, and the sentiment which its mere existence fosters is one destructive to all hope of a real future for decoration. No amount of skill and taste displayed in the management of such an enterprise will make up for the retrograde gospel it preaches. We will go further, and declare our belief that, in the distant future, the best productions of the ordinary printing press of to-day will be accepted by posterity as more artistic than the finest things done on lines approximate to an extinct phase of civilisation. And the finest things here, looked at in the artificial light demanded, implicitly, by the 'crafty-artsmen,' are the Kelmscott volumes. If we put aside all notions of harmony between life as it is lived and art, if we spurn all notions of use in a craft which has utilitarianism for its sole foundation, then we can take the productions of the Kelmscott Press, in this last decade of the nineteenth century, to our bosoms as worthy of Gutenberg himself.

It is not often that a volume on a question so bstruse as the true authorship of various Italian pictures finds two translators, and two publishers, within a space of ten years. But the volume just published by Mr. John Murray, under the title 'Italian Painters: Critical Studies of their Works,' by Giovanni Morelli, Vol. II., is the 'Italian Masters in German Galleries,' published by Messrs. G. Bell & Co., in 1883, with the section relating to Berlin left out, and with Morelli's matured opinions written in. The new translation is by Miss Constance Jocelyn Ffoulkes, who translated the previous volume on the Borghese Gallery. With the modifications introduced by Signor Morelli himself, those who are especially interested in such questions have already become acquainted, in the German original. We need here only say that, on the whole, Miss Ffoulkes has done her work very well indeed. If we wanted to be nasty we might point out a few slips due to ignorance of technical matters and to imperfect knowledge of the works of art discussed, but in view of the general excellence of her rendering we prefer to shirk such an invidious task. Does any one Grangerise Morelli? It would be hard to think of books which would better repay the trouble than his.

MR. HENRI HYMANS, the indefatigable keeper of the Royal Library at Brussels, has just published a 'Catalogue Raisonné' of the work of Lucas Vorsterman, the Flemish engraver. It is a small quarto, capably printed by Messrs. Bruylant-Christophe & Co., of Brussels, who finished the printing, says the colophon, on the 18th of last September. The volume includes a life of Vorsterman, a 'Catalogue Raisonné' of his works, an appendix of authorities, and a series of seven indices through which an answer to almost any question that could be asked about Vorsterman may be arrived at. Reproductions, too, are given of Vandyck's portraits of the engraver, the etching from the *Icones*, and the chalk study in Mr. Heseltine's collection of drawings. We have not yet had time to make ourselves thoroughly acquainted with the book, but so far as our tests have gone, Mr. Hymans seems to have done his work with even more than his usual thoroughness.

MR. THOMAS FARRELL, the well-known Irish sculptor, has been elected to the Presidency of the Royal Hibernian Academy in succession to the late Sir Thomas Jones.



A Spanish Smuggler.



A SPANISH SMUGGLER

PAINTED BY WILLIAM T. DANNAT. ETCHED BY H. TOUSSAINT

MR. DANNAT is an American artist born in New York, and now living in Paris. The original French title of this picture is *Contrebandier Aragonais*. It belongs to an earlier stage of the painter's career, when he had not as yet adopted the style and colouring by which he is now known at the exhibitions of the Champ de Mars. Few artists have ever more completely altered both their handling and their palette. No one would believe, on anything short of the best authority, that the two styles belonged to the same person. Mr. Dannat's present manner is rather flat and decorative, his colouring crude, with a preference for light tones and primitive colours. For example, he likes to paint the lips of women scarlet, and their hair a positive blue. The earlier pictures are more agreeable to the eye, the later certainly more likely to arrest attention. Notwithstanding his change of manner, Mr. Dannat still remains faithful to Spanish subjects.

EDITOR.

PARISIAN ARCHITECTURE SINCE THE EMPIRE

III

THERE is a very remarkable house in the Rue de la Faisanderie (42 *bis*) where that street crosses the Rue de Longchamp. This house has the advantage of combining a certain elegance, and even distinction, with a moderate degree of costliness and the most complete internal convenience. The architects are Parisian (MM. Dujaric and Dufaure), but either they have accepted some English influence or there is an accidental reminder of England in their work. The house is of the plainest brick, relieved only by a very sparing use of stone in the most ornamental parts. This modesty in the employment of materials is accompanied by equal sobriety of design, even the windows, with a single notable exception, being destitute of any ornament but the little rail in front, which is of turned wood painted an enamel white, and occupying the place of the carved *allège*, or sill-wall, in more expensive architecture. Even this rail itself is simplified in the upper storey. The reader will observe in the photograph that the simple frieze above the second window is ornamented merely by a zig-zag arrangement of bricks. The windows gain a little relief by their sunshades and water-tables, but in themselves they are as plain as the common London window of the last century. I greatly regret that the house was closed when the photograph was taken, as it is impossible to give the full expression of a house with closed shutters: it is like a face with closed eyes. I must, therefore, explain that the ordinary windows consist of rather small panes divided by strong woodwork painted enamel white, and that the corner window, as the principal feature, is treated more richly, having first (to begin at the bottom) three oak panels in each division well finished, but not carved or painted, then three tall curved panes, and above these three smaller ones, all being subdivided by

curved leads and filled with tinted glass. All the little carving that there is about the building is concentrated here. Plain as this house is, one easily sees that it is essentially a work of art, and as comparative cheapness is often a necessity (especially when the house is not let in flats), the means of reconciling it with artistic interest are certainly worth considering. Close to this house is another, in the Rue de Longchamp, which affords an interesting contrast in this respect. It is built very expensively in a late Renaissance style with heavy sculpture, a ponderous balcony, and big dormer windows. With its perfect symmetry and its obvious costliness, it is less interesting and even less distinguished than the more modest dwelling we have just described.



CORNER OF A HOUSE IN THE RUE DE LA FAISANDERIE.

I have said something of a probable English influence in 42 bis Rue de la Faisanderie, and this influence may often be recognised in villas and other separate houses, but never in the tall French tenement-house, or *maison de rapport*, as it is called. Other foreign influences are the Italian (in villas), more rarely the Dutch or German, and sometimes the Oriental, that is, the Arabic, Turkish, or Persian. Attempts at Oriental architecture are, however, generally mere isolated freaks. There is a Persian house in the Boulevard d'Auteuil, in the Parc des Princes, that was erected by a traveller who had lived some time in Persia. The front is well composed, having a very pretty entrance adorned with an elegant niche over the doorway, all in Persian *faïences*, and bands of the same coloured *faïences* go round the house at different heights horizontally, whilst other ornaments in pottery go in vertical stripes at intervals from the ground to the roof. Less fortunate as ornaments are three turrets, the walls of which are divided into red panels framed in a margin of coloured tesserae set in a coarse mosaic. I am not aware that this house, or any other attempt at Orientalism, has done

much to introduce Oriental forms into modern Parisian architecture, but it may have aided in establishing the present taste for colour and for the employment of painted and glazed earthenware as a decoration for house-fronts.

The French had the custom of living in flats long before it was adopted in London, and they invented a style of house for that purpose which is essentially French and is likely to remain so. If the reader will refer to THE PORTFOLIO for 1891, he will find at pages 220 and 221 two drawings of a house by M. Cahn Bousson which represent that familiar kind of French building at its best, the example given being typical of the style and yet not commonplace. The principle of it may be explained in a few words. To understand it thoroughly one ought to have seen lofty tenement-houses in the poorer outskirts of Paris, where there is no pretension to any architectural merit. What first strikes us is the dreary and uninteresting expanse of the enormous front, then the dull uniformity of the windows: the eye longs for something to dwell upon and cannot find it. Discouraged, we look up at

the blank immensity no longer, but try to find some human interest in the street. An architect who has to deal with such a front begins by dividing it into two or three heights which he treats differently. The ground floor and first floor make one; after that, three other storeys may be treated together; then comes a balcony *au cinquième*, and above that a light superstructure, with thinner walls which are frequently set a little back. This includes the *cinquième* and the attics.* So much for the horizontal division. The front may also be divided vertically by causing something to project, and for this purpose nothing can be more convenient than balconies. Suppose there are five windows, counting horizontally, the balconies of the three middle ones may be made to advance more than the others and so break the uniformity of flatness, or the three middle ones only may have balconies, whilst those to right and left are deprived of them. The unfortunate tendency of the tenement-house is to encourage the construction of balconies of equal width, running along the entire front and even across many different properties, till they are stopped only by a street. This system exists in perfection in the Rue de Rivoli, and I need not observe that it is incompatible with anything resembling composition. In private houses the balcony can be treated with more respect for its individuality. There are a few good and recent examples in retired streets which are derived more or less directly from the beautifully carved balconies of the time of Louis XV. There can be no finer opportunity for the combination of artistic ironwork with decorative sculpture in stone, and the balcony has the immense advantage of giving a good excuse for ornament precisely in the most conspicuous place.

In the most recent street architecture the front of the tall tenement-house is often divided still more trenchantly by giving to the superstructure (that is, the part above the balcony of the *cinquième*), a colour and character entirely different from the rest of the building. It may be obviously very light, almost flimsy in construction; it may be of brick, whilst the rest is of solid stone; or it may be set back for several feet, or even yards. I know a house in the Rue de Lille where the *cinquième* is so far withdrawn as to be hardly visible from the street, and this leaves room for a broad terrace in front, which in summer is richly supplied with plants, and furnished as an open-air drawing-room under an awning. If the awning is replaced by a permanent roof or an open arcade, you have the Italian *loggia* at once, as we have seen it in the Rue des Bernardins (THE PORTFOLIO, 1893, p. 213), and as it may now be seen in a certain number of other recently erected houses.

Other differences between the old and the new tenement-house may be partly understood



HOUSE IN THE RUE VAUGIRARD.

* In houses with shops the ground floor and first floor are usually a lofty *rez-de-chaussée* and a low *entresol*; after that, what is called the *premier étage*. In houses for residence only the ground and first floor are the *rez-de-chaussée* and *premier étage*, usually without *entresol*. In both cases equally the two are treated together by the architect as the basement of his design. It is very common, for example, to make the arch of a *porte-cochère* go up as high as the ceiling of the *entresol* merely to gain additional height and dignity.

by a reference to our photograph of No. 95 Rue de Vaugirard. This house was built in 1891, by the architect J. Glaize. The reader will at once perceive the enormous change, amounting to revolution, that has taken place between the architecture of the Second Empire and this. Compare this recent work with M. Bousson's house in the Rue du Luxembourg. That was erected long after the fall of the Empire, but it still preserves all the principles of the *style Napoléon III.*, though the very able architect obeyed them with a free intelligence. Here, in the Rue de Vaugirard, the Second Empire and Baron Haussmann might be a thousand years behind us in the past. There is absolutely no vestige of them left. How are we to characterise this style? What are we to call it? I can only say that it is one of the varieties of a style which is now quietly and surely asserting itself, and realising itself in very durable and substantial work. It has, I think, several valuable qualities to recommend it. Though simple, it is certainly not uninteresting. There is, in the first place, an artistic spirit of composition. Observe the pretty and original use of the glass weather-shed over the door—how its lines radiate from the centre, which is, in fact, the lowest point of the corbel under the bow-window. A succession of these bow-windows goes up in a sort of turret, quite to the top of the edifice. This is constructed entirely of green earthenware, glazed, its ornaments being moulded, not painted, and the windows in it have tiny panes, as the reader perceives. The walls of the house are of red brick, with broad facings of white stone. Pray observe how simple is the treatment of the doorway and windows, how different from the vulgar Parisian overloading with indifferent sculpture! Though sculpture is noticeable only by its absence, there is a most carefully studied treatment of the stonework in moulding and chamfering, and there are well-marked differences between the windows and balconies of the storeys. I am sorry that we could not conveniently photograph the whole front—the street is too narrow to permit that, except in a side-view; I need only say that the green turret produces a strikingly original effect, and that the top of it is not less interesting than the lower portion which is here given. The reader will at once perceive that though the house is entirely modern it is not without traces of mediaevalism, and perhaps it is in this way that mediaeval art may infuse something of its spirit into the architecture of the coming age.

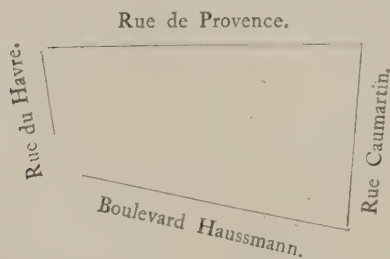
This, however, is a house without a shop, and the shop, in an age like ours, is an all but insuperable impediment to rational street architecture. It generally cuts away what ought to be the most visibly substantial part of the edifice, and substitutes for it enormous sheets of plate glass, behind which you may discover, amongst the wares exhibited, a few thin pillars of cast iron that bear the weight of the whole front.* The ideal shop, from the architectural point of view, would have a strong stone-arched window in the front itself, or an arcade well supported on massive columns visible outside. Unfortunately, the modern shopkeeper objects to everything that impedes the view or casts a shadow. The front of a photographer's establishment in the Rue Madame (79) seems practical and substantial. It is by M. Verlet, the architect to the department of the Sarthe. The shop window includes three large panes with two stone divisions, with sufficient apparent strength to satisfy the eye. Above the entablature is one of the new iron projecting windows, and above that another storey with two openings instead of three. Some colour is encrusted in the decorations on the entablature and under the busts. I do not mention this front as above criticism, for the large projecting window appears to have been an after-thought, as it does not fit the ledge over the entablature which it over-passes in front without extending to its sides. It is also out of relation to the masonry of the wall, and has all the appearance of a mere *applique*. Nevertheless the house had an interest for me as an attempt, more or less successful, to reconcile the modern shop with architectural requirements.

* There is one thing to be said for the arcades of the Rue de Rivoli. They are satisfactory to the mind as showing plainly that the front walls are substantially supported.

As Paris is at the same time the city of gigantic shops and accomplished architects, one would naturally expect that the owners of the great bazaars would seek the assistance of the architects, if only for the sake of advertisement. It happens, however, that the *Printemps* is the only establishment where this has been done with any decided and obvious intention. The building now occupied by the *Grands Magasins du Louvre* was erected at first as an hotel, and then very gradually occupied by a firm of very enterprising shopkeepers. The present representatives of the firm are not uninterested in the fine arts. They collect pictures—one collection alone having cost six hundred thousand pounds; but they remain contented with the plain mechanical architecture of the hotel, as it existed before their occupation. The other gigantic shop, the *Bon Marché*, erected by Aristides Boucicaut and his justly celebrated wife, is a good building, admirably designed for the reception of several thousand customers at once, and the exterior of it is not unpleasant to the eye; but except for its unity and the vastness of the design, it does not strike one as a remarkable specimen of contemporary street architecture. It has, however, one quality, that of pleasant colour, the prevalent hue of the woodwork, which is extensive, approaching to that of the warm-toned barges on the river, and, as it happens there is a large garden close by, the warm colour contrasts happily with its greenery. The *Bon Marché* expresses strong practical sense with good taste, but little artistic aspiration; the *Printemps*, along with a certain showiness not out of place in a bazaar, makes an attempt at poetry which would be accepted as successful if it were not associated with the too familiar details of ordinary business and the incessant publicity of advertisements. To understand what such a building is in itself, we have only to associate it with something else. Suppose it to be a museum, we should think it was a noble-looking museum fit to house antiquities or works of art. The extensive use of iron in combination with stone and other materials, the decorative colour in mosaic, and the gilded metal-work on the roofs, combine to give the edifice an obvious



COURT IN THE LYCEE BUFFON.



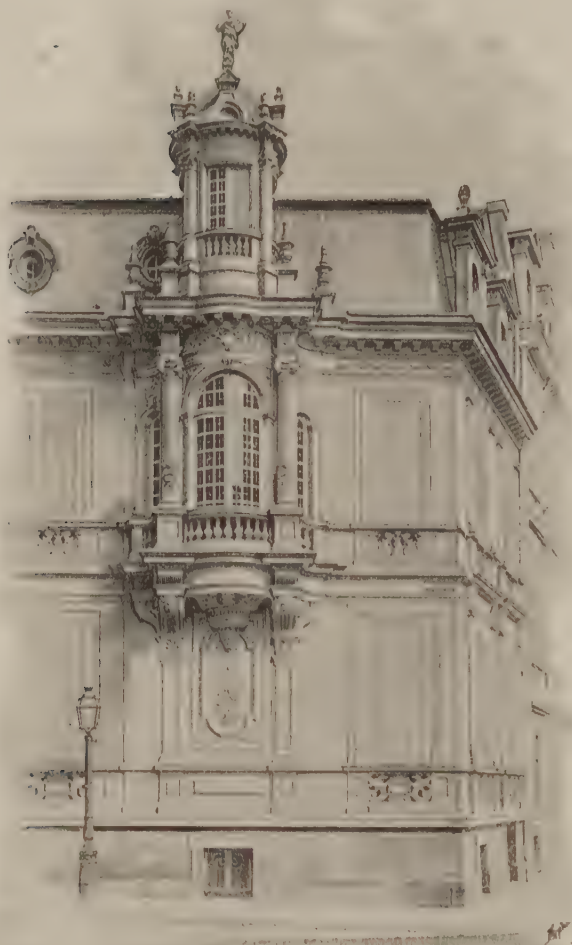
relationship to the great universal exhibitions, though it has a statelier and more permanent character. Its predominant note, however, is an ostentatious gaiety. The effect of splendour is heightened in the evening, when the edifice is lighted both externally and internally by electricity.

The plan of the building is a trapezium, with its shortest side in the Rue du Havre,

and the best view is from the opposite side of that street where it joins the Boulevard Haussmann. There are rotundas with domes at the angles, and at the west end (Rue du Havre) they are nearer together and produce a richer effect than at the east. Between them is a front in which iron is freely employed, but without an undue preponderance. The signs are a mosaic decoration high on the rotundas, and gilding is used to give splendour to the domes, which in bright weather look gorgeous enough against the azure Parisian sky.

The other rotundas and domes in the Rue Caumartin give pretty effects of perspective in that street, which they have certainly improved by making it more interesting and more picturesque.

Of the large recent buildings in Paris which show modern tendencies most decidedly, I do not know one that is more characteristic of the present time than the Lycée Buffon. The exterior is not striking, being too monotonous, though any one accustomed to observe architecture will at once recognise the hand of a master in the principal entrance. However, M. Vaudremer, the architect, appears to have reserved the play of his invention for the interior, and particularly for the entrance halls and the three courts. The style chosen is a sort of distant reminiscence of the fifteenth century, but adapted in all ways and with the most perfect freedom to modern wants. The general acceptance of this building proves that there is no fundamental antagonism in the modern mind to the architectural ideas of the past when they do not interfere with practical convenience. In two of the courtyards there are pretty turrets in the corners, [with some



HOUSE IN THE RUE ST. DIDIER.

interesting and well-invented detail. On the ground floor is a corridor in the garden court, protected against the weather by windows in its arches; and in another court, which is used as a playground, the arches are left open so as to be a sheltered promenade in wet weather. In both cases there is a picturesque loggia above, the pillars of which, on sunny days, detach themselves against a fine depth of shade. A similar arrangement may be found in some old châteaux of Central and Southern France, as, for example, at Monthelon. As in other recent works in Paris, colour has been employed in the Lycée Buffon, but with a prudent economy. It unquestionably increases the cheerfulness of what is anything but a gloomy public school. The supply of light and air is unlimited.

A still more important Lycée, built in the most modern style, is the Lycée Lakanal, near Bourg la Reine. Seen from the road, it produces no effect answering to the large sums

that were lavished upon it.* Indeed, it is evident that an external impressiveness was not amongst the purposes of the architect. Besides indifference to effect in a rural situation, there was a temptation to spread out the buildings in the large extent of the grounds. The first object was to make the new Lycée a model of healthy arrangement, and in this it has been a success. The school is worth visiting as an example of what is most modern in French school architecture. I may mention especially the interior of the *parloir*, the hall where boys see parents and friends who visit them. The chapel, too, is good, but that is naturally more archaic. The architect was M. de Baudot, a member of the Commission of Historical Monuments, and his 'directeur de travaux' was M. Petitgrand, who is now the architect of the Mont St. Michel—that is, the functionary charged with the repairs and restorations in the edifices there.

I need hardly observe that this brief study of recent Parisian architecture does not claim to be in any way exhaustive. It is simply an indication of new tendencies, particularly in the visible employment of iron,† and the introduction of coloured materials, such as marbles, mosaics, differently coloured bricks, and painted earthenware. I have taken note, also, of the disuse of sculpture in many cases, and its more restricted employment in others. In my opinion the new tendency comes in as a healthy corrective to the unintelligent repetition of models of the style *Napoléon III.* It would have been fatal to the life of architecture if that style had been perpetuated without a change. When not much ornamented, it became mechanical; when ornate, it often became vulgar, with a sort of parvenu opulence and profusion. The new tendency need not, however, prevent a recurrence to a better past. It would be a real misfortune if the love of coloured decoration were to oust the delicate sculptured ornament of the most elegant French Renaissance. For example, there is a small house by M. Gaillard in the Rue St. Didier and Avenue Kléber, which preserves a style whose elegance is so essentially national that French architects ought never to let it die. It unites moderation in ornament with a graceful freedom in architectural invention, and combines in the most just proportion the work of the architect and the sculptor. The oriel window in this charming house is certainly one of the most beautiful in Paris, and the domed lantern turret above it gives a pleasant lightness to the whole edifice.‡ Unfortunately, small houses



HOUSE IN THE AVENUE KLEBER.

* Altogether between 400,000*l.* and 500,000*..*

† Of which, by the way, the English reader may see a rather interesting and successful example nearer home in the large eating-room of the new terminus hotel on Calais pier.

‡ The scrupulous care for beauty is proved by this trifling detail. It is a corner house, and so has to be marked by plates with the names of the two streets. The ordinary Parisian street-plate is of blue enamel with the letters in white, not ugly but rather staring. Such plates would, however, have been an injury to such a refined bit of architecture as M. Gaillard's house, so he obtained permission to substitute two pretty little mosaics with a gold ground. Could there be better evidence of true artistic sensitiveness than that?

in Paris, however beautiful, have always a precarious existence, even when built of the most substantial materials. The ground is rapidly becoming too valuable for anything but the huge tenement-house to be let in flats, and many a beautiful private mansion has been cleared away to make room for them. The hope of the future, for the important thoroughfares, must lie in the more tasteful and more original treatment of the tenement-house itself. I had collected several good examples, but have only space to illustrate one—No. 58 in the Avenue Kléber, on the same side as the house by M. Gaillard, just described. The reader will have a sufficient idea of this building from the accompanying illustration of the entrance and the windows above it. He will observe a certain originality in the porch; but what is especially satisfactory here, is a classical sobriety in the use of ornament. The sculpture is very limited in quantity, but good, and the ironwork, if not particularly ornate, has its own character. I notice, in the Rue de Siam, an elegant tenement-house with a great improvement on the ordinary balcony, which, instead of running along the whole front, is treated as a distinct architectural feature with carefully studied curves. There is a beautiful tenement-house in the Rue de la Faisanderie, finished with all the scrupulous taste and care that might have been bestowed on a little Renaissance palace. Such examples occur, but they are not very common, and are sometimes hidden away in retired streets rarely visited by foreigners. Unfortunately, however, most of the Parisian tenement-houses are built on simply commercial principles, with ornaments that may be vulgar or otherwise, provided that they are ostentatious enough to raise the rent. Many plainer houses, too, are erected by mere masons to save the moderate fees (that would be economised in other ways) of the educated architect. For it must be remembered that although of all modern cities Paris is the most architectural, and although architects are most numerous there, still, the simple builder too frequently takes their place, as if even the most ordinary questions of proportion, in the plainest fronts, were not subtle questions of fine art only to be solved satisfactorily by a duly cultivated intelligence.

P. G. HAMERTON.

HAGAR AND ISHMAEL

PAINTED BY JEAN CHARLES CAZIN



THIS picture is in the Luxembourg, and was exhibited in the Salon of 1880 when the artist won a first-class medal. He received the Cross of the Legion of Honour in 1882, and was promoted to the rank of Officer in 1889.

The figures have sometimes been separated from the landscape, or with a minimum of background; but we agree with the artist in the belief that the dreary landscape enhances the pathos of the figures themselves by heightening the effect of homelessness. The boy Ishmael looks up to his mother, but she herself, for the present, is overwhelmed by the wretchedness of a situation from which she can see no issue. As we know, however, the lot of mother and child was not without its own ultimate happiness; and even the harsh wilderness was, in its way, friendly to the boy Ishmael, for there he grew to his active and vigorous manhood. So that although the subject of the picture is pathetic, it is not absolutely or hopelessly dismal.

EDITOR.



Hagar and Ishmael.

ENGLISH ENAMELS

II

THE preceding enamels were on copper or bronze, *champlevé*, and with opaque colours. The following are on silver, and the colours translucent.

The ivory horn on which the tenure of Savernake is said to have depended is enriched with three bands of enamelled silver. The mouth has a border of enamelled falcons and a band three inches deep divided into small compartments, three containing portraits under canopies of a king, a bishop, and a verger winding a horn, whilst the rest and those on the remaining bands are decorated with hounds and game. A belt with fourteen enamelled shields and a buckle with figures is attached to it; the shields (Fig. 1) bear three cushions within the royal tressure of the Ranulphs, earls of Moray, the last of whom fell at Neville's Cross in 1346. This attribution has been questioned, owing to the cushions being represented square and untasselled, and pendant by one corner, but their arms are sometimes found so, and were borne in like manner by the husband of the celebrated 'Black Agnes



FIG. 1.—THE BUCKLE TO THE BELT OF THE BRUCE HORN.
English, Early 14th Cent.

of Dunbar,' who inherited the title and estates, and his successors. The horn probably betokened some important grant to the first earl, who died in 1332.

The Lynn covered cup (Fig. 2) is of silver gilt, weighing upwards of seventy ounces, and is the oldest piece of corporation plate in England. The whole is panelled in compartments framing prettily drawn figures, either of a lady or gentleman, in hunting costume of the time of Edward III. The grounds are translucent blue and green, through which meanders some delicate silver verdure, while certain trefoil spaces and parts of the costume are in red. A copy of it has been made, but is not in any museum. The stand of a nautilus cup covered with translucent enamel of delicate character is in All Souls' College, Oxford.

The Bodleian possesses a psalter in silver binding, on which is chased the Annunciation and Coronation of the Virgin, floated over with translucent enamel. It is thirteenth-century work, and enjoys the almost unique distinction of having been described as an English enamel in a foreign art handbook.* It is a fine example of *basse-taille* enamel, which

* 'Histoire de l'Orfèvrerie,' par Ferd. de Lasteyrie, Fig. 38.

thus, like the *champlevé* and *cloisonné* processes, appears to have been invented in England. To the same group perhaps belongs the singularly important collection of small translucent enamels on silver in the South Kensington Museum, comprising three small triptychs, two diptychs, a very small shrine, and a reliquary. Several are from the Webb collection, but



FIG. 2.—THE LYNN CUP OF ENAMELLED SILVER.
Eighteen inches high. English, of the time of Edward III. or Richard II.

nothing else appears to be known regarding them. This uncertainty is exemplified in the labels they bear; thus, though evidently of approximately the same date, and probably from one seat of manufacture, those from the Webb collection are named respectively, 'French (Limoges), 13th century;' 'German, 14th cent.;' 'French (Limoges), 12th cent.;' 'French (Limoges), 14th cent.;' while the remainder are 'French or German, c. 1360,' *idem*, 'c. 1370,' and lastly, 'French,' with something erased, '14th cent.' Now, they are certainly not Limoges; the drawing is not German, and they are not in the spirit or Italian art. In favour of an English origin is their presence in such numbers here, and

the fact that the reliquary, and at least one of the others, bears the figure of St. George. Moreover, one of them or a similar specimen formed part of the Arundel collection, when a letter attaching to it stated that it was found in Essex. In any case, they are excellent

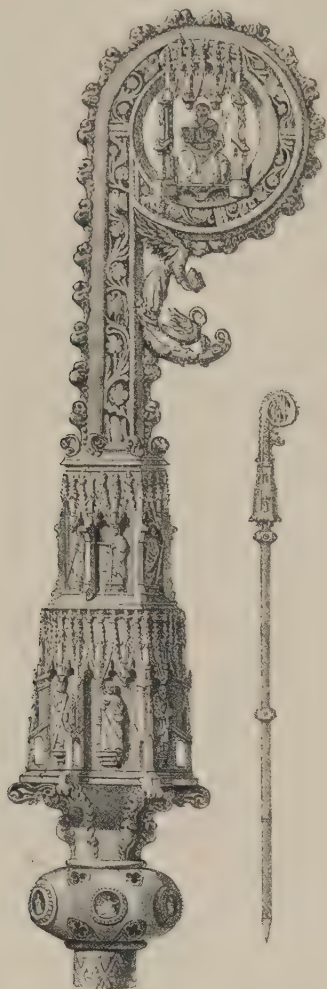
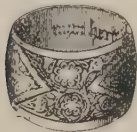


FIG. 3.—BISHOP FOX'S CROZIER.
Preserved in the Chapel of Corpus Christi
College, Oxford. Late 15th Cent.



MASSIVE GOLD RING OF 'FAIR ROSAMOND.'
Found in the Ruins of Godstone Priory. Exquisitely
chased English work, of the time of Henry II.



FIG. 4.—THE LIMERICK
CROZIER.

and brilliant specimens of basse-taille enamel, with extremely delicate and refined drawing of English character, on backgrounds finely diapered like those of the enamels on the ivory horn. The largest triptych is only a few inches in height, but the leaves are subdivided into compartments—in the Arundel example into as many as eight on each leaf—the same dislike to any but minute figures seen in all other English enamels reappearing in these. We

would also, in view of these objects, venture to plead that the exquisite covered cup with architectural mouldings and traceried windows filled with *plique-à-jour* enamels, so strangely labelled 'Flemish or Burgundian,' should for the present be regarded as uncertain, since neither the chasing of oak and vine on the body, nor the window tracery and mouldings, are at all foreign to English art.

There has never been any question as to the native origin of the superb group of croziers and mitres still preserved in this country and Ireland, and which of themselves suffice to remove any doubt as to the high degree of skill and taste possessed by the English goldsmiths and enamellers late in the fourteenth and early in the fifteenth centuries. It comprises the Wykeham mitre and crozier, the Fox crozier (Fig. 3), and the Limerick



FIG. 5.—GEORGE, JEWEL OF THE
ORDER OF THE GARTER.
In gold and enamel. English, 17th Cent.
Believed to be the George of Wentworth, Earl of Strafford.



FIG. 6.—A SMALL COFFIN OF GOLD.
Containing a skeleton covered with enamel, the
case enamelled with arabesques on a black ground,
and round the edge the legend, 'Through the
resurrection of Christe we be all sanctified.'
Found at Tor Abbey. English, 16th Cent.

mitre and crozier (Fig. 4). These are of silver gilt, of the richest and most delicate work, rendered more magnificent by the use of brilliant translucent enamels. The latter is signed by Thomas O'Carty, and dated 1418. No copies exist, but there are croziers and other objects in the South Kensington Museum which resemble these in important particulars, and whose foreign origin should, therefore, not yet be accepted as unquestioned fact.

England has, indeed, always been, as it is now, an art country: never, since the fourteenth century, perhaps, quite on a level with Italy and France, or even with Flanders or Germany; but at the same time, never so far behind them as art histories and handbooks, and the classification of our museums would represent. Vast quantities of enamelled objects existed, and have been tabulated in the inventories of our princes and monarchs, abbeys, guilds and corporations, which must have been in large part of native production, and it is inconceivable that accident or design should have failed to preserve a goodly number of specimens. Byzantine enamels, German enamels, Limoges enamels, and to a certain extent Italian enamels, can rarely be mistaken; but there are others which cannot be classed with any appearance of probability under any of these. The possibility that even objects of greatest merit, especially when their pedigree is unknown and they are found existing in our country, might be English, should be weighed as carefully and scientifically as other possibilities. When their ornament comprises architectural details



OLD ENGLISH FRUIT TRENCHERS,
 WITH DEVISIONS OF THE PINK AND THE BARBERRY.
In the possession of Mr. Burth, Esq., of Brighton.

there should be little difficulty, as scores of professional men are qualified to give an opinion. The drawing or modelling of figures should be hardly less a guide, English work being often distinguishable by carefully drawn, simple, and naïve attitudes, obviously intended to be unaffectedly natural; differing from the French and best Flemish work, with which they must be brought most frequently into comparison, by the relative want of poetic pose and sentiment, such as are so conspicuous on the great enamelled gold cup of St. Agnes in the British Museum. In these characteristics, English mediaeval figure-drawing seems, like the Flemish, to be intermediate between French and German, which is sturdier and coarser, while finally it breathes an entirely different spirit to the



FIG. 7.—ENAMELLED BLUE AND WHITE
CANDLESTICK ON BRASS.
English, 17th Cent. In the South Kensington Museum.



FIG. 8.—ENAMELLED GREEN AND WHITE CANDLESTICK.
English, 17th Cent. In the British Museum.

Italian. In the absence alike of figure and architectural design, flower-work and diapers might be found to furnish the necessary clue. Though sparingly enamelled, the groups of well-known English cups figured on following pages give an idea of the designs of English fifteenth and sixteenth century goldsmiths (Figs. 9 to 15). The strong partiality for diapered design, peculiar to England, is very apparent in most of them.*

In the preceding account we have only noticed enamels of exceptional beauty and where a group of them is known to exist. In addition to these there are innumerable chalices, mazers, croziers, crosses, and candlesticks more or less enamelled, of a coarser kind, which, however, deserve careful study, being of English make. English heraldry in enamel is also met with frequently. The late thirteenth-century casket made for a De Valence, and diapered

* Among the large number of descriptions of enamels in French inventories, diapered designs rarely occur except in the Inventory of the Duc d'Anjou, 1360, and of a pot 'esmaillié semé de lozanges à pierres et à perles' in that of Charles V., 1380.

with the arms of England, Angoulême, Valence of Pembroke, and Dreux of Brittany and Brabant, is one of the earliest specimens. There are enamelled shields on the tombs of Edward III., Richard II., and the Black Prince. The state swords of Edward III. and of Edward V., when Prince of Wales, have heraldically enamelled hilts; and the armorial bearings on the tombs and herse in the Beauchamp Chapel, produced in 1439, are especially fine, including jet black and a most rare opaque emerald green. Finally, in the Garter Plates at Windsor we have, as Mr. St. John Hope truly observed, 'A series of memorials extending over a period of upwards of 500 years, and forming such a storehouse of ancient and modern historical armoury as exists nowhere else in Europe.' The early ones are 'resplendent with enamelled armorial ensigns.'



FIG. 9.—AT NEW COLLEGE,
OXFORD, c. 1480.



FIG. 10.—AT NEW COLLEGE,
OXFORD, c. 1493.



FIG. 11.—AT CHRIST'S COLLEGE,
CAMBRIDGE,
c. 1440. *With enamelled arms.*

The oldest is that of Sir Ralph Barrett, exquisitely enamelled and dating between 1368 and 1390. The plate of Sir W. Hungerford, who died in 1421, presents a curious dead-black enamel, and those of Sir John Grey and Sir Thomas Beaufort introduce shining black. There are 108 examples older than 1500, among the most beautiful being those bearing the arms of Portugal and Burgundy, and of Sir Hugh Courtenay and the Duke of Buckingham. May they no longer be exposed to damage by frequent shifting, as in the past.

The long series of English enamels does not close with the Renaissance, though they no longer eclipse or even rival those of Limoges and Italy. The inventory, however, of the Royal treasures in the Tower, in 1649, describes a variety of enamels which we should scarcely be prepared to consider English, though the enamelled Georges (Fig. 5) and trinkets (Fig. 6) preserved seem to show that no variety was beyond our powers. Among those beyond question are several book-covers and the two locket-cases, represented in facsimile in our coloured plate (see page 234), which are in the possession, one of the South Kensington Museum and the other of Mr. Willett, of Brighton. Their design has a peculiarly English



FIG. 13.—THE LEIGH CUP AT
MERCERS' HALL.
1499-1500. With bands, &c. of
blue enamel.



FIG. 12.—AT EMMANUEL COLLEGE,
CAMBRIDGE.
16th Cent. With arms, introducing black enamel.



FIG. 15.—AT CHRIST'S COLLEGE,
CAMBRIDGE.
c. 1520. With enamelled arms on the top.

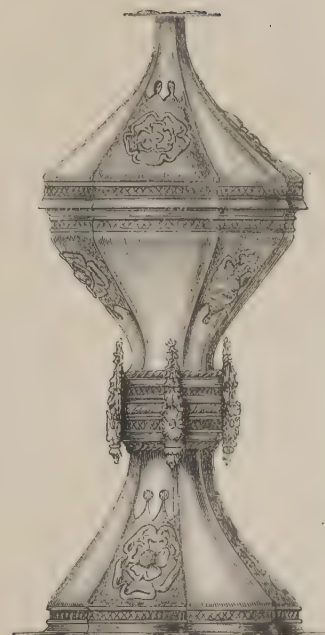


FIG. 14.—AT CHRIST'S COLLEGE,
CAMBRIDGE.
1507.

matter-of-fact look, and they include the typical black ground and a peculiar translucent white. The former contained a miniature of Queen Elizabeth, of about 1580.

The Founder's Cup, at Emmanuel College, Cambridge (Fig. 12), is of about the same date, and introduces the same black enamel, both on the knob and inside the cover.

A more rough and ready school existed for a brief period, perhaps, in the midland counties, under Elizabeth or James I. The enamels are on cast brass, moulded into cellular floral patterns filled with opaque and cloudy purple, yellow, white, blue, cobalt, turquoise, or green. The fire-dogs—like a fine pair belonging to Stopford Sackville, Esq., of Drayton House; those exhibited in Manchester, in 1858, by the Rev. Mr. Duke; or the four magnificent specimens with the Royal Arms, lent to the South Kensington Museum by Earl Cowley in 1874—were the most important productions; but a pair of candlesticks in blue and white at South Kensington (Fig. 7) and a pair in green and white at the British Museum (Fig. 8) illustrate, rather inadequately, the work. Many other remarkable specimens of this somewhat rare work have been exhibited, particularly in the loan collection of enamels of 1874. A rare book-cover, belonging to Sir Philip Egerton, is designed in the same spirit, but is of far more delicate work, and comprises miniatures in the style of Charles II. The history of the introduction of painted enamelling on a large scale at York House, Battersea, by Janssen, in 1750, is well known. A rival establishment was set up by George Brett, at Bilston, in Staffordshire, but both were ill-judged attempts to compete with pottery. The watch-backs, snuff-boxes and other trinkets continuously produced under the Stuart and Hanoverian monarchs, prove, if proof were needed, that the art has never yet departed from the country, and its traditions have certainly been preserved, though in an unostentatious manner, by our jewellers down to the present day.

J. STARKIE GARDNER.

OLD ENGLISH FRUIT TRENCHERS

THE two roundels shown in the coloured plate belong to a set of twelve in the possession of Henry Griffith, Esq., of Brighton. This set is fine in execution, interesting in design, and well preserved. The cover of the box belonging to it is richly decorated with a central ornament consisting of a vase of flowers; encircling this are three borders of conventional character on a gilt ground. Each roundel is $5\frac{3}{8}$ inches across, and rather more than $\frac{1}{16}$ -inch thick. Six of the designs represent fruits—the Strawberry, the Barberry, the Medlar, the Filbert, the Pear, and the Cherry—while the remaining designs are floral, and comprise two kinds of Rose and two of Pinks, the Marigold, and the Star of Bethlehem. We have described, and partially illustrated, this set of Elizabethan Fruit Trenchers in a couple of papers on these peculiarly English productions which appeared in THE PORTFOLIO for 1885. We then quoted some of the mottoes which they bear: to these it may not be amiss to add a couple more, all taken from Mr. Griffith's set:—

THE BARBERRY.

'Who is rich, even he that dooth
Content him with his store:
And who is poore, even he that seekes
To gather more and more.'

THE PINK.

'Now spend thy goods among thy friends
Whilst life doth licence lende
& let thy sonnes know how to gett
Before they know to spende.'

THE PEAR.

'How they do gett, few folk do care
But riches have they must;
By hooke or crooke, we daily see
The weeke to wall are thrust.'

THE PINK.

'There is no sweete within our powre
That is not sawled with som sowre:
For so it faules out now and then,
The worsser luck the wiser men.'

MODERN PAINTING

THIS is a collection of papers* which have appeared in the 'Speaker,' but the author intended from the beginning to issue them ultimately in a volume, so it may be presumed that he has given more care to them than is usually bestowed on hasty writing for the newspapers. The style is bright and incisive, evidently intended to awaken interest quite as much as to convey information, and, indeed, the experienced reader will soon perceive the smartness, if not the diffusiveness, of the journalist. However this may be, we can hardly blame a writer for cultivating the kind of talent which, in the present day, leads most quickly to popularity.

Who is the proper person to write about the fine arts? Ought he to be a professional artist, a practical amateur, or a literary man who has never handled brush, pencil, or etching-needle, and who, though he employs a pen, could not draw so much as a wheelbarrow with that variously useful tool? Whatever he is, the writer on art is sure to be blamed for not being something else. Is he a professional painter?—if so, he is said to be jealous of his rivals. An amateur?—the object of every professional artist's scorn. A student who once intended to be an artist?—then he is a failure, scribbling out of spite. A literary man?—incompetent to give an opinion upon anything technical.

I observe that Mr. George Moore refers rather frequently to his own past studies in art and his intercourse with artists. He has been an art student in Paris and London, and as in some passages—particularly in the unkind chapter on the Royal Family—he expresses much contempt for practical amateurs, I conclude that he does not belong to the amateur caste. Mr. Moore's preferences in art are very much those of a cultivated American who has studied in Paris and stayed occasionally in London. He has a superlative admiration for Ingres, Corot, Degas, and Mr. Whistler, also a very strong admiration for Manet, Monet, Sisley, and Pissarro, along with a hearty contempt for all English art of a popular kind, most especially when produced by Royal Academicians. These tastes are all very American, and I should infer that Mr. Moore has undergone those influences in Paris which have moulded American opinion, making it so favourable to French art of certain kinds and so contemptuously hostile to English. Some readers may remember an article by the late Duke of Marlborough in the 'New Review,' in which he described life amongst rich people in America. 'Beautiful rooms—rather stiff and parlourish perhaps—no doors hardly, and many *portières*; a great many modern pictures—all *French, never English*. I wonder often why? No Millais, but lots of Millet or Corot.' The Duke 'wondered often why.' The reason may be because American artists and critics have undergone so much Parisian influence, which is all on the side of French commerce in works of art. The American market had to be monopolised by the French, who could not live by their limited home sales, so they praised their own goods and disparaged those of the rival shop across the Channel. I do not wonder at this, as the French understand their business interests very well, but I have sometimes wondered that American criticism should have accepted Parisian dictation so submissively; and I wonder still more to see the younger English critics writing just like Americans about Corot, Monet, and Degas, whilst they attack English artists with quite transatlantic vehemence. Besides this, there are ideas, such as the objection to what is called the 'literary' element in art, which Mr. Moore repeats, but which were transmitted some time ago from Paris to America, and which I have seen circulating in the American press. It is not improbable that the objection to 'literary' motives may have originated in England; I certainly heard it there twenty years before it became the

* 'Modern Painting.' By George Moore. (London: Walter Scott, 1893.)

doctrine of the new Franco-American school. Another strong American characteristic in Mr. Moore is his impression that supposed innovations in execution are due to French ingenuity, though they may have been, and were in some instances, introduced originally by English experimenters. For example, there is the analysis of a tint into the colours of which it is composed, and the representation of it by dots of the pure colours in juxtaposition. That was explained to me by Mr. Whaite in Manchester between thirty and forty years ago, and it is described in Mr. Ruskin's 'Elements of Drawing.' French critics, from their ignorance of everything outside their own country, always fancy that when anything happens to be rediscovered in Paris it must be absolutely new. Perhaps a more accurate account of the matter would be this: when anything has been discovered out of their own country, the French critics treat it as a pestilent heresy, waiting till it is rediscovered as a novelty by some Frenchman, and then they laud his originality. This has been the case for the discovery of colour and light in landscape, which took place first in England and afterwards in France. Even the difficulty (noticed by Mr. Moore) in Monet's transition from earth to sky (earth being relatively too high in its values) was experienced by Turner and explained by Mr. Ruskin. And the general difficulty of getting light and colour together which has tried Monet and his followers to the utmost had already tormented the English pre-Raphaelites. The latest French tendency towards symbolism is a distorted reflection of a healthier English movement in the same direction that took place when our elder artists were young men.

My impression is that Mr. George Moore has talents that would be of great service to the fine arts if he were not polemical. Unluckily, the whole value of his praise and blame is diminished by our knowledge that he writes invariably as an advocate—for or against living persons. He hates the Academicians, and so extols Mr. Whistler because that clever American has been, as Mr. Moore himself says, a 'truculent' opponent of the Academy. Surely it is not according to the usual laws of human nature that a 'truculent' opponent should be received into a self-electing corporation! Mr. Moore's high praise of French art before the decadence seems less valuable when we remember that it is also due, in great part, to his hatred of English commercialism in picture-making. After all, the business done at Burlington House is but a matter of local interest, whilst art itself is a cosmopolitan concern. If Mr. Moore could disengage himself from local and patriotic, or anti-patriotic, considerations, and think of art, as Corot painted, in lofty indifference to the jealous and quarrelsome little coteries amongst which we live, his genuine interest in the subject, his technical knowledge, and his literary power, might make of him a critic to whom we should listen always, whether we agreed with him or not. There is one subject on which all who know the present state of French art are sure to agree with Mr. Moore, and that is the reality of its actual decadence. The fatal signs of it are the ostentation of tricks in execution and the wilful adoption of this or that 'touch' as an accomplishment in itself, without reference to what has to be represented. Another sure sign is the sudden prevalence of fashions in the colouring of pictures as in the colours of ladies' dresses, so that the art-critic might register the changes like a chronicler of millinery: 'The fashionable tints this season are pale crude greens and violets. These are worn by the majority, but a few, to contrast with the prevalent brightness, prefer browns with dull greys.' The now fashionable blue and violet shadows are employed indifferently when Nature gives warrant for them and when she does not. As for the peculiar tricks of dabbing with small brushes and smearing with the palette-knife, that in some cases have replaced sound manual execution, they, too, are signs that painting is a dying art. Even drawing is going out also, if we may judge from the deplorable composition in which Victor Hugo was the principal figure, exhibited this year by Puvis de Chavannes, and which after all is *not* destined to adorn the Hôtel de Ville, having been refused by the Municipal Council.

EDITOR.

AN ILLUSTRATED EDITION OF GEORGE HERBERT'S POEMS

THIS volume* contains seventy-five engravings from well-known designs by Albert Dürer, Holbein, Lucas van Leyden, Marcantonio, Martin Schongauer, Altdorfer, Aldegrevier, and from cuts in one of the 'Harmonies of the Gospels' produced in Nicholas Ferrar's house at Little Gidding, in the 'Books of Emblems' by Alciatus and Whitney, in Schopper's 'Panoplia,' and in the 'Dance of Death' and 'Bible Pictures' commonly known as Holbein's. A Prefatory Note states the principle on which they have been selected :



CHRIST SCOURGED. AFTER ALBERT DURER.



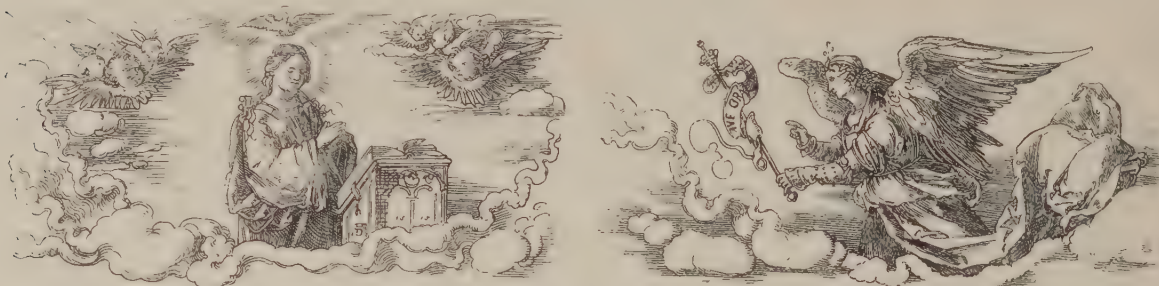
ECCE HOMO. AFTER ALBERT DURER.

'They are almost all taken from engravings produced in the century before George Herbert's time, that is to say, from designs which he had seen, or might have seen.' Some of Herbert's poems are obviously unsuited for illustration; 'but many are suggested by, and based upon, external things which he knew and loved. Thus he writes upon Church Windows, Church Monuments, the Church Floor, and Church Music. He has a poem called "The Star," suggested by the nimbus round the Saviour's head, which may have been before him in a painted window; and another upon a Bunch of Grapes, which he says he saw in such a window. He writes of a little frame with the name of Jesu carved within it. All this is natural in a poet who had himself rebuilt a church, and the recollection of it may sometimes help to explain an obscure metaphor. . . . The poem of "Redemption" seems to have been suggested by some picture of Christ's arrest, such as Albert Dürer's noble design, with its kingly figure in the centre of a ruffianly crowd.'

No less than twenty of the illustrations are taken from Dürer's woodcuts and drawings, and an attempt is made to trace a similarity of feeling in the works of the German artist and the English poet.

* 'The Temple: Sacred Poems and Private Ejaculations.' By George Herbert. With engravings after Old Masters. (London: Seeley & Co., Limited.)

'The great artist who came under the influence of the Reformation, and the poet-priest, the devoted son of the Church of England, had strong feelings in common. Each dwelt far more on the sterner side of the Gospel history than on its softer features, far more on the Passion than on the Nativity; each had the same intense interest in it, the same homely and direct way of treating it. Both are full of quaint fancies and strange imaginings, to which they give the simplest and most natural expression. The artist refuses no types of form and feature as too common for art; and the poet rejects no words as too homely for poetry. The action of the soldier who is binding a birch rod, in Dürer's *Scourging of Christ*, is



THE ANNUNCIATION, FROM MAXIMILLIAN'S PRAYER-BOOK. BY ALBERT DURER.

exactly in the manner of Herbert; so also, it must be confessed, is the introduction of the dog; so is the downrightness of the blow delivered by St. Peter in the Garden. But not one whit less so is the heart-stricken figure of the Man of Sorrows; and the intense feeling of Herbert's lines on "The Agony" fully matches the overpowering design of Dürer's, which stands on the same page.'



Martha's Service
FROM THE HARMONY OF THE GOSPELS
MADE AT LITTLE GIDDING FOR
CHARLES I.

Four engravings are reproduced from the 'Harmony of the Gospels,' compiled by Nicholas Ferrar for Charles I., which is preserved in the British Museum, and of which a notice was given by Mr. Fletcher in *THE PORTFOLIO* for May. One of these Harmonies was made for George Herbert himself, but unfortunately it is not known to be in existence. Nicholas Ferrar, during the five years which he spent on the Continent (1613-1618), made a great collection of engravings of sacred subjects, many of which were used in illustrating these Harmonies. Whether Herbert ever saw these engravings, or any of them besides those which were probably contained in the Harmony expressly compiled for him, is uncertain. Intimate as was the relation between him and Ferrar, it is said that they scarcely ever met; but some doubt is thrown on the strict accuracy of this statement, which 'was first made some twenty years after Herbert's death (1632) in the Preface to his "Country Parson" by Barnabas Oley (1652); and Thomas Ferrar's notes on his brother's life, in which he repeats it in a less precise form, were written later still. Walton's Life of Herbert was not compiled until 1676, and he had no personal knowledge of him. Certainly he and Ferrar had both been living in London for some years before Ferrar retired to Little Gidding, when Herbert wrote to him as his "dear brother;" and the church of Leighton, which Herbert busied himself in rebuilding, is only six miles from Ferrar's house. One could well imagine that the pathetic design of Christ pointing to the wound in his side suggested the poem called "The Bag."'

The text is a reprint of the first edition. The design on the cover is copied from a fine Grolier binding in the British Museum.

DECEMBER 1.—The exhibition of French Decorative Art, which has been opened at the Grafton Gallery, may be taken as a sort of Latin counterblast to the 'Arts and Crafts' at the Gallery in Regent Street. It represents tradition against individuality. Even those Frenchmen who within their tradition are most original, show no desire to step out of it altogether. Decorative posters are new enough, in a way, but if you look at those of Grasset you will see how they echo the notions of design which governed the glass-painters of the middle ages, while Chéret—who is absent, however, from the Grafton show—carries on the tradition, with plenty of difference, of course, of Boucher. And so it is all through this exhibition. The impression it makes, as a whole, is that of variations on some well-known theme by a musician of perfect skill and training rather than of native gift. Here and there a touch of inventive originality may be found, but even then it is confined to treatment, process, and independence of vision; it does not show the creative touch. The first thing that strikes the visitor is the harmony, the sense of control by well-defined ideas, which envelops, as it were, the whole affair. The second, perhaps, especially for those who come directly from the New Gallery, is the absence of any bent toward the barbaric, the primitive or crude use of materials which marks so much of the work done by our own artist decorators. The French designer is not afraid to carry out an artistic principle to its logical conclusion. He realises that, if it be good to modify the leg of a chair beyond the barest utilitarian shape at all, it is good to give it as much beauty and refinement as possible. The English designer too often seems to think that he has done enough when he has given a mere hint that an artist, who might have done a lot if he had liked, had been at work on the matter. In fact, to put it as broadly as possible, the Frenchman believes in civilisation à outrance; the Englishman hankers after a touch of barbarity. At the Grafton Gallery the most amusing things are the posters and the book illustrations of the newest—or what yesterday was the newest—school. Grasset's poster for the 'Librairie Romantique'—a design in an old-fashioned Tony Johannot sort of style—is excellent in its way, but for effectiveness pales against such a thing as the *Chevet de Notre Dame*, or the spirited, excellently balanced design, called the *Bataille de Granson*, which reminds one of Altdorfer's battles in the Munich Gallery. Thirty-one plates, lithographs and engravings, exhibited under the collective title of 'L'Estampe Originale,' are full of fun, as the phrase goes, especially Willette's enigmatical performance. Amongst other notable things we may name M. Leveillé's glass, M. Brateau's silver work, M. Delatre's coloured etchings, M. Injalbert's door knocker, by the *cire-perdue* process, and M. L. O. Merson's cover for the 'Review' of the 1889 Exhibition. M. Lepère's etchings—*Coins de Paris*—and M. P. Renouard's engravings of scenes from the opera, &c., are all of great interest, but seem a little out of place in the Grafton Gallery at present. It would be unfair to dismiss this show without saying that it is very well arranged in the best place London possesses for such an exhibition. The lighting arrangements of the Grafton exactly suit such an enterprise.

THE small exhibition of silver points by Mr. Sainton, which is now open at the Burlington Gallery in Old Bond Street, is announced as the last. The work is too trying for the eyes. Mr. Sainton has improved since he first began this work, but even now he shirks some of his difficulties. The best drawing of the whole seventy-one—a *Phryne*—is affected for the worse by the shift adopted for the concealment of the feet. The head and the torso are excellently modelled.

THE etchings of Colonel R. Goff and of Mr. Charles J. Watson at the 'Rembrandt Head' are well worth a visit. Colonel Goff has been established for some few years at Brighton, and has lately been devoting a good deal of his time to the picturesque effects to be found along its three miles of front. *Brighton Beach*, *Brighton Fishing Fleet*, and *Brighton—Hôtel Métropole*, are all most delicate and effective plates, while for vigour of expression and execution the

large plate called *Wild Ducks—Avingdon* would be hard to beat. In some of his plates Colonel Goff carries printing to an extreme point, but it would be difficult to deny that he justifies that proceeding by the results he achieves. Mr. Watson has long been one of the most fascinating of English etchers. His way of treating architecture is sound from the root. In no street view by him are we reminded of the canvas houses of the stage. His buildings rise solidly from their foundations, and even in decay do not seem to be held up by some mysterious volition. His management, too, of light and shadow is at once simple, true, and effective, while in the nerve of his line he is second only to a sombre genius like Méryon. The series of five-and-forty plates now being shown by Mr. Dunthorne deal with picturesque corners in England, Holland, and France. One of the best is *College Hill, Inn Holder's Hall*, into which comes one of those steeples by Wren—that of St. James, Garlick Hill—which should form objects as attractive for the etcher as any Dutch belfry or Saracenic minaret.

THE English version of M. Emile Michel's 'Life of Rembrandt,' which has just been issued, does honour to English typography. In every way it is superior to the French original, except, of course, in the fact that it is not the original. The size is better suited to the subject, and yet the lighter paper and the division into two volumes makes the large English octavo more handy than the smaller French one. The illustrations are better printed—this, no doubt, through the experience gained with the other edition. Several new plates, and those the best in the book, have been added. A large number of corrections by M. Michel himself have been incorporated in the text. The catalogues at the end have been revised and brought up to date, and, finally, the whole has been rendered into English at once nervous and elegant by Miss Florence Simmonds. The responsible editor, Mr. Wedmore, has added a good many notes supplementing M. Michel's information; he has also contributed a characteristic preface, in which the principles governing the production of the volumes are declared. The illustrations are of two kinds—photogravure plates and typographic blocks. Some of the former are of curious excellence. The plate after Mr. Joseph's *Saskia*, in the first volume, and the one after Lord Ilchester's *Rembrandt in a yellow gabardine*, in the second, are models of what such things should be. The typographic blocks after the master's drawings are, as a rule, better printed than those in the original version, while the large page sets them off better. As a critic, M. Michel is not quite *de la première force*. He is a little apt to talk 'about it, and about it.' Nearly everything he says can be put more shortly and more trenchantly than he puts it. In Miss Simmonds' version we often find his meaning cleared, as it were, by filtration. So far as facts go, M. Michel is excellent. His patience has been untiring, and so he has succeeded in producing a *corpus* of all that is known about the head of the Dutch school. No one who takes an interest in the greatest school of painting of the seventeenth century can dispense with these two volumes, and in our time they are not likely to be superseded.

SOME of the most interesting and pregnant passages from the writings of Diderot have been selected, translated, and published by the Hon. Mrs. Lionel Tollemache, who deserves our thanks therefor. Her volume will form an excellent companion to Mr. John Morley's study of the cyclopædist for those who either don't know French, or lack the time and patience to attack in bulk the father of art critics.

THE feature of Messrs. McLean's exhibition at the bottom of the Haymarket is a small replica by Mr. Orchardson of his *Young Duke*, the large picture which was so well etched by M. Laguillermie some twelve months ago. We do not agree with those who see a great improvement on the first version in the one now brought forward, but it is certainly on a more reasonable scale. The Hungarian, Vastagh, and Henry Moore contribute the two canvases which come next to this in importance.

At the gallery next door—Messrs. Tooth & Sons—the principal picture is M. Dagnan Bouveret's *Dans le Forêt*, which excited so much interest when exhibited at the Salon in the Champ de Mars. The subject is a group of labourers resting from their work and listening to the violin-playing of one of their number. Nothing could be simpler than the subject, nothing more subtle, *recherché*, and deeply seen than the workmanship. Compare a thing like this to the Bouguereau which hangs not far off it, and you will see the extremes of sincerity and academicism. Other things that may be named are a new Van Haanen, *A Venetian Fête—La Sapa*, and some good examples, mostly old, of Sir Frederick Leighton, Sir John Gilbert, and Mr. and Mrs. Alma Tadema.

It is a real misfortune for English art that Mr. Albert Goodwin was born without a complete sense of colour. As a draughtsman and as a composer in line he has few superiors, while as a poetic seer of landscape, if the phrase may be used, no one comes near him. Before one of the drawings of Whitby, or Ilfracombe, or some cathedral-dominated town, we feel that here is a man on whom some of the best of Turner's gifts have descended. The same transfiguring fancy, the same sense of atmosphere, the same unerring pounce on the point of view, the same power to suggest nature's infinity, are all here. Unhappily Mr. Goodwin seems to have no sense of those freshest of nature's harmonies, the keynote of which is blue. The drawings and pictures which fill two of the rooms at the Fine Art Society's gallery display a prepossession, a personal *parti pris* in the matter of colour which is likely to stand always between Mr. Goodwin and popularity, even popularity with the few who really care for art. Not one of them all is ill-composed, or weakly conceived, but in colour they cling with what looks like perverseness to the hot tints on the palette. And yet, in spite of all this, it is impossible to ignore Mr. Goodwin's claim to genius. Granting his limitation, his work has a unity, a spontaneity, a delicacy, an organic harmony of its own, which should ensure a permanent if not a wide fame for its author.

The death of Johann Matejko, a Polish historical painter who had a European reputation, took place at Cracow on the 1st of November. Matejko was the Director of the National Historical School of Art in that city. He won his reputation in other countries chiefly through his success at the last three Paris exhibitions. His best-known picture, perhaps, is *Reyten, the Polish Patriot, at the Diet of Warsaw, in 1773*. It belongs to the Emperor of Austria.

The death has also been announced of Karl Bodmer, the *animalier*, who by residence rather than by artistic sympathy was counted of the school of Barbizon. He was born in 1809 at Zurich, and settled at Barbizon in 1845.

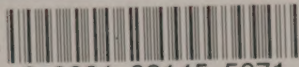
THE Exhibition at the Institute of Painters in Oil-colours is of no great value as a whole, but it includes a few things of more than average interest. Mr. Leslie Thomson's *Poole Harbour* is a capital landscape, a little over-green, perhaps, but full of poetry. Mr. John Collier's *Witch* would be a quite satisfactory study—the presence of the black cat scarcely lifts it out of that category—if the flesh tints had been a little fresher and more transparent. Mr. Aumonier's Sussex landscape is one of the best things

he has done, full of atmosphere and of tender greys. Mr. Rupert Bunny's *Annunciation* is very good indeed from his own point of view, but there is rather too much of the red curtain for harmony, which is, we suppose, a *desideratum* even with the most rebellious of the younger generation. In the large room the most distinguished things are the larkspurs—*Delphinium Imperiale*—of M. Fantin Latour, a portrait study by Mr. Arthur Hacker, and a little picture by Mr. John Reid of a village postman and a village girl in a village street. M. Fantin does not often do as well as in this canvas. The peculiar constitution of the larkspur, with its spikiness, its raggedness, and its crushed masses of bloom, suits his handling, which seems occasionally a little wiry and dry when applied, for instance, to a rose. Mr. Reid is as personal, as daring, as aggressive as ever; less than ever does he subdue the facility of his brush to the notion of reserved force. His village postman is a blare of colour; it at least offers a splendid chance for Father Time to show what he is made of, and whether he deserves the credit he gets as a tuner of pictures.

THE best work of art in the eleventh exhibition of the New English Art Club, now open at the Dudley Gallery, is one of the least conspicuous things in the place. It is the small drawing by Félicien Rops, hanging near the door. He calls it *La Grande Lyre*. What he may intend it to mean is a riddle we need not try to guess. A naked woman, of the stamp a Frenchman would call a *fausse maigre*, sits, her profile to us, on a sort of throne and twangs a harp, the strings of which disappear in the sky, like the rope ladder of the Hindoo conjuror. The drawing is exquisite in its precision, and the whole thing is informed with the same kind of imagination as an etching of Méryon's. Two other designs by Rops, etched these—one may take or leave, but not criticise. The more eccentric of the pair is the frontispiece to *Vice-Suprême*, a volume of the egregious 'Sar' Péladon. A second good thing from beyond the Channel is M. Blanche's portrait of a child, *Little Vanda*. Among the English things we like best Mr. Francis James's *Near Venice*, Mr. C. E. Holloway's *Carlyle Pier, Chelsea*, Mr. James S. Hill's *Sketch from Nature*, Mr. J. E. Christie's *The House Sits*, Mr. Moffat Lindner's *Richmond Castle*, Mr. George Thomson's *Kew Bridge*, and Mr. Strang's *Bathers*. It is a great pity that Mr. Strang cannot put Mr. Legros a little more aside. His work, strong and full of grasp as it is, seems hide-bound in the example of a master who, after all, was not of the same race as himself.

Two more books connected with Rembrandt are announced for early publication. One is a catalogue of the etched work of his pupils and imitators, Bol, Lievens, Van Vliet, Pieter de Grebber, Eeckhout, Kramer, De Witt, and others, with facsimiles of their plates. This will be the work of M. Rovinski, the Russian amateur, who is already known by his catalogue of Rembrandt himself. The other book is a life of Saskia van Uilenburgh, the master's wife, by Mr. C. K. Bolton. For this undertaking the materials may seem slender, but they have of late been greatly added to by the labours of Drs. Bode, Bredius, and Hofstede de Groot. Dr. Hofstede, by the way, has lately published an article on the Netherlandish pictures in Scotland, which would have been even more useful than it is had it been in some language of wider circulation than Dutch.





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